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THE

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CONTENTS

OF

No. XXI.

Page

ART. I. CORN LAWS 1

1. Three Lectures on the Mercantile Theory of Wealth, delivered before the University of Oxford. By Nassau Wm. Senior, late Fellow of Magdalen College, A. M., Professor of Political Economy.
2. Two Lectures on Population, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term, 1828. By Nassau Wm. Senior, A. M., Professor of Political Economy. To which is added, a Correspondence between the Author and the Rev. T. R. Malthus.
3. Mathematical Exposition of some Doctrines of Political Economy. From the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. By W. Whewell, M.A. F.R.S., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, and Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.
4. Catechism on the Corn Laws; with a List of Fallacies and the Answers. By a Member of the University of Cambridge.

II. MEMOIRES, CORRESPONDANCE ET OPUSCULES INEDITES DE PAUL-LOUIS COURIER 9

III. HANDBUCH DER UNGRISCHEN POESIE, &c. *i. e.* MANUEL OF HUNGARIAN POETRY; or a Selection of interesting Pieces from the best Hungarian Poets, chronologically arranged—with notices of their Lives and Writings—an introductory History of the Hungarian Poetry, a collection of German Translations, and a Glossary of the uncommon words, &c. Edited by Franz Toldy, with the help of Julius Fenyéry . 29

IV. THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS, an Historical Romance, illustrating some of the public Events, and domestic and ecclesiastical Manners, of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries 50

V. A TREATISE ON COBBETT'S CORN; containing Instructions for propagating and cultivating the Plant, and for harvesting and preserving the Crop; and also an account of the

CONTENTS.

Page

several uses to which the produce is applied, with minute directions relative to each mode of application. By Wm. Cobbett 54

VI. Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Soccatoo; to which is added, the Journal of Richard Lander, from Kano to the Sea-coast, partly by a more Eastern Route. By the late Commander Clapperton of the Royal Navy . 69

VII. The Village Patriarch. A Poem 92

VIII. The Planter's Guide; or a Practical Essay on the best method of giving immediate effect to Wood, by the removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an attempt to place the Art, and that of General Arboriculture on Phytological and fixed Principles, interspersed with Observations on General Planting, and the Improvement of Real Landscape, originally intended for the Climate of Scotland. By Sir Henry Stuart, Bart., LL.D. F.R.S.E., &c. 97

IX. Modern Italy 127
1. Italy as it Is.
2. A Tour in Italy and Sicily. By J. Simond.

X. Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Civil Government of Canada . . 140

XI. Memoires de Vidocq, Chef de la Police de Surete, jusqu' en 1827; aujourdhui proprietaire et fabricant de Papiers à Saint Mandé 162

XII. Herodotus, translated from the Greek, for the Use of General Readers; with short explanatory Notes. By Isaac Taylor 181

XIII. Sir Thomas More; or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. 193

XIV. Anne of Geierstein; or the Maiden of the Mist. By the Author of Waverley, &c. 211

XV. A Prospectus of the Quipola; or an Explanation of the Quipoes, now open for Public Opinion 228

XVI. Edinburgh Review, No. xcvii: Article on Mill's Essays on Government, &c. 254

CONTENTS

OF

No. XXII.

Page

Art. I. Slavery in the West Indies 275
1. Trial and Condemnation of Esther Hibner.
2. Despatch of Mr. Secretary Huskisson to the Governor of the Bahamas, on the Subject of the Cruelties perpetrated by Henry and Helen Moss on a Female Negro Slave who died under the infliction, and the Application for Remission of their Punishment.

II. An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress and Present State of Gas-Lighting. By Wm. Matthews . 290

III. Gaming-Houses 303
1. E'carté; or, The Salons of Paris.
2. Life in the West; or, The Curtain Drawn. A Novel. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M. P. Containing Sketches, Scenes, Conversations, and Anecdotes of the last importance to Families, and men of rank, fashion, and fortune. Founded on Facts. By a Flat Enlightened.

IV. Colonization and Commerce of British India . . 326
1. A further Inquiry into the expediency of applying the Principles of Colonial Policy to the Government of India, and of effecting an essential change in its landed Tenures, and in the character of its Inhabitants. By the Author of the original Inquiry.
2. Reflections on the present State of British India.
3. A View of the present State and future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India.
4. India; or Facts committed to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with suggestions for reforming the present System of Government. By R. Rickards, esq.

V. Niebuhr's History of Rome 353
1. Römische Geschichte von B. G. Niebuhr.
2. The Roman History. By G. B. [B. G.] Niebuhr. Translated from the German, by F. A. Walker, Esq. F. R. S. L.
3. The History of Rome. By B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius Charles Hare, M. A. and Connop Thirlwall, A. M. Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.
4. Römische Geschichte von B. G. Niebuhr. Erster Theil dritte, vermehrte und verbesserte, Ausgabe.

CONTENTS.

Page

5. A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome from the Charges of the Quarterly Review. By Julius Charles Hare, M. A.

VI. THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR. By Lady Morgan . . 389

VII. ARCHÆOLOGIA, Vol. XXII, Part II. Vetusta Monumenta . 401

VIII. TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA, in the Years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy 416

IX. BENTHAM, BROUGHAM, AND LAW REFORM 447
1. Petition for Codification, by Jeremy Bentham, Esq. Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.
2. Petitions for Justice. By the same Author.
3. Elucidations relative to the proposed Summary mode of Procedure. Idem.
4. Plan for an Experimental Dispatch Court. Idem.
5. Mr. Brougham's Speech of 7th February, 1828, on the present State of the Law.

X. THE LOVES OF THE POETS. By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." 472

XI. ESSAYS ON THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principle of all Evidence and Expectation. By the Author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions." . . . 477

XII. DEVEREUX. By the Author of Pelham, &c. 1829 . . 490

XIII. CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN FRANCE 494
1. Le Fils de l'Homme, ou Souvenirs de Vienne; par Méry et Barthélemy.
2. De la Charte selon l'Aristocratie.

XIV. POLITICAL ECONOMY. No. I. A Letter to the Heads of the University of Oxford. By one of the Old School. . . 510

XV. MEMOIRS OF LADY FANSHAWE, Wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart.; Ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid, in 1665. Written by Herself. To which are added Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe 514

XVI. EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. XCVIII, Art. I. On the Answer of the Westminster Review to the Article on "Utilitarian Logic and Politics." 526

POSTSCRIPT TO ART. VII. No. XX. April, 1829 . . 537

NOTICE ON THE SUBJECT OF FREE TRADE.

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JULY, 1829.

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'*GLORY to God and the Empress! Ismaïl has fallen.*' Such, with distinction due between the Giver and the instruments, may be the exclamation of a mightier than Suvarrov, on a greater victory than was ever won by barbarian or slave. Religious despotism is virtually destroyed; it fell the hour it was acknowledged in parliament, that others besides the predominant sect, have a right to be heard for justice. From that hour the path was clear and open to the discovery, that all

religious sects—down to Joanna Southcote's inclusive, if it still exist—have a claim to a fair dividend of the funds appropriated by law to the maintenance of religious teachers. That such a discovery must come, is as clear as that the claim to the equal distribution of justice will be discovered in any other branches of the administration. The only reasonable plea in opposition would have been, if what is called the Established Church could have urged, that the gifts had been made to her by the original owners. But it happens that she herself is only a tenant by club law. Any will or intent of the original owners, is as completely set at naught by every hour of her occupation, as if the possession were in the hands of the followers of Joanna Southcote; and, to increase the difficulty, the representatives of the original owners are among the foremost claimants for a fair division. The only hold therefore of the predominant sect is in the *fiat* of the legislature; and as the legislators become more impartial and enlightened, an approximation must necessarily be accomplished to what is in accordance with justice to the whole.

These are among the further movements which every body sees must be consequent on the fall of the fortress which has just been carried. But there are other *Ismaïls* of nearer site, which must be attacked long before arriving at these ultimate results. Religious equality will come in time; but in the mean while, we must have the bread that perishes. And as all wrongs hang in a certain degree by one another, the moment when a great blow has been struck in favour of justice in Ireland, is evidently favourable for an effort on the part of the people of England to procure their emancipation from an equally flagrant injury at home.

The Corn Laws are no new subject; and for that very reason, have a chance for continuing six months longer than might otherwise have been the natural term of their existence. They may be defined to be, the prohibition of foreign trade by act of parliament, for the benefit of the owners of land, who by means of the imperfect state of the representation, have contrived to acquire a majority of votes in the House of Commons. It is true that foreign commerce is not prohibited in the abstract. As in Figaro's celebrated dissertation on the liberty of the press, there is perfect liberty in every thing that is of no use. The only restriction put on the manufacturer and merchant is, that their goods shall not be sold for the only thing that is wanted in return. It is permitted to them to buy sticking-plaister *ad libitum;* but if they aspire to the more substantial consolation of food, the land-owner steps in, and declares it to be a breach of

his patent. How, or for what reason, the manufacturer thus comes into the world bridled and saddled, and the land-owner ready booted and spurred to mount,—how or why it should be more expedient and just that the land-owner should have a prohibition or duty against corn being procured by the operations of the manufacturer, than that the manufacturer should have a prohibition or duty against the growth of corn at home, for the sake of increasing what he would purchase from abroad,—is what nobody has explained, except by pointing to the inequality of the representation, and the well-known disposition of mankind to use power for their own advantage when they have it. On these grounds indeed, the situation of the manufacturing interest is as explicable as the situation of the negro interest in the West Indies. It is a simple display of power against justice; and the evil must go on till somebody or other can be persuaded that it would be wise to alter it.

A remarkable circumstance connected with the supporters of the injustice is, that they never venture on a reply. They can put off and vend a string of original fallacies; but when these are answered and exploded, no invitation can induce them to enter on the pain and peril of rejoinder. The fact before the public therefore is, that their defence is at a stand. They are not men that can render a reason. Like unskilful pugilists, they throw their arms abroad, and may chance to hit an opponent who has no notion of defence; but one parry, and they are down,—they have no idea of a *riposte*. It is plain therefore, that as Marlborough said, 'they must go off.' They may kill some thousands in the going; but go they must. The public will never submit to be oppressed, by people who cannot say a word in their defence. A certain quantity of good tropes are necessary ammunition for every wrong; and when the stock of these is out, the end of the mischief is at hand. Why—as has been often said before—does not Vindex or Agricola write down the babblers on the Corn Laws? Why does not the Quarterly Review, for instance, confound the 'demagogues who describe our land-owners as drones subsisting upon the earnings of the people'—or Blackwood turn some of his hundred arms of might, to protect the unfortunate sufferers from the aspersions of their enemies? The reason is clear; it is because they cannot. In all causes, one side must win; and the last fatal symptom for the losing party is, when his advocates are conscious that the less is said the better. In all of which, there is no desire to triumph, or to institute invidious comparisons with any body; but only to take political advantage, to the greatest possible extent, of the substantial fact.

Corn Laws. When the numbers of the manufacturing population begin to press against the limits of the food which can be furnished by the monopolists, the manufacturers will consent to give an increased quantity of goods for a given sum, (as for instance for a guinea), as the means of purchasing corn; and hence the money price of goods will fall. But the number of guineas which will be given for a quantity of corn, depends on the number necessary to make the consumers agree upon the mode in which the stock in hand shall be divided among them. Since, therefore, guineas cost more labour to the consumers or to a great and effective portion of them, than they did before, a smaller number will make them agree on the division; and hence the money price of corn will fall too. A further consequence of which will clearly be, that a portion of guineas will go out of circulation by being restored to the uses of common life, on the ordinary principles of currency. So that after all the rout that has been made on the danger of a free trade in corn diminishing the gold in circulation, this effect is in reality the produce of the Corn Laws. This explodes the fallacy on which the agriculturists have dwelt with considerable effect, and which in truth was one of the very small number of good ones they had upon their side,—that as corn has fallen, the distresses of the manufacturers have gone on increasing. It is quite true that corn has fallen. For example, between 1814 and 1826, it fell from 72*s.* to 57*s.*; which is twenty-one per cent. But the wages of a weaver for weaving a given quantity of cambrics, fell in the same time from 13*s.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*; which is *seventy-nine* per cent. If the wages of the weaver had fallen in the same proportion as the price of corn, they would have fallen to 10*s.* 3½*d*; but instead of that, they have fallen to 2*s.* 9*d.*, which is not much more than a fourth of that quantity. The agricultural monopolists therefore, get the labour of the weaver for a little more than one-fourth of the substantial price they paid before;—which is the mystery of the Corn Laws, and what they of course intend to stand out for as long as they are able. Of this general fall of prices, some part may have been caused by the return to gold payments; but gold payments did not cause the wages of the weaver to fall four times more than the price of corn.

The other point may as well be stated in the words of the book.

'There must always be a balance between the conditions of the agricultural and the manufacturing labourers; because if any striking difference arises between them, there will be a transfer from one class to the other. It may not take place among the grown labourers; but

truly most comfortable it must be to the squirearchy of these realms, to find that their babes and sucklings are fed with downright doctrines of free trade, in the very metropolis and head-quarters of aristocratic lore;—and this not drily or repulsively, but after such an attractive and convincing manner, as may chance to stay by the disciple for the remainder of his life, and make him a most unworthy successor to the immunities of his forefathers.

Though the Corn Laws are not prominently brought forward by name in the Oxford lectures, like the statue of Brutus they are brought to every man's recollection by their absence. When the folly of the protective system generally, is displayed in clear and engaging language, there is no necessity for writing underneath, 'This means the Corn-laws.' It may truly be said of these enactments, that he that is not for them is against them; and every man that enters on the field of political economy, must either encounter the risk of entering decidedly on their defence, or run into a tacit exposition of their injustice and enormity.

Professor Whewell's work is a mathematical exposition of Adam Smith's theory of rent, and of its various workings and exemplifications under the circumstances which in practice are liable to occur. It is therefore virtually an exposition of the principles of opposition to the Corn Laws. In this view it makes an æra in their history. From this period, the opposition to them may be considered as placed on the basis of mathematical reasoning, and as presenting the same broad challenge to examination and assent, that is offered in other applications of the same science. The monopolists will of course laugh in their high places, at the idea of being beaten out of their monopoly by algebra. But other men know, that it is an awful thing to have the algebraists in opposition; and that *plus* and *minus* settle all races in the end.

Last of all comes the everlasting 'Catechism;' of which, as being in some sort a poor thing of their own, it becomes the concerned to speak only in the way of assisting the diffusion of its contents. It has wrought itself up to the notice of as many fallacies as there are days in the year; and by having all the additions distinguished from the rest, it presents as fair a mark for renewed observation and extract, as an additional volume or a supplementary book. The most important parts of the additions, are those which relate to the proof that the operation of Corn Laws is to reduce the money prices both of agricultural and manufactured produce, *the last most;* and the deduction of the way in which the misery of the agricultural labourers, as well as of the manufacturers, is the result of the

'That corn will be got so cheap from Ireland, that the Corn Laws will be a dead letter in respect of foreign corn, which will be no longer wanted.

A. 'If Ireland for a time produces an influx of cheap corn, wise men should seize the opportunity to get rid of the Corn Laws, while there is less of immediate interest concerned in their support. There is no use in leaving a highwayman at large, because he will not rob till the long nights come back.'—p. 26.

So long as the necessities of the state can be supplied without any remarkable alteration in the present mode of collection, the Corn Laws may have a chance to stand. But the first necessity for any change, will probably bring them in ruins upon the heads of the monopolists. For instance, the first proposal of a Property-tax—which is a thing already whispered as possible—would set all who have property, on the discovery, that the Property-tax was only a subscription to maintain the landlords in an unjust gain. It is in fact totally incredible, that any nation would acquiesce in the imposition of a Property-tax, when the whole necessity and demand for such an infliction arose out of the determination of the dominant party to lay restraints upon the industry of the community. Any hesitation or difficulty in paying the fund-holders would, in like manner, rouse all the fund-holders to the consciousness, that the danger to them rose entirely out of the law which determines, that the resources of the United Empire shall be limited to what can be supported on two bushels of corn where there might have been four. And in aid of either or both of these, would be added the united feeling of all ranks and orders of society—except the monopolists—that in their several places and degrees, they were cut down and defrauded of their fair proportions, in the same manner as would take place if the landlords of the Isle of Wight had the power to confine the country to the corn grown on their particular estates. Such an abuse might have done for the dark ages,—it might have had some chance of being tolerated in the days of spiritual and temporal villeinage,—but in a nation that has abolished the slave trade and broken down religious tests, it is incomparably too gross and shocking to hold out any chance of permanent possession of the wrong. The opponents of the Corn Laws may not at this moment be very strong in parliament; but they have a powerful defensive position, which they will know how to use when the time comes. If they cannot make the occasion, they will wait till the occasion comes to *them*. The other side are in a cleft stick; they cannot go on long as they are, and they cannot stir into any new path without demolishing the Corn Laws.

To wind up all, comes the tremendous danger of a minister's having the tact to discover, how much his own interests are depressed by a plan for keeping down the country to the standard of the landlords. Debt, poor-laws, deficient revenue, press on the minister on every side; and he is to lie in this Castle of Despair, without discovering that he has 'the key called Promise in his pocket' whenever he chuses to take the open road. A commander of a patrole would be broken who should commit a similar *niaiserie;* and there is no reason why the emancipator of Ireland should be charged in such a sort, till at least there has been time to try.

The end and upshot is to know how the evil is ever to be removed. And here it is plain, that it will not be done by blinking any part of the mischief, or surrendering any portion of the justice of the case. There must be no acknowledgment of the right of the landlords to a little wrong; but an open claim on the part of the commercial and manufacturing interest, to compensation for fifteen years damages. Where the object is to remove, it is useless to distract attention by demanding any previous alteration in the form of the evil. The injustice is at this moment an injustice of scales and degrees; and it will be enough if, in this state, it can be sent into its grave. At the present instant, the well-informed part of the manufacturing population would probably be content to see the evil in a state of reduction by a shilling a year on each of the degrees of the existing scale. But as the force of public opinion increases, they will of course raise their terms, like the bearer of the Sibylline books; and finally take as rapid a draught of justice and retribution, as their position shall enable them to command.

Art. II.—*Mémoires, Correspondance et Opuscules Inedites de Paul-Louis Courier.* Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

OF the writers of France, belonging to the age of Napoleon, Courier was one of the most interesting and attractive. Although the peculiar excellence of his genius did not develop itself till the bigotry and rancour of the officials of the restored government, and the no less bigoted and rancorous priests of the now sanguine church, excited his dormant talents, he was by no means a person to be passed over. His writings, after he once began to write in the vein peculiar to him, are his history; up to that epoch, however, he may be described by his actions, by his humours, by his wit, by his movements, by his acquirements. By the aid of his letters we shall give a portrait

When the press on the side of the monopolists is in this unresisting state, it would be weakness to suppose there could be any doubt of the ultimate result, however great the material force arranged upon the other side. No cause can hold its ground, after it has given up its defence by argument. It is true that it may be a long time before argument finds its way into the necessary places. But this is no more than an inevitable consequence of the structure of a representative government like ours. Knowledge, like every thing else, must take root downwards and bear fruit upwards; and it would be a most odd and unreasonable demand, that should expect the representative to find wisdom for the represented. The people must first be wise, that they may chuse representatives of like quality. When every man, and woman, and grown child, in the lower and middle ranks of society, have been for twelve months conversant with all the mystery of Corn Laws, it will be quite time enough to expect any appearance of substantial transfusion into the councils of their representatives.

As soon, however, as any such transfusion shall take place, strong hopes may be indulged, from the rapidity with which representatives are known to be illuminated, on points where a great mass of public opinion is brought to bear. They are subject above all men, to what Newton called 'fits of easy transmission and reflection;' and the Catholic question is a case at hand, to demonstrate how easily a cause that six months before appeared to be in a state of hopeless obscuration, may find itself the subject of extensive comprehension and support. There is no guarantee against the effect of common sense upon a minister. Masses of men may agree to keep it out, and by mutual cheers may keep up their spirits to the sticking point. But there is no providing against the secret voice, which haunts the leader of a nation's counsels, crying to him 'Good Launcelot—or good Gobbo—or good Launcelot Gobbo—consult the public interest *and your own*, however disagreeable it may be to to gentlemen opposed to you.'

The point which the opposition to the Corn Laws has at present reached, is that of being acknowledged by Professors of both the Universities. If any man can tell what interval there was between the publication of the Newtonian system and its acknowledgment in parliament, he will have a valuable datum for calculating the present prospects of the country. First stands forth the Professor of Political Economy in the wild and revolutionary University of Oxford; who publishes his lectures annually by statute, 'that the public may know the sort of doctrines inculcated' among that learned body. And

truly most comfortable it must be to the squirearchy of these realms, to find that their babes and sucklings are fed with downright doctrines of free trade, in the very metropolis and head-quarters of aristocratic lore;—and this not drily or repulsively, but after such an attractive and convincing manner, as may chance to stay by the disciple for the remainder of his life, and make him a most unworthy successor to the immunities of his forefathers.

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'That corn will be got so cheap from Ireland, that the Corn Laws will be a dead letter in respect of foreign corn, which will be no longer wanted.

A. 'If Ireland for a time produces an influx of cheap corn, wise men should seize the opportunity to get rid of the Corn Laws, while there is less of immediate interest concerned in their support. There is no use in leaving a highwayman at large, because he will not rob till the long nights come back.'—p. 26.

So long as the necessities of the state can be supplied without any remarkable alteration in the present mode of collection, the Corn Laws may have a chance to stand. But the first necessity for any change, will probably bring them in ruins upon the heads of the monopolists. For instance, the first proposal of a Property-tax—which is a thing already whispered as possible—would set all who have property, on the discovery, that the Property-tax was only a subscription to maintain the landlords in an unjust gain. It is in fact totally incredible, that any nation would acquiesce in the imposition of a Property-tax, when the whole necessity and demand for such an infliction arose out of the determination of the dominant party to lay restraints upon the industry of the community. Any hesitation or difficulty in paying the fund-holders would, in like manner, rouse all the fund-holders to the consciousness, that the danger to them rose entirely out of the law which determines, that the resources of the United Empire shall be limited to what can be supported on two bushels of corn where there might have been four. And in aid of either or both of these, would be added the united feeling of all ranks and orders of society—except the monopolists—that in their several places and degrees, they were cut down and defrauded of their fair proportions, in the same manner as would take place if the landlords of the Isle of Wight had the power to confine the country to the corn grown on their particular estates. Such an abuse might have done for the dark ages,—it might have had some chance of being tolerated in the days of spiritual and temporal villeinage,—but in a nation that has abolished the slave trade and broken down religious tests, it is incomparably too gross and shocking to hold out any chance of permanent possession of the wrong. The opponents of the Corn Laws may not at this moment be very strong in parliament; but they have a powerful defensive position, which they will know how to use when the time comes. If they cannot make the occasion, they will wait till the occasion comes to *them*. The other side are in a cleft stick; they cannot go on long as they are, and they cannot stir into any new path without demolishing the Corn Laws.

To wind up all, comes the tremendous danger of a minister's having the tact to discover, how much his own interests are depressed by a plan for keeping down the country to the standard of the landlords. Debt, poor-laws, deficient revenue, press on the minister on every side; and he is to lie in this Castle of Despair, without discovering that he has 'the key called Promise in his pocket' whenever he chuses to take the open road. A commander of a patrole would be broken who should commit a similar *niaiserie;* and there is no reason why the emancipator of Ireland should be charged in such a sort, till at least there has been time to try.

The end and upshot is to know how the evil is ever to be removed. And here it is plain, that it will not be done by blinking any part of the mischief, or surrendering any portion of the justice of the case. There must be no acknowledgment of the right of the landlords to a little wrong; but an open claim on the part of the commercial and manufacturing interest, to compensation for fifteen years damages. Where the object is to remove, it is useless to distract attention by demanding any previous alteration in the form of the evil. The injustice is at this moment an injustice of scales and degrees; and it will be enough if, in this state, it can be sent into its grave. At the present instant, the well-informed part of the manufacturing population would probably be content to see the evil in a state of reduction by a shilling a year on each of the degrees of the existing scale. But as the force of public opinion increases, they will of course raise their terms, like the bearer of the Sibylline books; and finally take as rapid a draught of justice and retribution, as their position shall enable them to command.

Art. II.—*Mémoires, Correspondance et Opuscules Inedites de Paul-Louis Courier.* Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

OF the writers of France, belonging to the age of Napoleon, Courier was one of the most interesting and attractive. Although the peculiar excellence of his genius did not develop itself till the bigotry and rancour of the officials of the restored government, and the no less bigoted and rancorous priests of the now sanguine church, excited his dormant talents, he was by no means a person to be passed over. His writings, after he once began to write in the vein peculiar to him, are his history; up to that epoch, however, he may be described by his actions, by his humours, by his wit, by his movements, by his acquirements. By the aid of his letters we shall give a portrait

of the soldier-scholar : it is a picture the traits of which have given us no little pleasure in the contemplation : if we do not succeed in communicating the same pleasure to others, the fault is in the artist, or perhaps in the difficulty of bringing into one point all the numerous characteristics scattered over these volumes, and which go to make up the expressions of the portrait.

The Letters, of which we have spoken, were certainly never written with any view to publication : if the style of them did not prove the fact, the character of Courier would : he detested the appearance of his name before the world, and the works on which he had spent all the labour of his lore, he would gladly have ushered into the world under the shelter of an anonyme. They, however, extend over nearly the whole period of his life, and many of them appear to have been collected by him with the intention of assisting him in the compilation of his Memoirs, a project he had latterly conceived. These Memoirs were, however, smothered in their birth by the melancholy event which put an end to the life of the author, his assassination.

Paul-Louis Courier de Méré was born in 1772, the son of a gentleman of education and property of Touraine. The latter part of the name, de Méré, he never would bear, lest he should be mistaken for a scion of nobility. For his love of literature Courier was probably indebted to his father, who himself educated his son; at the age of fifteen he was a good Greek scholar, and his early passion for this language and its literature never forsook him, it was his consolation in the difficulties and deprivations of war, his occupation in quarters, his business and his pleasure. The study of mathematics also became a necessary preliminary of his military career, and he is said to have excelled in them. He was in the artillery, and while he gave himself up to the pursuits he loved so ardently, he shewed such activity, intelligence, and bravery, in his different campaigns in Italy, and Germany, that he quickly arose from the rank of subaltern of artillery, to which he was appointed in 1791, to that of major. The independence of his character was however ill suited to a profession in which the paramount duty of all, is blind obedience, and we can well understand the eagerness with which, it is said, his resignation was received by his superior officers. He was not only a nice observer, but he was incapable of disguise; and, partly in indignation and partly in sport, took care that his opinions should be known. The following trifling anecdote which is told of him will shew how little a personal regard for consequences entered into his calculations. The day after a pretty severe affair, in which, as it appeared to Courier, Cæsar Berthier had not conducted himself with Spartan

bravery, he met that officer's baggage waggon having his name painted on it in large letters. Courier stopped the horses and with his sabre scratched out the word CÆSAR. "Go and tell thy master," he cried to the driver, "that he may continue to call himself Berthier, but as for *Cæsar*—I forbid it."

Military discipline was but little respected by him when it interfered with his own habits and tastes. Nothing, for instance, could ever induce him to wear mustachios: he made an entire campaign without either saddle or spurs, the consequence of a wager; and even on parade he would not abandon his equitation à la Grecque. When his regiment was not engaged, he never asked for leave to quit it, but betook himself to the nearest library, where he buried himself among the classical manuscripts, and spent the night and day in collating, examining, and appreciating their contents. It was in one of these excursions that he found in the Laurentian library at Florence, the MS. of the Pastorals of Longus, which supplied the lacuna which exists in all other MSS. of that work. In 1810, when he left the army, his first object was to return and assure himself of the fact. In copying the passage he was unlucky enough to spill some ink upon some lines of it. This proved a fatal spot: dire were the accusations levelled against him by the furious librarian, already indignant at Courier, for having made a discovery which he considered ought to have been left for him to make. This circumstance produced Courier's "*Lettre à M. Rénouard,*" one of his earliest pieces, marked by that mixture of good sense and buoyant pleasantry which distinguishes his writings. A limited impression of the complete text of Longus, he struck off at Rome, in small quarto, and presented his friends with fifty copies; it was afterwards reprinted at Paris along with a translation, of which he had originally printed only sixty copies at Florence.

After a sojourn of four years in Italy, after his leaving the army, he returned to Paris and printed his translation of "Xenophon's Treatise on Cavalry," accompanied with notes, which were highly valued by the scholars of the time. Then came the Restoration: Courier had never been a Bonapartist; his opinions were far too generous—his feelings too patriotic—to espouse the cause of a man, whom he conceived devoured by personal ambition, and who had converted the means of benefiting his country into the instruments of his own aggrandizement. Still, however, the manner in which the Restoration was accomplished, was necessarily a source of heartburning to every true Frenchman: nevertheless, Courier made a distinction between the benefit and the manner in which it had been conferred: he gave himself

up to the charter, whole and entire, to use his own expression. But he was little prepared for the reaction of 1815, which made itself severely felt in the departments: and he found it impossible to remain a silent witness of the rancorous persecutions of the counter-revolution. He addressed a Petition to the two Chambers, in the name and on the behalf of the inhabitants of Luines, a small village on the banks of the Loire. The minister Decazes, who at the time was attempting to support himself on the ruins of the two extreme parties, made use of this petition against the Ultra-Royalists, and these petitions ceased. Courier did not again break silence till 1819. It was on occasion of some petty persecutions on the part of the Mayor of Veretz, against his gamekeeper: Courier succeeded in attempts to put a stop to similar proceedings. It was even asked of him on the part of those in power, what they could do for him. "Nothing," answered Courier: "I don't pretend to any thing, and do not believe myself fit for any thing." Once only did Courier depart from this principle: in consequence of a promise made to his father-in-law Clavier, on his death-bed, to endeavour to succeed him in the Academy, he offered himself as a candidate. To his failure in this attempt we are indebted for his *Lettre à M. M. de l'Academie de Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, a delicious satire on academies, academicians, and those who would be such. The title of this letter is never mentioned in France without producing an involuntary laugh from all those who have read it: such is its reputation. In the same year appeared the *Lettre Particulière:* this letter may be called the first part of Courier's political *Provincials*. For both in matter and in manner do the pamphlets of Courier remind us most strongly of the immortal Letters of Pascal. We have the same force of logic in both, the same independence and generosity of spirit, the same ingenious turn of thought, with more than even Pascal's good humour, and an equal perfection of style, and variety of tone and character. His *Lettres* to the Editor of the *Censeur* first roused the attention of the authorities against him, and it was endeavoured, by means of a ministerial intrigue, to exclude him from the body of electors. Courier, however, boldly maintained his right, in an address to *M. M. du Conseil de Prefecture de Tours*, and he succeeded in causing it to be restored to him. A proprietor in the department of the Indre and Loire, took advantage of this controversy to propose Courier as a deputy, but Courier belonged to no faction, and was supported by none, and the attempt failed. On this occasion, he wrote his *Seconde Lettre Particulière*, in which he brought upon the scene all that had passed in the electoral college.

Up to this epoch, the writings of Courier had not drawn down upon him the terrors of the tribunal: they had but a limited circle of readers, and related chiefly to interests of a local nature. In 1821 the scene was changed. When the measure of purchasing Chambord for the infant duke de Bordeaux, was on the tapis, Courier conceived the idea of writing his *Simple Discours aux Membres de la Commune de Veretz, à l'occasion d'une souscription proposée par son excellence le Ministre de l'Interieur pour l'acquisition de Chambord.* For this pamphlet Courier was condemned to pay a fine and to be imprisoned. During the trial he wrote his letter *Aux Ames dévotes de la paroisse de Veretz,* to request their prayers: and after it he published an account of the proceeding, under the title of *Procès de Paul-Louis Courier, vigneron, &c.* He was no sooner out of prison than he addressed to the Chambers the *Petition pour des villageois, qu'on impêchait de danser.* He was again put upon his trial, but this time got off for a simple reprimand.

Courier now perceived, that the liberty of the press existed no longer for him, and he thenceforward availed himself of a secret mode of ushering his productions into the world. It was in this manner that the *Réponses aux Anonymes,* the *Livret de Paul-Louis,* the *Gazette de Village,* and the *Pièce diplomatique signée Louis et plus bas Villèle,* successively saw the light. The greatest pains were taken to detect the author, but in vain. Courier trusted the knowledge of his authorship to very few of his friends, and not even to them did he disclose the means he took to procure the printing of his works: "I write two or three pages," said he, laughing, "I throw them into the street, and behold! they are printed." The rest of his time was devoted to a translation of Herodotus: encouraged by the success which had attended his translation of Longus, and Lucian's Ass, he was desirous of applying the same system to the father of history. Some years later he wrote his *Pamphlet des Pamphlets:* "This," says the memoir, to which we have been indebted for these facts, "was the 'Song of the Swan.' It forms so admirable a conclusion to the noble career which he had pursued without cessation for nine years, that we can scarcely suppose he wrote without some vague presentiment of his death: so much the more as he had already put into the mouth of a speaker in the Livret; 'Paul-Louis, the bigots will slay thee.' In the beginning of 1825, he was assassinated a few steps from his own door. Who was the murderer?—No light was thrown upon the fact by the trial in the Court of Assizes: and the accused was acquitted."

The letters in the compilation before us commence with the

youth of Courier: the earliest are written to his parents in a style of freedom and affection which does honour to both sides; his father appears to have been both his tutor and his friend; with his mother he was on those terms of familiar yet respectful tenderness, which subsist to a remarkable degree in France, and reflect the highest credit upon the sons and mothers of that country, so falsely charged with the feebleness of its domestic ties. The boy of fifteen thus commences his letter to his father: it is the first paragraph of the book, and indicates the tone of all the *home* correspondence:—

'Vivat! my dear father, vivat! This is the kind of letters I ask for—this is what I call writing. Truly we should have had a pretty quarrel if it had not arrived. But my success has surpassed my hopes—I did not dare to push my wishes so far. One thing alone made me angry: that is, that after all I have said, you can still suppose that your letters weary me; after all I have written to the contrary; after—. I was getting into a passion—but four pages of my father's handwriting are quite enough "to calm me."'

There is nothing in this but its manner, which speaks volumes. Courier was at this time studying mathematics at Paris. His master was a M. Labbey, to whom his pupil was much attached. The second letter, also to his father, mentions the appointment of this gentleman to be professor of Mathematics at the Military College at Chalons. Courier conceived the design of following him to his new residence; and he, in the letter to his father, speaks of the advantages of this step not only with the charming frankness of an ingenuous boy, but with a freedom and good sense that must astonish those accustomed only to the awkwardness of an English school-boy—the most disagreeable and tiresome of all the cubs of the genus Mammalia. The father of Courier gave consent; and he went to Chalons, whence the subsequent letters are dated. The study after Courier's heart—for boy as he was, he had a heart for study—was classical literature; but the career on which he was entering rendered mathematical acquirements indispensable, for his father destined him for the engineers, and the time of the examination fast approached. The manner in which he passed this examination was characteristic of him; he appears to have wanted time for complete preparation: at any rate he was not completely prepared. When M. Delaplace, the examiner, came to the subject of hydrostatics, Courier answered him frankly—"Sir, I know nothing about hydrostatics; but if you will grant me a few days, I will instruct myself in them." The time was given; and when he presented himself anew, he gave the examiner so high an idea of his talents, that he passed with

honour. In the month of August 1792, he was admitted in quality of pupil-ensign of artillery; but the extreme agitation which then reigned at Chalons, in consequence of the presence of the Prussian army in the neighbourhood, interrupted the course of study; the pupils were employed in guarding the gates of the town, where some pieces of cannon had been placed. It was only after the retreat of the enemy, that the college resumed its ordinary habits. In June 1793, he was appointed to a lieutenancy, and went to join his regiment at Thionville, where his regiment was in garrison, and whence we find several of his letters dated. His first letter is to his mother; it does not resemble, we should imagine, the usual current of a young officer's letters :—

'Look,' says he, 'among my books for two volumes in 8vo.—that is to say, of the size of Almanack Royal, bound in green paste-board: one is all full of Greek and the other of Latin; it is a Demosthenes, which I want along with the other books. The two volumes are both tolerably big, and tolerably dirty also.

'My books are my delight, and almost my only society. I am vexed when I am obliged to quit them, and I return to them always with pleasure. I love above all to re-read those I have read often before: perhaps thereby I learn less, but I learn what I do better.'

In 1794 Courier quitted Thionville for service in the army of the Moselle. He joined at the camp of Biel-Castel; saw war for the first time, and learned to bivouac by the side of his cannons. In 1795 he was made captain, and was serving in the quarter-general of the army, encamped before Mayence, when he received intelligence of the death of his father. This unexpected event made so deep an impression upon him, that, forgetting every thing connected with his profession, he immediately set off, without leave or explanation, to his mother, at that time living in retirement at Veronica, near to Luines. Courier had need of the influence of all his friends to procure, that the manner in which he had left the army should be overlooked. He was ultimately sent on duty into the south of France. Here he resumed his favourite studies, and, fortunately, at Toulouse, fell in with a friend of similar tastes. M. Chlewaski, a Pole, distinguished for his erudition, and his attachment to classical literature; to this gentleman many of his letters were addressed. When, after other service in Brittany, and on the coast of the north, in the army called the Army of England, Courier was at length sent to Italy, the country he preferred to all others, his classical enthusiasm rose to its height, and he confided the impression of it to his letters to M. Chlewaski. He does not restrict himself however to such subjects: he viewed

the manners of the army with a keen eye, and its vices and follies afford frequent subjects for his lively and satirical pen. In a letter dated Rome, 8th January, 1799, he speaks in strong terms of condemnation on the conduct of the French, with regard to the remains of antiquity at Rome and other countries:—

'Inform all those,' writes Courier to M. Chlewaski, 'who wish to see Rome, that they must be quick; every day the sword of the soldier, and the claw of the commissary, destroy its natural beauties, and rob it of its ornaments. You that are accustomed to the simple expression of the languages of antiquity, may perhaps regard these phrases as somewhat high flown, but I know none sufficiently strong to paint to you the state of ruin, of misery, and disgrace, into which this poor Rome, which you have seen in its glory, has fallen. Even its ruins are now being destroyed. Formerly, as you know, foreigners flocked to it from all parts of the world. How many, who have arrived there only to spend the winter, have remained the whole of their lives. At present no one stays but those who cannot escape, or those who, poignard in hand, still grope among the rags and rubbish of a people dying of hunger, for the straggling pieces of money that may have been left by preceding plunderers and extortioners. I should never end if I were to go into details, and, besides, there is more than one reason why I should not tell you all. If I sketch a corner of the picture, you will easily guess the rest. Bread is no longer here one of the things that can be bought. Every one keeps that which he has, at the peril of life. You know the cry *panem et circenses*; at the present moment they do without both one and the other, and many other things besides. No man who is neither commissary, general, valet, or sycophant, of one or the other, can eat an egg. All provisions, even those most necessary for subsistence, are inaccessible to the Romans; while many of the French, and those not the most topping, keep open table for all comers. This is the way to take revenge for a universe subdued.

'The monuments of Rome are not a whit better treated than the people. The column of Trajan is, however, pretty nearly as you saw it; and our connoisseurs, who value only that which is portable and saleable, pay it no sort of attention. Besides, the bas-reliefs are out of the reach of the sabre, and may, therefore, be saved. Not so with the sculptures of the villa Borghese, and the villa Pamphili, where figures similar to the Deiphobus of Virgil present themselves on every side. I am still in grief for a beautiful infant Hercules, which I saw entire; it was clothed, and had a lion's skin thrown over him, and a club over his shoulder.—It was, as you see, a Cupid stealing the arms of Hercules—a morsel of exquisite workmanship, and Greek if I am not mistaken. There remains but the base, on which I have written in pencil, *lugete, Veneres Cupidinesque,* and some fragments which would have made Mengs and Winckelmann die of grief, if they had had the misfortune to live long enough to see this spectacle.'—vol. i, p. 36.

Italy Courier was obliged to leave on account of an attack of illness; he retired to Veronica, where he had the misfortune to witness the death of his mother: a loss which severely affected him. He was seized with a spitting of blood, which had nearly proved fatal—both at this epoch, and later in life, in the year 1817. His leisure, and his moments of convalescence, were dedicated to his classical studies; of which, the letters of this date are full. By the interest of generals Duroc and Marmont, who at that time exerted themselves in his favour, he was appointed *chef d'escadron*, in October, 1803, and joined the army at Piacenza in March, 1804. This is the date of the imperial reign; in what light that event was considered in the army at the time, by persons of intelligence, may be gathered from the following agreeable letter from Courier, dated May, 1804:—

Piacenza.

'We have just made an emperor, and I, for my part, have thrown no obstacle in the way. This is the history of it: this morning Anthouard (the colonel) assembled us and told us the business we were about, simply enough and without preamble or peroration.—An emperor or a republic—which do you like best?—just as one asks, roast or boiled, pottage or soup, which will you have. His speech finished, there we were sitting in a circle staring at one another. Gentlemen, what is your opinion? Not a word. Nobody opened his mouth. This lasted a quarter of an hour or more, and became embarrassing, for Anthouard and the whole of the party, when Maire, a young man and lieutenant, whom you may have seen, got up and said: "If he wishes to be an emperor, well, so be it: but to speak my mind, I don't like it at all." "Explain," said the Colonel, "will you or will you not have an emperor."—"I do not wish it," answered Maire.—"Very well." Fresh silence. We began to look at one another again, like people who saw each other for the first time. We should have remained just as we were if I had not taken up the words. "Gentlemen," said I, "it appears to me, under correction, that this is no affair of ours: the nation wishes an emperor, is it for us to deliberate?" This reasoning appeared so luminous, so forcible, so *ad rem*, so—what would you have?—I carried the whole assembly along with me. Never had orator a success so complete: they rose and signed, and went off to billiards. Maire, said to me, "I'faith, Major, you speak like Cicero, but why, I beg, are you so anxious that he should be emperor?"—"That we might finish our game at billiards. Were we to stay there all the day?" "Why, do *you* not wish him to be emperor?"—"I do not know," said he, "but I thought him made for something better." This was the lieutenant's idea, which I do not think altogether absurd. In fact, what signifies it, tell me, that a man like Bonaparte, a soldier, the chief of an army, the first captain of the world, should take it into his head to be called his majesty—to be Bonaparte and to make himself *sire*. *He aspires to descend.* But no! he thinks himself mounting

when he equals himself with kings. He prefers a title to a name: Poor man: he is below his fortune. I doubted him when I saw him give his sister to Borghese, and think that Borghese did him too much honour.

'The sensation is feeble: people as yet do not know what it means: nobody thinks of it any longer: it is no longer talked of. But the Italians! you know Mandelli, Demanelli's host—*Questi son salti! questi son voli! un alfiere, un caprajo di Corsica che balza imperatore! Poffaridio che cosa! sicco dunque, comandante, per quel che vedo un Corso ha castrato i Francesi.*

'Demanelli (colonel of another regiment) I think will hold no assembly. He sends signatures with enthusiasm, devotion to his person, &c. &c. &c.

'This is my news. Tell me that of the country in which you are, and how the farce is played with you, pretty nearly the same, without doubt.

'"Chacun baise en tremblant la main qui nous enchaine."

'With permission of the poet that is false. Nobody trembles, every body wants money; and they kiss the hand that pays.

'Cæsar understood all this better, and was besides quite another kind of man. He took up no worn-out titles, but his very name has become a title superior to that of king.

'Adieu.—We expect him here!!'

Villoison had suggested to Courier that he should edite a volume containing a collection of Greek mathematicians: in answer Courier, in a letter, dated Barletta, 1805, enters into some curious considerations respecting the opportunities of a soldier for study, and of the advantages to a writer of some actual experience.

'As for quitting my *vile trade*, I know what you think on that subject; and I myself am of your opinion. Not wishing either to grow old in the honours of a legion, nor to make a fortune, it ought to be left—certainly that is my design. But I am well off here where I have all I want: a beautiful country, antiquity, nature, tombs, ruins, and Grecia Magna. What treasures! The general-in-chief is a man of merit—learned, the most learned in the art of massacre that perhaps exists: a good kind of man in other respects, and he treats me as a friend: this retains me. Besides, I let fortune have its way, and never interfere with the conduct of my life: this is my politics. I find myself very well off; and I do not perceive that those who torment themselves so much are any happier than I am. Do not suppose, moreover, that I am losing my time here: I study better than I have ever done, and from morning to night, after the manner of Homer, who had no books at all: he studied men: they are to be seen no where as they are here. Homer was a soldier: be cautious that you do not doubt it: it was in rude war: he was aide-de camp, [illegible]nk, of Agamemnon, or perhaps his secretary. Neither would [illegible]lides, if he had not also been a soldier, have the true judgment,

the solid good sense, which is not to be learned in the schools. Compare, I beg, Sallust and Livy, and the latter talks gold: it is impossible to say any thing better: but the other understands what he is speaking of: And what should hinder me, some day or other ——— ? for I also have seen something. I have remarked and collected so many things, of which they who set about writing have not the slightest idea: I have a great number of sketches; wherefore should I not complete some pictures painted with that air of simple truth which pleases so much in Xenophon? I am telling you my dreams.—What do you mean by saying that soldiers as we are, we write but little, and that a line is a task. You don't understand what you are talking of. Is that the sort of fault you find with us as men of scholarship? Learn that there is not one among us who does not write more than all the Institute put together: there leaves the army every day a hundred waggons with three horses each, laden with several quintals of writing in a large round hand, all from the fingers of people in uniform, smokers of pipes, drawers of sabres. Why I myself, here, every year, have signed more, I who am nothing and do nothing, more than you would read in your whole life: and conceive, that all the memoirs and the histories of your academies are not, in volume, a quarter of the amount that the minister of war receives every week regularly. Go to his house, you will there see galleries, vast buildings filled, heaped up with our productions, from the cellar to the roof. You will there see generals, officers who pass their lives in signing, paraphrasing, covered with ink and sand, acknowledging receipts, writing marginal notes on letters to be answered and those already answered. There you will see regular troops of writers who send off packets upon packets, and set to in every direction on our quartermasters who attack them with the same fury. These are your idlers in writing. Come, Sir, it would be easy to prove to you, if it were wished to humiliate you, that of all the state-bodies it is the academy that writes the least, at the present day, and the most laborious works of the pen are produced by the people of the sword.'

Perhaps this is the reason why soldiers in modern times are found to make such admirable ministers: sir John Sebright has declared in the House of Commons that the army is the best school for statesmen: the opinion at the moment seemed somewhat inconsistent. Courier's letter, however, throws some light upon the doctrine. He shows that swordsmen are the greatest writers of the day: such preparation accounts for the facility with which they fall into the duties of prime ministers and colonial secretaries. It must, however, be confessed that the regularity of habits and the principles of subordination inculcated in the army have necessarily a salutary effect upon the future statesman; and if at the same time the leisure which the army abundantly allows to its soldiers be not consumed in dissipation and frivolity, the school may be better than one would at first sight expect.

The character of the Neapolitan campaign gives occasion to some good description both of country and of the warfare: his strokes both of humour and of the picturesque are generally however too much combined with other matter to separate them in extract. But the following portion of a letter may show what in this line the reader is to expect from the military letters of Courier.

'This kingdom (Naples) which we have taken is not to be sneered at: it is as pretty a conquest as may be made in a morning's walk. I admire, above all, the complaisance of those who gave it up to us: if they had taken it into their heads to defend it we should have been prettily off. We did not come with the intention of doing violence to any body. Here was a commandant of Gaeta who would not surrender the place; very well! let him keep it. If Capua had done the same we should have been at the gates still without either bread or cannon. It must be allowed that Europe treats us with extraordinary civility. The troops in Germany brought us arms, the governors their keys, with a good nature truly amiable. This it is which encourages the trade of conqueror, without that we should renounce it. However we are at the very toe of the boot, in the most beautiful country of the world, and tolerably quiet, except that the fever and the insurrections of the people trouble us: the population is impertinent: the knaves of peasants attack the conquerors of Europe! When they take us they burn us as gently as possible. We care little about it: so much the worse for him who lets himself be taken. Each person hopes to get off with his baggage waggon full, or his mules loaded, and laughs at every thing else.

'As for the beauty of the country, the towns have nothing remarkable in them, at least for me—but the country, I know not how to give you an idea of it: it is like nothing you have ever seen. Not to speak of woods of orange-trees and hedges of citrons, there are thousands of other trees and plants which are wholly foreign to us, but which the vigour of the soil there produces in crowds; or, if they are the same as ours, yet they are so much larger, so much developed, that they give the landscape a totally different aspect. On looking upon these rocks, every where covered with myrtle and aloes, and those palm-trees in the valleys, you might suppose yourself on the banks of the Ganges, or on the Nile, except that there are neither pyramids nor elephants: the buffalos, however, take their place, and figure extremely well among the African plants, with the complexion of the inhabitants, which is not of this world.

'Would you have, Madame, a sketch of the scenes which are now passing? Imagine on the descent of some hill, a line of heights decorated by some hundreds of our people, in disorder: they march at a venture; thinking of nothing—to take precautions, to keep watch—to what end? For eight days there have been no troops massacred in the canton. At the foot of the height runs a rapid torrent which must be passed to reach the other elevation: part of the file is already in the water, part

here, part there. All of a sudden a thousand bandits rise up on every side,—discharged convicts, deserters commanded by some low priest, well-armed, good shots: they fire upon our men before they are seen: the officers fall first: the most lucky are they who die on the spot: the rest for some days serve for playthings for the executioners.

'However the general, colonel, or major, who has dispatched this detachment without thinking of any thing, without knowing whether the passages were clear, gets into a rage against the neighbouring villages: sends an aid-de-camp with five hundred men, to pillage, ravage, murder: and they who escape go to increase the band of the priest.

'Do you ask, what the commandant all this time is doing in his quarters? If he is young, he is looking out for girls: if he is old, he is collecting money: war is made only for this. But young or old, he is soon seized with fever; and in the middle of his girls and his money rots within three days. Some rejoice, nobody cares, every body forgets him in a few days, and his successor just follows his footsteps.

This is a horrid picture of demoralization: one of the miseries of war not the least deplorable: neither the pomp nor the other delusions which surround an army could deceive a man of powerful and unprejudiced mind like Courier: he was equally alive to the failings of individuals in authority, as well as to the prevailing laxity of the multitude. His letters read like satires; only, however, because he would not be deceived himself, and was far too honest to deceive or flatter others: many of his slight notes are complete antidotes to official bulletins: they give us a satisfactory key to that grand military mystery which deludes so large a portion of honest hard-working characters: it is vulgarly called humbug. Generals and commanding officers who cut a great figure in the newspapers are spoken of in different terms by eye-witnesses who are not also courtiers; for there are courtiers in the camp as well as the palace. We were scarcely however prepared for the numerous instances of poltroonery that we hear of in these letters.

'The anecdote of Henry Dedon (commandant of artillery before Gaëta) is good: I know it already.—You suppose that the scandal of the affair will injure him. Ah! if he only takes good care of the fowling pieces and tells stories well, there is nothing can prevent him from becoming a great man. There was here a colonel Grabinski who did worse, if it is possible, and who will nevertheless be a general before it is long, for he is a good *serviteur*: a man who knows what is due to his superiors: a man in short who will rise, I will answer for it, without risking his skin. In fact, this kind of poltroonery does no harm at all, provided only the man knows how to serve in the anti-chamber, the more especially if one has the advantage of being known for an ass. This is just the case of Henry Dedon; and I advise you to make thy court to him.

'I have just received your last letter, as you will see: it is really too good: Salvat (a general) in good truth is dying, and from fright:

Dedon is very sick from the same disorder; and the other keeps himself out of the way: these are the sort of things that one can only learn by being of the trade. To read the gazette no one would imagine that in the midst of so many wars, it is possible to arrive at the first employments of the army without being in any one respect a soldier. 'I faith I don't know what to say of the rest of the world, but in the course of my life I have seen two classes of men: the folks of the sword and the folks of the pen. Posterity will never suppose that in this age of fighting and writing there have been erudites who did not know how to read, and heroes who are not magnificent in danger. How many Laredons pass for Cæsars—to say nothing of Cæsar Berthier.'

This is dated 1806, the year after the the battle of Austerlitz. Courier was not one of these heroes: his Calabrian adventures prove great alacrity in the service; he certainly ran great risks, suffered great losses, and met with but little gratitude. The condition to which he was reduced by his exertions on a detached service, for which he received small thanks from his general, Reynier, is described in the following entertaining letter to general Mossel:

'*Mileto, Sept.* 10, 1806.

'I have received the shirt, my general, of which you have made me a present. May God repay you for it, either in this world or the next. Never was charity better bestowed. I am not, however, quite naked. I have a shirt on my back, it wants, to be sure, both a before and a behind, and this is the way that that came to pass: it was made of a sack which I got at the pillage of a hamlet, and thereby also hangs a tale. I saw a soldier carrying a piece of sackcloth; without ascertaining whether he came in possession of it by inheritance or otherwise, I had a crown and no linen; I gave him the crown and became the proprietor of the cloth, at least as much as one can be so of stolen goods. The transaction was commented upon nevertheless. The worst of the thing was, that when the shirt was made and put upon my meagre body by a sempstress that follows the army, there was a difficulty about getting it into my breeches—my shirt, understand—and this was the rock on which we split, I and my sempstress. The poor girl did all she could, and I seconded her with my best endeavours, but all in vain. Neither force nor coaxing could persuade this stuff to occupy a reasonable space about me. I cannot tell you, my general, how much I suffered in all these attempts; at last, however, necessity, the mother of invention, suggested the idea of cutting off all round the part of the shirt that would not lodge in my pantaloons, that is to say, the before and the behind, and sew the girdle on to the very body of the shirt, an operation which was performed by my good milliner, with all possible address and decency. There are no kind of puns and bad jokes which have not been made hereupon; it was a subject which never would have been exhausted, had not your generosity made me rather an object of envy than compassion. I laugh at all my jeerers, none of whom possesses any thing comparable to the gift which I have received

from you. There is no one in the whole army capable of so good a deed except yourself. Not only because my comrades are mostly as ill off as myself, but because it passes for gospel, that I can keep nothing, experience having proved that every thing that comes to me goes straight to the bandits. When I escaped naked from Corigliano, Saint Vincent (colonel of artillery) supplied me with a valise of excellent clothing, which were taken from me eight days after we were on the heights of Nieastro (June 20). General Verdier and his staff then made me up another little baggage, which I did not carry farther than Mantea, or rather Agillo (Aug. 24), where I was stripped for the fourth time. They are therefore tired of clothing me and giving me charity; and the general belief is, that it is my destiny to die naked, just as I was born. In spite of all this I am well treated here; Reynier (the commander in chief) is exceedingly kind, and I do not regret ever yet having volunteered to serve in this campaign, when, after all, I have only lost my horses, my money, my servant, my own clothes, and those of my friends.'

Of all these losses he chiefly regretted the loss of a Pocket Homer; he seems to have treasured it as parson Adams did his Æschylus, and was greatly grieved to part with a faithful and never troublesome companion.

'I had saved from the pillage of my poor clothes that which I called my breviary. It was an Iliad, of the Royal printing office, a very little volume which you may have seen in the hands of the Abbé Barthelemy. This copy came from him to me *(quam dispari domino)*, and I know that it was his practice to carry it with him in his walks: as for myself I never went any where without it; but the other day, why I know not, I trusted it to a soldier who was leading my horse. The soldier was killed and stripped. What shall I say? I have lost eight horses, my clothes, my linen, my cloak, my pistols, my money. I only regret my Homer, and to see it again I would give the only shirt I have left. It was my society, my only company in my halts and my watches. My comrades laugh at me. I wish they had lost their last pack of cards, to see the look they would put on.'

The letter from which we make this little quotation, contains an interesting sketch of the condition of the classical land of Calabria; it is addressed to M. de Sainte-Croix, and dated from Mileto, Sept. 12, 1806.

'You may easily suppose that in the midst of so many adventures like these, I have had little thought of looking after antiquities: if I happen to meet with any remains on my route, after the example of Pompey *ne visenda quidem putavi.* Not that I have lost my taste for that sort of thing in the least, but the present occupies me too much to think of the past; the care of my skin, too, and these Calabrians, serve to put *Magna Græcia* out of my head. It is still *Calabria ferox.* Observe, I beg, that since the time of Hannibal, who found the country in a flourishing condition and ravaged it for sixteen years, it has never

recovered itself. We sack and burn very well to be sure, but it seems that Hannibal was clever at it also. If we were to stop any where, if I had only time to look about me, I do not doubt that this country, which is all Greek and antique, would easily furnish me with interesting subjects, and render this letter worthy of its address. There are in these environs, for example, considerable ruins, a temple said to be Proserpine's. Superb marbles that have been drawn thence are at Rome, at Naples, at London. I shall go to see, if I can, what remains, and will give you a report, if I see any thing worth the trouble.

'As for the actual Calabria, it is full of orange groves, olive woods, hedges of lemons. All this is on the coast, and only near the towns; not a village, not a house in the country; it is uninhabitable for want of police and laws. But how is it cultivated? you ask. The peasant lodges in the town, and works upon the neighbouring fields, leaving home late in the morning, he returns early in the evening. No one dares to sleep in a country house: the inhabitants would have their throats cut the first night. The crops cost but little trouble; in these sulphurous soils little manure is necessary; we cannot even sell the litter of our horses. All this indicates the richness of the land. The people, nevertheless, are poor—miserable even. The kingdom is rich, for it produces every thing; it sells and never buys. What do they do with the money? It is not without reason that it has been called the India of Italy. The bonzes are not wanting; there is no family that is not governed by a priest, down to the most trifling details: a husband does not buy a pair of shoes for his wife without consulting the holy man.'

In a letter to the same M. de Sainte-Croix, the author of the History of Alexander, Courier informs him that he has inclosed a journal of his adventures in this war, which is unfortunately lost: he observes of it to his correspondent:—

'If the features of these execrable forces, fore-shortened in this way, inspire you with nothing but disgust, I shall not be surprised. It may, perhaps, pique the curiosity of those who know the actors; others will only see in them the disgrace of our species. It is nevertheless history deprived of its ornaments. This is the canvas which the Herodotuses and Thucydides have embroidered. As for myself, my opinion is, that the string of follies and atrocities which passes under the name of history, is not worthy the attention of a sensible man. As for Plutarch with

"L'air d'homme sage,
Et cette large barbe au milieu du visage"

it fills me with compassion to see him making such a fuss about all his givers of battles, who have had the luck to join their names to events which the course of things has brought to pass.'

With Reynier, the commander in chief of the Calabrian army, until he was defeated at the battle of Maida, Courier was always on the intimate footing of a friend, while that general was in adversity: during a run of success, however, he would assume

the great man, and give himself airs that his friend would bear from no man. Then it is that Courier writes to their mutual acquaintance the letters which described the baseness of his flatterers with so much felicitous ridicule. At all times, however, he seems to have preserved an esteem and a liking for Reynier. With general Dedon, the commandant of artillery, it was different, Courier despised him, and probably made no secret of his contempt. He was employed by him on a mission for collecting a levy of mules, at the close of which he was unjustly accused by Dedon of a breach of duty. Courier was not a man to bear a charge from any one, especially from one who had no claims to respect; he resented, therefore, the accusation in a manner which caused his arrest. While in confinement, he wrote a letter to the general in terms seldom employed by an officer of inferior grade, and caused twenty copies of it to be distributed in the army. It was conceived in terms which makes the eagerness with which his resignation was received a matter of small surprise. It ended by saying: "You are aware with what ease I can confound the falsehoods of your wretched spies. You may succeed in ruining me, but perhaps I, too, may find some one who may listen to me in despite of you. However this may be, do not hope to find in me a dumb victim. I shall find a way to make the baseness of your conduct as public in this matter as it has been in so many others."

The affair was settled—how, may be seen from the following note to a colonel of artillery at Naples, who seems to have acted as umpire between the parties:—

'Who is the buffoon now? He keeps one blockaded here, and yet asks for peace: it is the besieger that capitulates. You shall see, colonel, if I pique myself on my generosity, I only demand for myself my liberation from arrest, and to pass to another army; on condition that I unsay all I have said and written to general Dedon. I am not joking; I will sign that he is brave; that he allowed himself to be seen at Gaëta (a place under siege), and that they who have said the contrary, lied—I the foremost. A contradiction in the face of the whole army; what would you have more, colonel? Draw up the articles and let me go. To be a prisoner at Naples, is to be damned in Paradise.'

In 1809 Courier left the army; his private affairs at home demanded his attention; he asked to be sent to the army in Spain, reckoning upon being able to spend a short time in France on his route; he was refused; he next required a congé which was likewise withheld; he then sent in his resignation, in the accepting of which there was no delay. This was at Leghorn. Courier had become deeply enamoured of Italy; its climate, its

libraries, its antiquities, its studious men, had charmed him; and it was fully his intention, after he had rid himself of his *vilain metier*, to return and settle in it. Lately, he had been a soldier rather because he liked the society of his comrades, than from any motives of ambition, or love of service. He had, as he says, wished to see what war was, and warriors, and he *had seen* them. Yet when Courier returned to Paris, and found all Europe filled with the fame of the victories of Abensberg and Eckmühl, he could not resist a desire, which he had long felt, of serving in an army commanded by Napoleon himself. His friends were employed to procure his reinstatement in the army, and he joined head-quarters at that time at Vienna. He was, however, never properly restored to his rank, and after the battle of Wagram, considering the campaign as finished, he left the army for ever. He was obliged to give an account of himself some time after to the minister of war, and the letter in which he explained this temporary return to service, and his manner of quitting it, remains to give us the story of his last military adventure.

'When my resignation,' he says in a letter to general Gassendi, 'was accepted by his majesty, I left Milan for Paris: after having put my private affairs into some order, I found myself among old friends who were passing from the army of Spain to that of the Danube. They decided me to resume the service. I went to Vienna with a letter from the minister of war, which authorized general Lariboissière to employ me provisionally. This letter was confirmed by another from the major general of the army promising me a brevet: I was placed in the fourteenth corps; always provisionally.

'Some money which I expected from Paris having failed to reach me, I had recourse to general Lariboissière, to whom I had long been known. He had the goodness to say that I might reckon upon him for every thing I might want: and counting, in fact, on this promise, I purchased at the price that was asked, the only horse which was to be sold in the whole army. But when in order to pay, I wished to avail myself of the favourable dispositions of general Lariboissière, they were changed. I however kept the horse and made use of it for fifteen days, expecting always that I should receive my remittance. But at last, the person from whom I had bought him, declared frankly that he must either have the money or the beast. It was the 4th of July about the middle of the day, when every thing was preparing for the action that commenced in the evening. Nobody would lend me sixty louis, though there were many persons to whom I had formerly rendered similar services; I found myself, therefore, on foot several hours before the action. I was, besides, exceedingly ill. The marshy fogs of those islands had given me, as well as many others the ague; and not having eaten for many days, my feebleness was extreme. I dragged myself, however, to the batteries of the island of Alexander,

where I remained as long as they kept up the fire. The generals saw me and gave me orders, and the emperor spoke with me. I crossed the Danube in a boat with the first troops. Some soldiers, seeing that I could not support myself any longer, carried me into a hovel, where general Bertrand came to lie down beside me. In the morning the enemy retreated, and so far from being able to follow the staff on foot, I was not even in a condition to keep myself erect. The cold and the excessive rain of the night, put the finish to my exhaustion. About three o'clock in the afternoon, some persons who appeared to me the domestics of a general, carried me to a neighbouring village, whence I was carried to Vienna.

'I was re-established in a few days; and reflecting that having missed this brilliant affair, I could not re-enter the service in the manner I wished, having quarrelled besides with the chief under whom I wished to serve, I considered, having received neither brevet nor pay, I was not too far engaged to retract, and I returned to Strasburgh about a month after I had left it.'

From Strasburgh, Courier retired to Zurich, where he remained till the approach of winter, when he betook himself to Italy. Here he spent a considerable time chiefly in the neighbourhood of Rome, in the midst of those studies in which he delighted; it was now that he edited the restored Longus, and spilt the unlucky drop of ink which caused so much more to be shed, not only at Florence, at Rome, but also at Paris. When he at length returned to France, he chiefly remained in Paris, or its vicinity, where he divided his time between the study of Greek literature and the game of tennis, for which he had an immoderate passion. He found time, however, to fall in love: and he paid his addresses in a style peculiar to himself. He wished to marry because he was in love, and he did not wish it, because he dreaded the loss of his liberty. The negotiation was suddenly broken off, and Courier disappeared: in two days he returned as a suppliant and obtained his pardon. The marriage was celebrated the 12th of May 1814. It was during the rupture that the following letter was written to the mother of his intended, madame Clavier, the wife of a member of the Academy, well known for his works connected with classical literature.

'Madame,

'I shall be greatly indebted to you to take the trouble of sending my cane which I left at your house by the bearer. I have a handkerchief belonging to you, which I will send back, if you forbid me to bring it myself.

'It is fifteen days ago since I spoke these words—you will remember—*all that I love is here*; it was perfectly true. You then saw in me one who was destined to make the happiness of your daughter, and consequently yours and that of the whole family. M. Clavier thought as you did, and his sister, as he said to me, "was going to be satis-

fied." M. Lemontey appeared equally pleased. Every body approved a union which seemed proposed and established on so many interesting grounds. As for myself, I was happy those eight days that I deemed myself your son-in-law. I loved, God forgive me, like a man of five-and-twenty, and with a love that no one could censure. This time my pleasure and my duty happened and coincided: I experienced in this passion which has been the torment of my life, for once a new sentiment of calm and innocence. Do not laugh, no! it is the word; and I saw that it offered me the prospect of a durable happiness. What then has robbed me of all this in so short a time: that which destroyed poor Psyche—the counsels of relations.

'It is very certain that you will find no one who is so sincerely attached to you as I am; nor one who esteems you with the same knowledge of the grounds of esteem: no one who suits you in so many points, except, indeed, one, which you do not regard as essential; and can you then sacrifice so many advantages for a little resentment arising out of offended vanity. All the other reasons which you and M. Clavier gave me the other day are, to speak frankly, wretched: for all amounted to this, that I love her too much, and that I am too easily led: disagreeable properties in a man who is to marry her, and to live with you.

'In truth, I cannot imagine what to do in order to change your resolution. Tell M. Clavier, madame, I beg, that I will make for him all the translations, researches, notes, memoirs that he shall please to command: that I will try to be of the Institute. That I will pay visits and take steps to procure preferment, like those who care for such things. In a word, I will be at his orders in every thing and every where. Too happy only if he will restore to me what he had already given me, and which to speak the truth, belongs to me. The other lover only toiled seven years for Rachel: I will labour as long as M. Clavier wishes; and not think it too much to devote the whole of the life to him, which he renders happy.'

This curious pleading, so remarkable for its simplicity and sincerity, and in so different a spirit from the bold and uncompromising sallies of Courier's ordinary letters, shews how deeply our hero was smitten with the charms of his future wife. He was married; but, as if jealous of the chains he perceived himself bound in, and as if to try how far his tether extended, he one fine morning, a short time after his marriage, set out on a journey without informing his friends or knowing even himself whither he was bound. After visiting Touraine, he returned upon Paris, and without stopping, betook himself to the coast of Normandy; and, tempted by the opportunity of a vessel freighted for Portugal, he was about to embark. The recollection, and the letters, of his young wife recalled him, and he contented himself with pursuing the coast, whence he returned to Paris. He adapted himself to his situation, and never afterwards

left his wife without regret and on indispensable business. The letters which follow assume another tone: they are chiefly addressed to his wife: they relate to his private affairs, to his publications, to his persecutions, and the condition of the people, and the oppression of the magistrates after the Restoration: they are short, rapid, often witty, and almost always charming. We have translated enough of the former ones, to send the reader to a closer contemplation of his character and writings. The editors of this work propose to publish a complete edition of his works, which will give us another opportunity of dwelling more at large on the genius of Courier's productions: we have here chiefly regarded his character as a man and a soldier; which appeared to us to be worth illustration independent of his connexion with some of the most striking *opuscules* in the French language.

Courier was assassinated the 10th April, 1825.

ART. III.—*Handbuch der Ungrischen Poesie, &c.* i. e. *Manuel of Hungarian Poetry; or a Selection of interesting Pieces from the best Hungarian Poets, chronologically arranged—with notices of their Lives and Writings—an introductory history of the Hungarian Poetry, a collection of German Translations, and a Glossary of the uncommon words, &c.* Edited by Franz Toldy, with the help of Julius Fenyéry, 2 vols. 8vo. Pesth and Vienna, 1828.

A MAN of generous affections and of inquiring mind can hardly go forth among his fellow men without finding something to respect and to admire, which he had not before discovered. He will soon perceive, that the whole field of social intercourse is watered with innumerable interesting streams; and the dews of his charity will fall on all the human race; he will find sources of happiness springing up where all seemed barrenness; and learn that the sum of good in the world is infinitely greater, than the first glance would deem it to be. There is no better exercise for benevolence, than to "expatiate widely o'er this scene of man," to see how much of the power of felicity every human creature possesses—and there is no more salutary discipline for the intellectual faculties, than to pass the boundaries of a narrow and selfish nationality, and to gather up the fruits and flowers which we may often find profusely strewed where, perchance, nothing was expected but a wilderness or a waste.

A few years ago, a small number of languages bounded the pursuits of those who fancied themselves to represent the highest civilization. The design and the desires of the great guides of Edu-

cation seemed to be, to confine the student to the narrowest limits, instead of inviting him to an extensive range—they rather sought to fix and fetter the mind to a few defined objects, than to encourage those inquiries which might have opened new sources of instruction, and have led from classic prisons to the wide expanse of intellectual existence. Fame and honour rewarded success in one or two branches of knowledge alone—unbounded information on subjects neither mathematical nor classical, brought with it no distinction nor recompense. There was a ban—a negative ban, at least,—on all but a few exclusive topics; and these, assuredly, not the most important, nor the best adapted to fit the inquirer for the after-business of life. What was called, a regular University Education was, in truth, little better than the education of the fifteenth century. Philosophy had made stupendous advances, half the secrets of earth and heaven had been unveiled—floods of light had been shed on the ancient sciences—while many new ones had sprung into being. Man, in his individual and social relations, had been the object of a thousand successful investigations; sound principles of morals and legislation had gradually forced their way; experiment had been long trenching on antique authority, while, unfortunately, our great seminaries of instruction had and still have refused to join the general impulse; have held out little encouragement to more enlarged studies; and a great portion of the literary harvest is abandoned to those desultory and accidental labourers, who may, from time to time, wander into an almost untrodden track.

The consequences of this defect, in what is deemed the completest form of English Education, meet us at every turning; and here is to be found the primary cause of the general ignorance that prevails among us respecting the literature of most other nations. Innumerable are the works of excellence whose very titles are unknown to us; many are the languages from whose stores no fragment has ever been presented to an English eye. It is very easy for satisfied and slothful ignorance to presume, that all is valueless which is not within its reach—a lamentable subterfuge this—and a mischievous delusion. It cannot truly be dissipated by declamation; but it will be our pleasing duty, from time to time, to submit to the indulgence of our readers, the widely-scattered evidences of the intellectual state of remote lands, and especially of those which have been least favoured with the condescending attentions of our literary men. We shall avail ourselves of the very interesting collection of Magyar poetry, whose title heads this paper, to give a few specimens of the Living Poets of Hungary.

There is no such man in existence as Franz Toldy. The veritable person is a virtuous German—Schedel by name—who, enamoured of the beauties, and touched by the neglect of the Magyar tongue has, for some years, been successfully endeavouring to make it better known. He is one of the many German settlers in Hungary, who feel that the strongest hold they can possess on the affections of the Magyars is, to co-operate with them for the extension of their literary reputation—to assist in elevating them to the position they are entitled to occupy in the world of civilization—to encourage their patriotic sympathies—and to give them a local habitation and a name among the cultivated portion of the human race. Purposes so excellent merit every encouragement. He who removes the stigma of reproach, or rolls away the clouds of neglect, from a people, is a benefactor on a magnificent scale. To suppress an individual calumny, to develop an individual virtue, is praiseworthy and generous; but to entitle a whole nation to a more favourable opinion, to create kind affections, respect, esteem, admiration for the virtues or the knowledge of millions, is one of the most exalted works in which philanthropy can be engaged. Such honourable labours have been too much neglected—because too little encouraged in England. While we have been pouring forth our knowledge over more than a hemisphere, while the names of our great men are familiar to the world, from how few countries have we gathered contributions in return; how vast the extent of territory, how many the languages, how various the tribes from whence we have never received, because we have never sought, one iota of instruction. Diversity of idiom has been a great barrier to the inter-communication of thought, but the difficulty of acquiring a foreign tongue has been wondrously exaggerated. There are few intellectual tasks less laborious, none more encouraging in its progress. The child with its imperfect organs and unimpaired faculties, learns in a few months enough of language to express its wants, and to receive delight from the expressions of those around it. Can it be believed with mature capacities, and under a proper system of instruction, that the youth or the man should be incapable of emulating the child? Experience shows the contrary wherever a proper experiment is made; but as we have gone so elaborately into this question in the last number of this Review, it is hardly necessary to dilate on it here.

From the end of the fifteenth century literary remains are not wanting in the language of the Magyar people. Rhymed chronicles become numerous in the sixteenth, and the seventeenth ushers in a numerous train of versifiers, of whom Zrínyi

is the first entitled to special distinction. He sang the deeds of his ancestors with more of passion than poetry; but his erotic compositions are charming though grotesque. Liszti followed: his description of the fatal field of Mohács wants the interest of history, and is rather made up of the generalities borrowed from classical sources, than of particulars gathered from the real events of the time. Gyöngyösi's fluent muse poured forth volumes of verses, which, if often wanting in force and pathos, served nevertheless to fix the language, and to give a great impulse to literature. Beniczky and Kohari, the first a bard of strong affections, the other of a quiet and thoughtful philosophy, prepared the way for Faludi, the leader of a new generation, rich in illustrious names. In the middle of the eighteenth century, a band of national writers arose, filling up, one after another, the various departments of letters in the field of imagination and of judgment. The attempts of the Austrian court to extirpate the Hungarian tongue, led to its complete resuscitation. Soon appeared Révai's collection of unpublished poetry; Dugonics printed his national romances; Kazinczy his various literary contributions. The stage lent its aid to the language of the people, and nearly three-hundred pieces were produced in a few years. The richest portions of the Magyar productions are undoubtedly the poetical; and the result of a vehement struggle between the advocates and representatives of the French, Latin, and German schools has been, the creation of a new and independent Hungarian spirit, which is likely to be exceedingly beneficial to the national culture, and which has already borne many fruits of beauty. The first representatives of the new and, at the present moment, the reigning poetical taste of the Hungarians, were Csokonai, Kazinczy, Dayka, and Verseghy. Their united influence formed an independent and patriotic school. Of these Kazinczy is still living, and has found in a strong band of young co-adjutors the security that his popular labours will influence all future time. Kazinczy brought the influence of foreign literature to act directly on that of Hungary; not by a particular and exclusive dedication to any one particular language, but by translating and assembling a number of meritorious works, and pouring them out, in fusion, as it were, upon the Magyar. Shakspeare and Lessing, Marmontel and Sterne, Ossian and Göthe, were assembled, and introduced together in social communion. Very various too are his original writings; his songs are sweet and simple; his epigrams happily pointed; and his epistles (a form of poetry not often happily managed) are agreeably diversified in manner and matter. He was born in 1759, and

his whole biography is a series of meritorious labours for the literary reputation of his country. In the periodicals, which from time to time have ministered to the taste for letters of the Magyars, he will be found almost omni-present. But he has been disciplined by adversity, and persecuted for his political opinions—seven years he passed in prison under the paternal visitations of the government of Vienna—the particulars of which the censorship has kindly erased from Toldy's volumes, leaving blanks and blank lines to be filled up, as many such an hiatus will be filled up hereafter, with the words, "Austrian despotism,"—"Austrian barbarism."

Amidst his numerous works it is difficult to select; but in the following, indiscriminately culled, the character of his poetry may be traced.

HER IMAGE.

Midön az hajnal elveri álmonat.

'Tis morning and I wake—the earliest vision
That beams upon me is thy face divine;
And then my spirit floats in light elysian,
And bliss springs youthful from those smiles of thine.
"'Tis she—'tis she!" I cry,—swift flow my veins,
I kiss the air, as if her breath had bless'd it—
I bow to earth, as if her feet had press'd it—
Yes! she was here, and still her influence reigns.
Fair Representative! the sweet infection
Of power is with thee—gentle, but supreme;
Blending such dreams of hope and recollection—
And gilding with new glory every dream:
Look!—for the sun is up, and on thy face
Throws all its lustre, light, and heavenly grace.

FABLE:—THE BADGER AND THE SQUIRREL.

A' tunya borz szennyes gödrében nézte szökéseit.

A dirty badger, from his noisome dwelling,
Observ'd from branch to branch a squirrel springing:
'Twas near the badger's den where dwelt the squirrel,
On an old tree, to Pan once consecrated.

"Ho! Cousin, Ho!" so cried the dirty badger,
"Hast thou forgotten, say, that thou by nature
Art classed among the quadrupeds—'tis folly
And an unseemly vanity, that make thee
Ashamed of earth—and seeking habitation
Among the fowls of heaven. Descend, companion,
Come dwell among thy kindred, and abandon
Thy towering friskings. Cousin bear leaps often,
I too, sometimes—but then tis with discretion."
The little creature listened to the counsel,
And answered meekly—"Were I thy companion—
Then—but thou art a badger—I a squirrel."

THE BELOVED.

Where the gay streamlet
Springs from the mountain,
Laughing and dancing
Came a sweet maiden
Bearing a violet,
Azure and odorous;
Smiling she dropt it
Into my bosom;
And on my forehead,
Planted warm kisses
Many and glowing—
"Breathe thro' thy harp-strings,"
Thus said the maiden;
"Breathe out the spirit
I have awakened"—
Swiftly she vanished.
Then came a dovelet,
Flutt'ring, complaining,
And a green cradle
Made of young branches,
Touching my lips
With sweet dewy honey.
As I grew older,
Beautiful visions
Glanc'd thro' the foliage
Of the old oak trees;
Near the clear streamlet
Rising irriguous,
Visions of beauty
Which my song chaunted.
Then did my country
And her bright children
Waken its music—
Then did love's passion
Thrill thro the harp-strings,
And the bright eye-balls
Of that divine one,
Who in the darkness
Of the green garden,
Beam'd—and fled smiling.
Wicked one! darting
Into my bosom—
And then departing.

THE EPIGRAM.

Szökj,' Epigramma, di nem mint nyil melly czélra fut és öl.

Fly, Epigram, fly, but not like a barb that wounds as it hurries;
Fly like a kiss, which the loving one tremblingly steals;
Lo! 'tis just heard and retain'd—from the fire of the odorous maiden
Flames have been waked on my lips, and a heat has possess'd all my heart.

Berzsenyi was born in 1776, and inhabits Mikla. Encouraged by Kis, an estimable poet yet living, he became the friend and correspondent of Kazinczy, and soon obtained distinction and a place under the Hungarian government. His works were collected in three books (Versei) and published at Pesth in 1813. They are remarkable for their tenderness, and have passed through three editions. These are translated extracts:

EVENING TWILIGHT.

Come with thy purple smiles, and bring
  To nature quiet rest:
Come, gentle light of eve, and fling
  The dew o'er nature's breast.

Send to the weary eye repose
  And happy dreams to-night:
And bid the veil of darkness close
  O'er holy love's delight.

The rose-tree hides its fairest flowers
  While eve glides calmly by,
And life's most bright and blessed hours
  Are hid in mystery.

I have a secret—but 'tis mine—
  No word shall reach thine ear,
'Tis buried in my heart's own shrine,
  And lock'd in safety there.

I will not tell my thought—nor shame
  My maiden with a fear;
I will not tell my maiden's name
  Nor what I feel for her.

I told it to the silent moon,
  She saw my hour of bliss—
The tears of joy I shed—the boon,
  The beauty and the kiss.'

TO ERNESTINE.

"Sweet is life, my Ernestine!
In the od'rous myrtle grove,
In the arms of holy love,
In Dione's, or in thine.
Sweet is life, my Ernestine!
Some may fear lest wind and wave
Delve for all their wealth a grave;
Some may heap Golconda's store,
Ever adding more to more;

Some may climb the slippery hill
Crown'd by glory's citadel;
Others court the Peans loud
Victory wakens from the crowd;
But, with thee, my Ernestine,
Yes! with thee to live be mine.
Silenced every worldly tone,
O how sweet to live alone.
Seeing—wishing-not to see
Aught but those bright smiles of thine.
Thee, my love—and only thee—
Hearing nought but thy soft breathing,
Or thy gentle rustling, wreathing
Little flowers of love for me."

Buczy is a Transylvanian poet. His spirit is that of antiquity. His odes are Horatian in their form and spirit. Space will allow only one of them to be given here.

SPRING.

A' tavasz ròzsás kebelét kitárva.

Opening the rose-buds wakes the vernal season,
Sinks in mild dews upon the fields—while Zephyr
Plays with his ringlets, which rich fragrance scatter,
Drinking the dew drops.

Creative ether pours he o'er earth's bosom—
Calling to life what long in death had slumber'd,
Scattering around ten thousand seeds of being
Budding prolific.

Flora walks forth with all her youths to meet him,
Violets and roses blush upon his pathway,
Smiles and gay jests, and love and joy surround him
Blessed companions!

I, too, have tuned my song of bliss—have braided
Emma! sweet maiden! for thy lovely bosom
Necklace of roses—like thee lovely—like thee—
Like us all—fading.

MERIT.

Rettenthetetlen lelked' az 'erezés.

'Onward! still onward! in the path of duty,
On to the goal—guard every sacred feeling;

What though the deeds of most heroic virtue,
Impudent folly tarnish with her slander ?
Bear thee on boldly—Virtue's gloomiest cypress
Shading, shall shield thee. Hate may hide thy greatness,
Envy torment thee, but thy patriot actions,
Blessing thy country, shall endure for ever.
Think not that envy can destroy the temple
Rear'd to thy glory. Merit wreathes the garland
Fated for thee; mankind shall be thy judges,
Covering thy name with an undying honour.

Great, too, have been the services of Döbrentei. He published several poems in the collection of the Hungarian Society (Odenburg, 1804) before he was of age. He travelled in many parts of Europe—visited the best of Hungary's poets—established the Transylvanian Museum, in which are contributions from Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists and Unitarians—translated Macbeth (which was represented in the Transylvanian theatres) and has published, not only many original pieces, but valuable criticisms on the works of his countrymen. That the mantle of song is on him, the characteristic composition which follows will very clearly show. Some other of his poems have from time to time appeared in the English Newspapers :—

THE ENTHUSIAST AND PHILOSOPHER.

Enthusiast. "Is't thus ?
And if not thus, say how ?
For a wild fire is burning in my bosom,
Which I can quench not—which I cannot guide;
I strive to build the fair—to build the fairest
Upon the wise—as thou would teach me; I
Would blend my spirit and my heart in one,
Making my hymn both beautiful and strong;
That it may teach—and teaching, may transport
With ecstacy. I ask, with prayerful tear,
My way to fame's bright goal: thou hast the crown,
Teach me to win and wear it—I beseech thee,
With passionate longings I beseech thee—say,
Say—thus. Ah, no! 'tis sweet—but not successful.
I cannot reach the bourn—and life to me
Is melancholy waste of life!"
Philos. "Give thy feelings ample room,
Time shall soon disperse their gloom.
When bound in snows the wild-stream leaves its bed
Murmuring; and as it maddens bears along
Rocks, mud, and forest-branches, cans't thou see
Young flowers, and the blue heaven upon its face,

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Murmuring; and as it maddens bears along
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Young flowers, and the blue heaven upon its face,

virágok (Spring-flowers). Toldy says, that Szemere's sonnets are as popular in Hungary, as is Gray's Elegy in England. Here is one of them :—

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Egy titkos ah felém 's egy elpirúlat.

'I heard a gentle breathing, like a sigh,
I saw a quiet smiling, like the dawn,
A bosom heaving 'neath th' o'ershadowing lawn,
Half hidden, half unveil'd.—A raptur'd cry
Broke from me, "Yes! 'tis thou:" and then I flung
My arms around thee, and in passionate bliss
Joy followed joy, and kiss gave way to kiss,
And rapture fettered both—and thus she sung:
"Thou I so long have sought for, thou art mine;
Thine is the maiden's sweetest kiss, and thine
All that the maiden's heart and soul possess."
I listened—and such flutterings of delight
Shook all my senses—I was silent quite—
Thoughts overpower'd expression. Could they less?'

Virag has been called, and with some reason, the Magyar Horace. He translated the whole of the Roman Lyric's productions, whose spirit he has transposed into his works. He has, at different times, printed volumes of poetry—has written a history of Hungary, wherein he has probably said something to offend his Austrian master, as the following blanks occur in Toldy's account of him: "In his history he is in the highest degree ingenuous, clearly-conceived, and respecting ——— prejudices, ——————— elevated."

POET'S OFFERING.

Drága sarkantyút, vagy arany keresztet.

Spurs of fine gold, or ornamented garlands,
E'en the gold fleece—or all the decorations
Worn by the noble, would I gladly offer,
Tributes to friendship.

Gifts such as these my destiny denied me—
Thou—thou dost seek a higher, brighter glory.
Fame such as time decays not—fame to waken
Light from thine ashes.

Harp! all whose strings with Magyar music vibrate,
Thou son of fame! O take my harp, Hungarian,
Take it, and sing the glory of thy country,
Sing it delighted.

GOOD WISHES.

Tölem barátom, messze vagy.

Thou hast journeyed far, my friend,
To the world's remotest end;
Winds get weary following thee,
To thy path's extremity.—
Whither do the Gods attend him?

Up, my spirit! up—and rove
To the object of thy love;
Thou who with unwearied wing
Circlest oft heaven's farthest ring!
Blessings on his path befriend him!

Vitkovics is a Servian; and, though nearly twenty years old when he first devoted himself to the study of the Magyar language, his earliest compositions proved his mastery over it. He has written much Servian poetry, and has translated into Hungarian many of the most remarkable ballads of that very interesting and imaginative people. His verses and prose fables are collected in a volume, entitled Méseji és Versei (Pesth 1817). Of his hexameters the following is an imitation.

'Summer had come: in the twilight of evening delicious
Stillness was spread o'er the fields—to my garden I hasten'd,
Seeking repose from the troubles and toils of existence.
"Bliss," I exclaimed, "bliss, when wilt thou visit my bosom?"
Lo! as I spoke, thro' the breeze-courting window there glided
Into my green-house a beautiful maiden, bright-pinion'd,
Sandled in steel—with garments of gracefulness round her;
Courteous and active she smil'd—I saw by her smiling
'Twas Bliss, and I sprung from my seat, and bade her fair welcome.
"Heaven hath sent thee at last, thou goddess of beauty—
Whence art thou come—whither going?"
"I wander—no time for a parley"—
Said—and departed. She sped her like light thro' the window.

Szentmiklóssy, an inhabitant of Erdö-tartsa, began his literary career by songs in the spirit of Faludi and Anyos. He afterwards published a romance, and acquired a great taste for French literature from some officers of that nation who were

confined at Erlau. His poetical productions are numerous, and strewed over the monthly literary newspapers of Hungary. His lyrics are principally erotic, and some of them very happily turned.

THE FLOWER GATHERER.

The lovely Chloe plucks a rose
From the gay garden where it grows,
And from its cup a wild bee flew,
Which from her lips drank honey too.
I heard it whisper "this perfume
Is sweeter far than flow'ret's bloom."
Be gone, I say, thou miscreant bee!
That odorous cup is not for thee;
Those lips are sacred unto one;
Those sweets distill'd for me alone.

There are many other names which must be passed over;—though in Kis, Endrödi, and Madame Göndösz it would be easy to find passages of interest and of merit. What remains of space must, however, be devoted to three of the most remarkable writers that have appeared in Hungary; the brothers Kisfaludy and Michael Vörösmasty. Alexander Kisfaludy, descended, it is believed, from the race of Csák, one of the oldest Magyar families, was born at Sümeg, in 1772, entered the military service, passed a campaign in Italy, visited the Valley of Vaucluse, and there, the Hungarians say, the mantle of Petrarch descended upon him.

In 1801, he published the first part of his Himfy's Love. It was received with the most eager enthusiasm. It lay on the toilets of the fair for its graces and beauties, and penetrated the studies of the learned, on account of its mastery over the language, and its vigour of style. It was followed by a succession of lyric and dramatic productions, each one bringing new fame to the author. His works were the first to which a very extensive popularity had been accorded. The Himfy is a collection of four hundred songs; one half of which celebrated the sorrows, and the other the joys, of love. They are in the Petrarchian style; not, however, like the works of the Italian, rapid vibrations from joy to sorrow, but continuous developments of melancholy feelings in the first book, and of happy emotions in the second. He represents an unreturned affection struggling with every difficulty, driving its possessor into foreign lands, to danger, to battle; he cannot subdue it, he comes home, his Lisa is lovelier than ever; but, worst and last of miseries! she loves another. Of these compositions we will give a few examples.

7. DAL.

Mint a' szarvas, kit megére.

As the suffering hart confounded
  By the lance that tears his veins;
Flies—in vain—for he is wounded,
  Vainly flies to woods or plains.
Since thy piercing eye look'd thro' me,
  So I flee—and vainly flee;
Still thy magic barbs pursue me,
  I am wounded, maid! by thee.
And the wound but seems the stronger,
As my flight is further—longer—
  Smitten heart! alas! thy pain
  Seeks relief or rest in vain.

26. DAL.

Természetnek 'Eltetöje.

Thou sublimest life-creator,
  Who didst breath and being give,
Thou, all worlds regenerator,
  In and by whose life we live.
Heart-controller—thou hast chosen
  Thus its boiling streams to move;
Better were it chill'd and frozen,
  Than tormented thus by love.
O! condemn me not, my father!
If I err—but pity rather—
    As she stole my reason—she,
    And not I, must guilty be.

176. DAL.

Szelíd Múzsák! jól tudom én.

Muses! honour her—the sweetest—
  Her by smiling graces nurst;
Music! when the fair thou greetest,
  Greet her fairest—greet her first.

I have seen her bright eyes glisten
  When the poet touch'd his chord;
Yet she will not deign to listen
  To mine unobtrusive word.
Maiden! wherefore so capricious?
Is the minstrel too ambitious?
  Doth his silence please thy will?
  Listen, maiden! he is still.

What follow are from the second part.

16. DAL.

Más a' Világ' ábrázattya.

All the bright world's charms seem brighter,
  All the frowns of grief are gone;
Livelier beats my heart—and lighter—
  Sweeter is my harp's sweet tone.
Life's fresh spring is renovated,
  Bliss finds wings of pride and power,
Nobler passions are created,
  Being's struggles upward tower:
I, a new-born life possessing,
Lov'd and loving—bless'd and blessing—
  Darkening thoughts have pass'd away,
  All is new delight and day.

75. DAL.

Nem ki névért, dicsöségért.

Not the songs to Pindus brought,
  By the unholy thirst for glory;
Not the songs by riches bought—
  The perfidiousness of story:
No! but that life-sparkling fountain,
  Springing forth from transport's soul,
Up to joy's delirium mounting,
  Gladdening nature's glowing whole,
Winging love's cloud-piercing arrow
Thro' times boundaries, dark and narrow,
    Wending tow'rds the heavens along,
    This—this only be my song.

87. DAL.

Ez 'órának lejárttával.

Now another century blended
With past centuries rolls away;
When another century's ended,
All that lives will be but clay.
Thou and I—a pair so joyous,
Spite of dance and song must die;
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death piles shall we lie.
Dost thou mourn! O mourn no longer,
Death is strong, but love is stronger;
And where'er we go, shall go,
Sheltering us from lonely woe.

Kisfaludy's Alexander Regek or Memorials of the ancient time are among the most interesting representatives of Magyar nationality. They not only have the merit of verisimilitude as historical sketches, but they descend into all the petty passions and pursuits of life, and form a picture, of which the individualities, as well as the groupings, bear with them all the power of truth: at times there is less vigour, and consequently less effect; but, if there be any feeling unsatisfied, it is rather the thought that something is unfinished, than that any thing is wrong; and the sameness of some of the passages is relieved by the overflowing enthusiasm of others. Into the dramatic department, both in historical, as in imaginative works, has Kisfaludy penetrated; with less success certainly, but still with reputation. His productions were first published anonymously, and he was long Hungary's "Great Unknown." In 1807 his name was first attached to his works. He has printed several short Epic poems in the Magyar Annual, "Aurora"—and one longer one, in ten songs, entitled *Gyula 'Szerelme.*

Charles Kisfaludy is less happy as a dramatic, than is his brother as a lyric poet. He travelled in the susceptible season of youth in foreign lands, and immediately on his return took possession of the Magyar stage as a comic writer, and soon dramatised with great success many of the most interesting scenes of Hungarian story. His early compositions were careless, indeed, and precipitate, yet deeply stamped with genius and creative power. Some of his characters are admirably drawn, preserving throughout a perfect unity and verisimilitude.

He has been reproached with want of nationality; the fact being, that in the circles where he has drawn many of his subjects little nationality exists; the higher ranks in all countries being moulded much in the same form, acted upon by the same impulses, and presenting few distinguishing characteristics to contrast them with others, who, like themselves, are at ease in their possessions." Charles Kisfaludy was born at Tet in 1790. He became a soldier too. In 1819 his Tatárok (the Tartars) was represented, and received with loud enthusiasm. His Ilka was not less fortunate. His productions followed one another very rapidly; Stibor, a drama in four acts, was written in ten days, and several others even in a shorter space of time. He was one of the founders of the "Aurora," which he has enriched with a great variety of compositions.

LIFE AND FANCY.

Dark-vested spirits
Hidden in vapours,
Point out and fashion
Man's gloomy journey;
Thro' his life's myst'ries
Heartless and silent,
Over his path-way
Sharp thorns they scatter,
And with cold grasp
They fling the poor mortal
In the rough ocean
Of time's vast desert.
Loud-foaming billows,
Stormy winds struggling,
Whelming and whirling
Life's little bark;
Now on the wave-top
Flung in their fury,
Up to the clouds;
Now on abysses
Yawning destruction,
Deep as the grave:
Fearful the struggle—
With furies unbridled,
Wresting and wrestling
In the fierce storm.
Now with swoln bosom
Drives he for land,
Out of the darkness
Dawning—but distant,
Hope with her smiles
Looks from the strand.
Lo! an Aurora,
Promising beauty,
Pours out bright dew-drops
Fluttering with bliss;
Nay! granite mountains,
Spurn back the ocean:
Warm is the contest—
Back with the waves—
And they roll fiercer,
While with strong passion
Stronger and stronger
Strives the poor swimmer;
One drop of water,
Fresh, pure, and sparkling,
One—and one only,
Vainly to reach.
Serpents cling round him,
Laughing like demons
Most when he writhes;
Doubts dreary tempests
Rattle above him.
Chase the sweet dreamings
Justice and virtue
Waked in the frozen
Shrines of his soul.
Wild he looks round
On the desolate world.
Shadows attend him
Beckoning and trembling,
Mists, glooms, and terrors

87. DAL.

Ez 'órának lejárttával.

Now another century blended
With past centuries rolls away;
When another century's ended,
All that lives will be but clay.
Thou and I—a pair so joyous,
Spite of dance and song must die;
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death piles shall we lie.
Dost thou mourn! O mourn no longer,
Death is strong, but love is stronger;
And where'er we go, shall go,
Sheltering us from lonely woe.

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marty, however, has greater variety, and a more delicate poetic touch. His orations rise with less effort, and exhibit themselves in greater power. His female characters especially, are beautifully conceived, and correctly developed. Toldy successfully defends him in choosing the hexameter, since the rhyme-poverty of the Magyar would have greatly embarrassed him had he chosen the Tasso-stanzas. His whole spirit is national, and in the management of such an instrument as the hexameter he is free and flowing—enabled to put forth all his strength, and to display all the various characteristics of his native tongue. In truth, of all living languages, the Magyar is best fitted for the revival of the Classical Prosody.

Vörösmarty was born in 1800, at Nyék. In his thirteenth year he wrote Latin verses; in his fourteenth he had written Magyar Hexameters. He studied Shakspeare in early youth; but it was only in 1825 that public attention was much awakened to him, by the publication of his Zalán. Since then, his literary career has been a series of triumphs. His ballad of the "Lovely Maid" is much admired; and it is here given, on account of the difficulty of extracting any passage from his Epics which would give a correct idea of the character of his poetry.

Ho, vagy hab, vagy csillag sémlek.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,
  In the valley's depth that plays?
'Tis neither—but a meteor
  That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,
  Is crown'd with ringlet hair;
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,
  Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression
  She bows her lovely head,
Her hand holds up a flow'ret,
  By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets
  Into that maiden's ear,
The branches trembling round her,
  Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,
  Were I but one of these,
How fondly would I kiss her,
  Were I a heavenly breeze.

Around her beauteous members,
  Delighted fishes play;
The rivulet hush'd to silence,
  Long tarries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,
  Were I that silent stream;
But midst those fish to revel,
  Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,
  Where tread that maiden's feet,
But kiss and kiss untiring,
  And die in bliss so sweet.

But how! my eyes deceive me;
  This dream—tho' bright it be—
Is but a mortal likeness,
  Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,
  All earthly beauties fade;
So fades the maid's fair shadow,
  Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,
  'Twas but a shadow rude,
That playing in the wavelets,
  In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,
  On the ocean strand afar,
She stood—of love—and feeling
  The more than magic-star.

Of popular poetry, the Hungarians have nothing of a very remote antiquity, except a few fragments, in which some historical traditions have been preserved. But of modern songs of the people, many are given by Toldy, and a large collection has been sent to Dr. Bowring, made with infinite zeal and kindness, by a long list of Hungarian and Transylvanian noblemen. The orientalism of story-telling exists in all its vigour among the Magyars; and as count Mailath reports, "Not, as in other lands at the spinning-wheel, and in the nursery alone, but in the porch of the cottage—by the watch-fire, and in the fields—in nightly waking and in daily toils, do they relate the tales of old. The hero is usually a student, a soldier, or a king's son; he has for his friend a magic steed, yclept Tatos, his counsellor and preserver. He has to contend with a many-headed dragon, and passes through manifold and marvellous perils." This is the general outline; but the details are exceedingly various.

ART. IV.—*The Last of the Plantagenets, an Historical Romance, illustrating some of the public Events, and domestic and ecclesiastical Manners, of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.* 8vo. pp. 464.

THERE is somewhat embarrassing in the title of this volume. "An Historical Romance" sounds like "a true fiction."—It is to be taken as an attempt to blend what once was, with what never was; and this is rather a difficult undertaking. It is a perilous thing for the novelist to venture into remote time. If the hero be a creation of his brain, and the design be unconnected with historical events; if he merely lay the scene in a particular period, and draw on our annals only to fill up the picture in costume and manners, the excellence of the performance will chiefly depend on the merit of the plot, and the interest which may be excited in the reader. But, when the hero is himself a person who really existed, when all with whom he is associated are distinguished as sovereigns, statesmen, or eminent nobles of our country, and when historical facts are interwoven with pure invention, the work must be judged by a very different, and a severer test.

The title would imply, that the facts on which this volume are founded are "Historical," and consequently true; and that the incidents illustrate the events and manners of the times in which those facts are presumed to have occurred. Tried by this criterion it certainly is not what it professes; for notwithstanding many of the individuals who form the *dramatis personæ* undoubtedly existed, and though many of them filled the stations here attributed to them, yet all the circumstances concerning the hero after the death of Richard the Third, are not only gratuitous, but it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that many of them could have occurred to him, or to any other man, in the situation in which he is presumed to have been placed, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

Although it would be absurd to insist upon strict historical accuracy even in an *Historical* Romance, still there are bounds which ought not to be passed: these bounds are, that facts be not grossly violated in the identity and more important events in the career of the hero of the story; that every thing which either he, or the subordinate persons are stated to have done or said, be such as those acquainted with the state of society at the time, can suppose to have taken place; and whatever may be the deviation in trifles, yet that there should be that general verisimilitude which would induce us to forget that we are reading a fictitious narrative. If this be true with respect to every work which pretends to be taken from History, it is indispensa-

ble in one where the author is always on the watch to introduce some recondite historical fact, where he displays such knowledge of costume, and of every thing connected with the period, as to excite regret that masses of sterling ore should be so amalgamated with dross as to make it scarcely possible to separate the one from the other. Nor is this all: he has ventured to strike out a new path; and not content with forming all his materials out of historical matter, he has been bold enough to imitate the style of the time, and to make his hero his own biographer.

He has thus challenged the most rigorous criticism, and cannot complain if his labours be tried by a criterion to which it would be unjust to submit a work of less historical pretensions.

The author is unfortunate in the choice of his subject, because nothing can be at greater variance with the truth, than the character which he assigns to "The Last of the Plantagenets," and that which the very little that is known of him justifies us in believing he possessed, excepting the difference between the lives of the real and the imaginary personage. Thus, instead of being seduced into error, in the magical manner of the author of Waverley, every passage reminds us that our feelings are trifled with: we cannot divest ourselves of the reflection that what we are told *is not true;* we never forget, that in the place of being the bold and adventurous and extremely interesting person which Richard is here represented, he was a peaceable bricklayer, in an obscure village in Kent; that so far from aspiring to the crown and becoming enamoured of Bridget Plantagenet, the sister of Henry the Seventh's Queen, and having his passion returned, there is not the slightest cause to believe he ever saw her, or entertained an ambitious thought.

The only notice which occurs of "The Last of the Plantagenets" is, as the author states in the Introduction, in Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," where a letter is inserted from Dr. Brett to Dr. Warren, the president of Trinity Hall, in which he says that, calling on Lord Winchilsea in 1720, his Lordship pointed out to him this entry in the register of Eastwell—"Anno 1550, Rycharde Plantagenet was buryed the 22nd daye of December;" beyond this, not a word is known of him excepting what tradition affords, which, with some slight variations, for there are two versions of his history, is as follows. When sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell, he observed that his principal bricklayer, whenever he quitted his work, retired with a book, a circumstance which attracted his attention, and on inquiry he found he was reading Latin: he then told sir Thomas his secret, which was, that he was boarded with a Latin Schoolmaster, without knowing who were his relations, until he was fifteen or sixteen; that

he was occasionally visited by a gentleman who provided for his expenses; that this person one day took him to a fine house where he was presented to a gentleman handsomely drest, wearing a "star and garter," who gave him money, and conducted him back to school; that some time afterwards the same gentleman came to him, and took him into Leicestershire and to Bosworth field, when he was carried to king Richard's tent; that the king embraced him, told him he was his son; adding, "Child, to-morrow, I must fight for my crown; and assure yourself, if I lose that, I will lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both: do you stand in such a place (pointing to the spot) where you may see the battle, out of danger, and when I have gained the victory come to me. I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you: but if I should lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shewn to any one so nearly related to me;" that the king gave him a purse of gold and dismissed him; that he followed those directions, and when he saw the battle was lost and the king slain, he hastened to London, sold his horse and his fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being the son of a king, and that he might gain a livelihood, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer, and generally spent his spare time in reading. Sir Thomas, finding him very old, is said to have offered *him the run of his kitchen,* which he declined, on the ground of his patron having a large family; but asked his permission to build a small house in one of his fields, and this being granted, he built a cottage, and continued in it till his death.

Such is the bare and imperfect story which in the hands of the necromancer before us, has become as completely metamorphosed as Cinderella and her Pumpkin. Up to the period of king Richard's death, the author has, however, adhered as closely as possible to the original, and no other liberties are taken than, according to the best model of Historical Romances, are fair and legitimate; and neither truth nor probability are for a moment outraged: but, on the fall of the king, the author wholly abandons himself to his imaginative powers; and so far as Historical accuracy, in relation to his hero is concerned, the incidents would have applied equally as well, if not better, to any of the young scions of the royal family who died in their infancy: and whom he might, with equal consistency, have called out of their graves to have "adorned his tale."

It would have been a fatal error in a Romance which had not the higher motive in view of "illustrating public events and domestic manners," to represent this insignificant bricklayer or

mason, such a personage as he appears in this volume; and this strikes us as being so radical a defect in the plan as not to be redeemed by the skill, the information, and research, which the author has elsewhere evinced. The story itself, when separated from the objections we have urged, is a very pleasing though a melancholy one. The characters are forcibly delineated; and there is a graphic power in many of the scenes, a spirit and feeling in several of the colloquies, which make us the more lament that so much talent should have been employed on a tale that loses the interest it would otherwise possess, by many violent and unnecessary outrages on historical truth, and even upon what may be termed, historical probability. In the author's future works, and there is so much promise in the present that we shall look for them with pleasure, we would earnestly suggest to him, if fame be his object, to mould his historical and antiquarian information, as well as the fruits of his future researches, in a form which would be of permanent value; or if profit be his incentive, and "Romances" are the shape in which he will again appear before the public, let him adhere as closely as possible to truth in delineating the lives and characters of the historical personages he may introduce; let him have recourse to fiction only in domestic affairs, and in relation to individuals of his own creation which will afford ample scope for his imagination, and a fair field for the display of the extensive antiquarian knowledge, which he possesses. Let him be exhorted, too, to abandon the affectation of trying to imitate the language of the period he may select. The attempt, to be successful, requires that ideas be subservient to words and phrases: the author must not only speak but think like people of the time; and as this is impossible, it is as vain as useless to undertake it. The introduction of obsolete words—"albeit," "peradventure," "methought," and such like, even if, as in the volume before us, they be repeated till they create disgust, present a very imperfect idea of the style of the sixteenth century, and produce no other resemblance to it than a dandy of Bond-street, dressed in other respects in the height of the present fashion, but with a helmet on his head, gauntlets on his hands, and ancient spurs on his shoes, would to a warrior of the middle ages.

In both cases affectation only would be conspicuous, and the author of "The Last of the Plantagenets" has too much merit to render it necessary that he should appear in a literary masquerade.

ART. V.—*A Treatise on Cobbett's Corn; containing Instructions for propagating and cultivating the Plant, and for harvesting and preserving the Crop; and also an account of the several uses to which the produce is applied, with minute directions relative to each mode of application.* By William Cobbett. London. 1828.

IT is a property of genius, not only to be in love with its chosen pursuit, but at the same time to make others in love with it. Mr. Cobbett writes about his own beloved corn, as he calls it, with an enthusiastic freshness that communicates itself to the most listless reader: it is hardly possible to keep the plough out of the ground as you read his description of the plant, and the history of its cultivation. It is not, however, only so with this his last and greatest hobby, but it was so with all former ones. Which of his readers has not wished to plant locust trees? Who could turn over the Cottage Economy without envying the cabbage-garden and the bee-hive? How many orchardists have bought his apple-trees! When Cobbett loves, he loves with all his heart and soul: the contemplation of the object of his affections warms his imagination into a glow, and he grasps it with the athletic power of a man to whom nature has been liberal in both physical and intellectual gifts. Like all true lovers too, he finds no pleasure in aught else; he turns away with indifference from all but the favourite subject, and resents with the fury of a wild animal the solicitations of any other claimant upon his attentions. We are persuaded by Cobbett, that his corn is the best and greatest benefit that could be bestowed upon the country: but then we have before, under his influence, dreamed of nothing but locust trees; we have been wrapped in wonder over the productive power of cabbages; we have been taught by him to detest tea-slop, and to place the juice of John Barleycorn, and the fat of the pea-fed hog above all other earthly pleasures. If, therefore, we seem in our accounts of Cobbett's last and most amusing publication, to lean too much to the side of our author, it must be remembered, that we are easily persuaded by the rural Cobbett—the political is, to our minds, another and far less useful man.

The value of Indian Corn has never been disputed: it could not, by men who had ever seen the corn of America, or the maize of the more southern districts of France. Its introduction into England has not been speculated upon; for it was supposed there was an *in limine* objection, that in our climate it would not ripen. In the more northern part of France, for the same reason, its cultivation is not known, and in the map prefixed to Arthur Young's Travels in France and other countries,

may be seen a line drawn across the country, which line he considered was the limit of the maize country. Neither has this experiment till now been tried, for Cobbett's corn is a different variety of Indian or American, from that cultivated either in the new or old world. It appears that it is a dwarfish species, and one which will not only ripen in this country, but produce results of fertility beyond that calculated upon in the United States in the most prosperous seasons. It was an accident which threw it into Mr. Cobbett's hands: his son brought some seeds from plants growing in a gentleman's garden in the French province of Artois, and it was only at this son's repeated entreaty that he was prevailed upon to try its effects. And even this entreaty from a son might not have prevailed, had not the influence of a sleepless night from the heat of summer, led to a conversation to be followed by results so important. The moment of conception of great designs is a proper subject of record, and every body has read Gibbon's pompous description of the scene and circumstances under which the idea of writing the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire presented itself to his mind. Mr. Cobbett has marked minutely the epoch, which in future ages will be called the Epoch of the Rise of Indian Corn in England. It was on the 7th of June at night—the night was hot—Cobbett was lying with his son in a garden-house—they could not sleep—but it is right that the father of corn, the modern Triptolemus, should himself inform us of the origin of his offspring. It used to be said of a mineralogical professor at Cambridge, that he was as eloquent about a stone as another man could be on the death of his first born. Cobbett is always eloquent, for all his subjects are his children, and he is as interested in the progress of Indian corn, or locust trees, or Newtown pippins, or whatever may take his fancy, as he is in that of John M., or James P. Cobbett, the two hopeful students of Lincoln's Inn.

'In the month of June, 1827, my son and I slept one night in the same room in the garden-house at Barn-elm. The night was very hot, and neither his bed nor mine was cool enough to permit us to get to sleep, in a case like which people generally get to talking; and I, in a mood, half between restlessness and laziness, asked him, whether Mr. Walker had planted his corn. He said he had; and that led him off into a train of arguing, the object of which was, to maintain his former opinion relative to the great benefits that would attend the cultivation of this crop. He entered into a calculation of the distances, the space of ground required by each plant, the number of plants upon an acre, the number of ears upon a plant, the quantity of seed

upon an ear, ending in a statement of the amount of the crop per acre. He then dwelt upon the quantity and value of the fodder, upon the facility of cultivation, upon the small quantity of seed required for an acre; and, finally, upon the preparation which the growing of the crop would make for a succeeding crop of wheat.

'At last, I became interested, as the old woman did at the sermon, merely by dint of the length of the endeavour to convince me. "Its a pity," said the old girl, "to give the gentleman so much trouble to save our souls, and we go to the devil after all." I do confess, that I was very hard to be convinced; I became interested to be sure, and I resolved to give the thing a trial immediately, if possible, or rather to set about it immediately; but, I confess, that if the thing had been urged upon me by almost any other person, I should not have done it; and that I did it, after all, from a desire to avoid treating with indifference that which my son had taken so much pains to convince me was an object of importance, and one well worthy of the attention of a person to whom so many thousands of the people were ready to look up for useful information.

'"Well, then," said I, "William, we will give your little corn a trial, for it is not too late yet." But now a difficulty that appeared to be insuperable arose; namely, that the seed was all gone! The seed was all planted in Sussex. As soon as I reflected on this, I became really eager to make the experiment; so true it is, that we seldom know the full value of what we have had, till we have lost it. I recollected, however, that I had rather recently seen an ear or two of this corn in some seed-drawers that I had in the garden-house, not being quite sure, however, that they were of the true sort; and now I, who had so long turned from the subject rather with indifference, could not go to sleep for my doubts, my hopes, and fears, about these two bits of ears of corn. We had no light, or I should have got up to go and hunt the boxes, which I did as soon as day-light appeared, and there, to my great joy, I found two bits of ears of corn, which from the size and shape of the cobb, I knew to be of the true sort. This was upon the 8th of June in the morning.'

Indian corn is a kind of corn tree, so that it would be exempt from the sneer of the Tartars who despise the men that live on "the top a weed." The top of Indian Corn supplies the place of hay or of straw for fodder: it is the flower of the plant, and bears the farina like the wheat-ear, but the grains are deposited in the ears which come out of the stalk lower down. These ears are enveloped in their leaves which are called the husk. The number of ears varies in different plants, three is

the common number. Seven are a curiosity. One stalk in Mr. Cobbett's field bore seven ears, and Mr. Cobbett, jun. sent it as a present to the king's gardener at Kew, comparing it to that "one stalk mentioned in Pharaoh's dream of the seven years of "plenty." For it must not be forgotten that Mr. Cobbett maintains that Indian corn is the true corn of scripture, and defends this opinion by many plausible arguments. We have no room to discuss them, and shall only observe in contravention, that Indian corn is not now known in Palestine or Syria, and that it is dangerous to raise a verbal discussion founded upon a translation. His argument is, however, well worth the attention of all our biblical readers. In America the Indian corn alone monopolizes the name of corn: all other corn is called grain: so important is the cultivation of it there, that it puzzles the Yankees exceedingly to know how the old country can get on without corn; and so identified is the great roll of grain, with the name of an ear of corn, that when Mr. Cobbett once read an account to an American farmer, of a young English lord lying dangerously ill from having swallowed an ear of corn; the man started up and exclaimed a whole ear of corn! no wonder that poor John Bull is in such a miserable state, when his lords have got swallows like that.

The Indian corn being a large plant requires both air and space: it is consequently raised in hills far apart, after the manner of our hop plants; and reckons upon a deep ploughing between the hills after it is partly grown up for a supply of health and vigour. This great distance between the hills, sometimes placed four feet apart one way, and five feet apart another way, and the height of the plant with its lofty top and its lateral ears form a far different picture than that presented by an English corn field. Cobbett's or the dwarf corn is, however, only four feet high: he planted his in rows three feet apart, which distance he is inclined to think is too small. "Three feet do not give room for good, true, and tolerably deep ploughing: and that is the main thing in the cultivation of corn, which indeed will not thrive well, if the ground be not deeply moved, and very near to the plants to which they are growing. You will see in America a field of corn late in June, perhaps, which has not been ploughed, looking to day sickly and sallow. Look at it only in four days time, if ploughed the day after you saw it, and its colour is totally changed. Five feet are accordingly recommended as the distance between the rows, and six inches only between the plants." In speaking of some irregularity that had crept into his distances during his late experiment, he takes occasion to denounce the mouthy labourer;

the man who talks, being in the opinion of this great talker and scribbler, only worse than the man who writes.

'A man can hardly have a worse quality than that of being talkative while at work; or, as the country people call it, "mouthy," which is the proper word to designate the quality. A man may be strong; he may be willing; he may be handy; but if he be mouthy he is a disturber of the peace of the farm-house, and you never can employ him with other men. His sonorous voice is sure to make all the rest prick up their ears: they talk too, if not in the way of emulation, in the way of reply or observation; and if you let them alone, you have a colloquial assembly rivalling in their way the Catholic Association in Ireland. Up go the backs of them all: not that they want to rest themselves, or to slight your work; but, they want to reply or observe upon the interesting points mooted by the orator.'

A great advantage of Indian or Cobbett's corn is, that it occupies the ground for little more than half the year: it is planted in May or June and ripens in November. Unlike common corn or grain where there is generally a superabundance of blades, every plant of India corn is of importance: it cannot be spared; and as the sweetness of the early growth renders it a tempting prey to birds, insects, and rabbits, it becomes necessary to guard againt their encroachments with the most lively care. Mr. Cobbett's account of the depredations of the birds is highly characteristic of his familiar and agreeable style of didactic composition: it is coarse, but it is the vigorous coarseness of nature—of rude strength—and not the disgusting vulgarity of the dregs of civilization.

'Rooks, partridges, pheasants, crows, magpies, jays, blackbirds, thrushes, larks, and several other birds, but particularly the numerous and impudent sparrows, not forgetting the pigeons, and their first-cousins, the innocent doves, which last are the most mischievous and most cunning of all, seem equally fond of the spear of the corn; a thing which I was wholly unaware of, until they had done me great mischief, which it was by no means in my power to repair. An innocent dove will come peeping round the field; and after having settled, in the most modest manner, amongst the thickest branches of a tree or a bush, as if to disguise from the admiring farmer her spangled dress and the white ruff round her neck, and her pretty blue and love-inspiring eyes, will, the moment his back is turned, slip down upon the ground, get upon a row of corn, and trip along like a Circassian, from spear to spear, till she has got twenty or thirty in her craw. These are done for; for, though they will shoot up again, they will be feeble, backward, and, in short, the crop

is almost wholly destroyed; for the lady-dove does not devour the top of the spear, but, regulated by the maxim, that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, she plucks if off as nearly to the ground as possible, or a little way into the ground, swallows the bottom, and rejects the top. The mortification which these wretched creatures gave me last spring made me a hundred times think of the Scripture and say, that, if I must have one of the two, give me the cunning serpent in preference to the harmless dove; for any thing so mischievous as these, of the feathered race, I know nothing of.

'The rook always keeps above board, and his colour causes him to be seen from afar. Rooks move in battalions, too; but these melancholy doves are like private stealers, that depend upon their powers of deception. They are as silent, as nimble, and as demure, as she-pickpockets. All the others make some noise or other, but the doves make none; and there is no way of matching them, but being continually, during the hours of day-light, in the field with a gun. Larks are very bad; for the fields are their roosting-place; but a gun fired off now and then in the field, and in various parts of it, will keep the whole of the feathered race away. I did not discover this until it was too late to prevent great mischief; and if I had not discovered it at all, I verily believe I should have lost nine tenths of the crop. When I did discover it, I had a man constantly in the field with a gun, firing off powder now and then, and the depredations instantly ceased. But observe, the gun must be heard in the field, not only as soon as it is light, but a little while before it is light, or the guardianship is totally useless; for birds go to bed before it is dark, and they move from their roost at the very first glimmering of light. This, however, is no very great thing to do, seeing that the danger lasts for only about a fortnight, for by that time the plants become no delicacy to the birds. Most farmers have a son who would rather be shooting a gun off all the day, than be at plough or harrow; and, even if it be necessary to hire a man for the purpose, the cost is not very great.'

Cobbett warns the corn-planter against the vanity of Shoy-toys as he calls them. "Shoy-toys," says he, "though equal in the field to Burdett and others, in a place which it would be, in a rustic work, inapplicable to name, exercise their influence, but for a very short space of time. The birds, full as quick-sighted as borough-mongers, quickly perceive that their guardianship of the treasures of the farmer is a mere sham. And, like the sparrows in my neighbour's garden at Bottley, they will in a short time make the top of the hat of a shoy-toy, a table, whereon to enjoy the repast which they have purloined."

Besides birds, and slugs, and grubs, there are the legalized enemies of the farmer, the Act-of-Parliament plunderers of the crops, the game, the hares, rabbits, and partridges; with these the planter of corn makes short work; he plainly tells us, that where the farmer is not allowed to kill them, there corn cannot be; and the sentence, by its weight and emphasis, would seem to contain within it the death-warrant of the game-laws. The next foes to be met are the weeds, "the patriots of the soil," as poor Perry used to call the whigs." In the case of corn, these patriots are to be instantly put down on their first appearance, or corn is not to be expected; "the poor corn-plant, if left to itself, will soon be like Gulliver when bound down by the Lilliputians." The hoe is the instrument to be used on this occasion, and then the plough; the latter operation is repeated twice; two double ploughings are the death of weeds, and the life of the plants; the first takes place when the corn is from six to eight inches high, and the second, about the middle of July, or earlier, when the plants are about a foot and a half high, or from that to two feet. "Let no one," says our author, "be afraid of their tearing about the roots of the plants, when they are at this advanced age and height;" and in encouraging them to pursue the work resolutely and fearlessly, he tells them of the way in which the Yankee farmer manages the matter, and digresses, as he loves to digress, into a picture of manners, or an old recollection.

'Ninety-nine of my readers out of a hundred, and I dare say, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, will shudder at the thought of tearing about in this manner; thinking that breaking-off, tearing-off, cutting-off, the roots of such large plants, just as they are coming into bloom, must be a sort of work of destruction. Let them read the book of Mr. Tull; or let them go and see my friends the Yankees, who generally drive the thing off to the last moment, especially if they be young enough to have a "frolic" stand between them and the ploughing of the corn; or if the wife want the horses to go ten or twenty miles to have a gossip with a neighbour over a comfortable cup of tea; but they, to do them justice, do not forget the beef steaks, or the barbecued fowls, on these occasions; that is to say, a fowl caught up in the yard, scalded in a minute, cleaned the next, and splitted down the back, and clapped upon the *gridiron* (favourite implement of mine), and then upon the table, along with the hot cakes, the preserved peaches, and the comfortable cup of tea. If a wife want the horses for this purpose, or for any other, and should continue too long a time in a visiting or frolicking humour, the poor corn gives signs of the conse-

quence, by becoming yellow, and sharp-pointed at the blade. By and by, however, the Yankee comes with his plough; and it would frighten an English farmer out of his senses to see how he goes on, swearing at the horses, and tearing about the ground, and tumbling it up against the plants; but, at any rate, moving it all pretty deeply, somehow or other. I have seen them do this when the tassel was nearly at its full height, and when the silk was appearing from the ears. One rule is invariable; that is, that if the corn be not ploughed at all there will be no crop; there will be tassel, and the semblance of ears; but (upon ordinary land, at least), there will be no crop at all.'

The truth is, that though we agree with the author in esteeming the importance and utility of his discovery at a great price, we are constrained to confess, that it is his digression from the main topic, which has given us perhaps, a livelier pleasure than the prospect of the land of plenty, into which this country is to be metamorphosed; and that had he, like other writers on similar subjects, stuck to the mere didactic, perhaps we should never have read his book, certainly never taken in it the interest of a reporter upon its contents. His observations on rural economy bring to our mind so many pleasing images; the moving pictures he sets before us, outshine Morland in the picturesque, and even greater and more famous masters than he, in their living truth, their sweet-smelling freshness. Of this kind of digression in this volume, the eulogy on the gentle and patient ox gave us the most genuine delight. Perhaps he is unjust to the horse, but we must remember, "he babbles of green fields," and "his talk is of bullocks." This must be his excuse, if the man who can write so beautifully stands in need of excuse: the extract which follows is a part of the passage alluded too.

'The ox is the natural assistant of man in the labours of the field. So he was in the days of Moses, and throughout the whole of the periods of the transactions of which the Bible is a history. We read in the Bible of war-horses; of horses drawing chariots; but we never find an allusion to horses employed in the tillage of the land; for which, by their gentleness, by the nature of the food which they require, by their great docility, oxen seem to have been formed by nature. When I was in Long Island, I had a pair of large oxen and a pair of small ones; and, from that time I have been astonished at their not being more in use in England. If you want to do a very long day's work in summer time, it is necessary to rest in the middle of the day, and particularly if the weather be hot. What a clutter there is with horses in this case. They must be brought

into the stable, rubbed down, fed at manger, and taken out again to the field, be the distance what it may; an ox is uncollared or unyoked, turned into the nearest field which has no crop in it; and, perhaps you may let him loose in the field where you are at plough, and he there, either on the unploughed ground, or round the hedges, gets him a luncheon, and is ready for you when you come back. The docility of oxen is beyond belief to those who have not been in the habit of using them. My man in Long Island, used, in summer time, to go out with his yoke and his bows just at break of day; that is to say, as soon as he could see the oxen at fifty or sixty yards from him; for there it is a great thing to get the main of the work done before ten o'clock, and after five, in order to avoid the burning heat of the day. He generally found the oxen lying down, in which respect again they were so much better than the dainty and capricious horse, which will sometimes stand upon his legs, even for a week together. As soon as the man got a sight of the oxen, for the space was large, he used to call out "*Haw, boys.*" At the second call, somewhat more loud than the former, the oxen used to rise up and look at him, and then look at one another. When he approached them near enough for his words to be distinctly heard, he used to call out, "*come under,*" upon which the oxen began to walk off slowly towards him. The next words were, "*Come under,* I TELL ye," pronounced in a very commanding and even angry tone, upon which the oxen set off to him at full trot, bringing their heads up close to his body, and putting the yokes round their necks, each fastened at the top with a little piece of wood, away he walked, and they after him, into the field, where a single plough-chain hooked on to a ring in the yoke, sent the plough along in a minute. There are two objections stated to the use of oxen. It is said, that they *go slowly;* and so they ought; and, on the finest arable farms that I ever saw, and I believe are the finest in the world, I mean, in the vales of Wiltshire, the horses go as slowly as foot can fall. It is the history of the tortoise and the hare; the movements must be slow in such a case; and, if the *time* be well husbanded, slow movements are the best.'

How calm, how tranquillizing is this picture of peaceful labour, and how consolatory the cheerful submission of the gentle animal to his useful task. Quite in another strain is our author's ridicule of the farrier, his abuse of the carter, and his triumphant enumeration of the ailings of the poor horse. In true homely English humour the Registrar has no competitor living: and it is much rather to the buoyancy of his imagination than to the soundness of his tenets that he owes his widely-extended fame:

There is, however, as much truth as humour in the following portion of the section we have already in part transcribed.

'One of the great plagues of horses is the blacksmith, who may almost be looked upon as an inmate of the farm-yard, acting as he generally does, in the double capacity of horse-shoe-maker and farrier, in the former of which, he, several times in every year, actually makes business for himself in the latter. In short, this may be called an everlasting visitor; and, being a prowler about from place to place, he brings all the news regularly, once or twice a week; and gathers a goodly group about him at the stable-door. Then, just at the time when you want the team to go out, a horse has got a shoe loose; he must be taken to the blacksmith, at perhaps a mile distance; or the blacksmith must be brought; and he, unluckily, is gone to another farm. How often does it happen (and every farmer will say it) for a waggon or cart, which ought to be off before day-light, to be kept at home till eight o'clock, waiting for the operations of the blacksmith! How often does it happen for a harvest-waggon, to stand still for hours from the same cause! With oxen you have none of these plagues, and none of the heavy expenses that accompany them. Third: there is the farrier, with his *balls*, and his *drinks*, and his *salve*, and his *tow*, and all his tinkerings about day after day, week after week, and month after month. There is the *grease*, and the *pole-evil*, and the *glanders*, and the *strangles*, and the *fret*, and the *coughs*, and the *staggers*, and the *botts*, and various other nasty and troublesome diseases. The ox knows none of these: he sets them all, Bott Smith's name-sakes and the whole, completely at defiance. If he get *lamed* by any means, you have only to let him lay in a rough field or a meadow and rest until he be well; and if the lameness be incurable, still he will fat with very little trouble, and will, nineteen times out of twenty sell for more than he cost. The farrier's bill is a manuscript of considerable length, winding up with a decent allegation in figures. You will find not a single *ball* omitted; and, generally speaking, I say generally speaking, the cost of the farrier is far beyond the good that he does; and in innumerable cases, you have at last to send the horse to the dog-kennel. Fourth: a personage coming still more home to you; I mean the *carter*. A carter is the sole master of the horses with which he goes; and, in nine cases out of ten, he is, as far as concerns them and their labours, pretty nearly the master of their owner. He must have his way pretty much as to quantity and quality of food, as to hours of labour, and as to various other things, in which, if you do not give way to him, you must make up your

mind to get rid of him; and, even then, you only exchange one sort of half-master for another. If you be peremptory in your commands to him, and insist upon such or such a quantity of work being done, in such or such a space of time, and also insist upon having your own way with regard to the food of the horses, he has a way of making their rough coats and bare bones convince you, that he understood these matters a great deal better than you. With oxen you have no part of this everlasting plague. They want neither currying, nor rubbing; they want no straw cut up for chaff, they want no stables to be cleaned out, once or twice a day; they want no careful racking up by candle-light; they want no man in the stable, two hours before it is time to turn out to work: turned into the field or the meadow, or turned to the cribs in their yard, they are ready at day-light to receive the collar or the yoke, and they are at work without any previous ceremony. The carter gets drunk, or quits you, which he legally may, in the middle of harvest, though he has been living upon you all the winter; he may do this legally if he be fired with the love of fame to be acquired *in his Majesty's service.* With oxen you set both the carter, and this most injurious law at defiance.'

The first operation on the grown plants is that of topping; this is the planter's *hay* harvest; the tops serve for chaff, for dry food instead of hay, for fodder. They are cut off above the ears, collected by a cart going along the intervals or roads, and stacked for winter use. Mr. Cobbett's harvest of tops was not so successful as it might have been: this arose from his absence at the favourable opportunity for stacking: he was seduced he says to *Penenden Heath* by the ecstatic delight of hearing Mr. Shiel, and of having ocular and auricular demonstration of the surprising fact that a man can be heard in a north-west direction to the distance in a straight line of more than thirty miles, which the same words coming from the same lips (or words said to be the same) cannot be heard at more than thirty inches towards the south-east." "However", he concludes "the delight arising from the discovery was not and is not for a moment to be put in competition with the saving of a crop of corn-tops."

The ears of corn are stripped off when the grain is hard, and carried in carts to the barns, and placed in corn cribs adapted for the purpose. The grains are taken off the pithy cylinder on which they grow, by being rubbed or scraped on a piece of iron: in America a bayonet (a weapon called by the Yankees *Uncle George's toasting fork*) is invariably used for the purpose: the cylinder, now bared of its grain, is called the *cobb.* The delicate leaves by which the ear is enveloped is, as has been mentioned,

called the husk; it may be used for the stuffing of beds: Mr. Cobbett has converted some of it even into paper, by which, as he says, he hopes to propitiate *Doctor* Black, the *feelosophers*, and the admirers of the *march of intellect:* he has actually printed the title page and contents of the present book on paper manufactured from it, and tolerably good kind of paper it seems to be, with a tawny tinge, perhaps, but altogether certainly a curiosity. The cobb is sometimes cut up for chaff and is also used for corks. "Never did I see," says our author, "any other corks in a farm-house in America: the Yankee puts it into his bottle to carry drink to his work in the fields: the wife puts it into her bottles of various sorts, which hold the spirits, the cherry-brandy, and other such things, calculated to lighten the head and to cheer the heart of man and woman."

In Mr. Cobbett's sanguine temperament the uses to which the grain is applicable are wonderfully numerous and important. Under the heads of pig-feeding, sheep-feeding, and cow-feeding, poultry-feeding, and horse-feeding, he gives an account of his own experiments and observations. They are too minutely expounded, for us to do more than refer to them as encouragements to examination: of the thriving condition of the American horses Cobbett gives an example in his amusing vein, and by a trial made at his own farm in Long Island, he proved that neither their strength nor speed deteriorates on Corn.

'When in Long Island, I lived twenty miles from New York; I kept, as is the fashion of the farmers in the island, a pair of horses to drive in a light waggon with a pole; and though this waggon (the nicest thing in this world) is used for all purposes upon the farm, not excepting stone cart, and timber cart (for the sides taken off it becomes a little timber carriage); though it be very strong, it is, owing to its being made of locust, white oak and hickory wood, in every part, of size so small, a really light affair, not exceeding in weight the common rattling English post-chaise. This waggon and pair is kept by every farmer of substance, for carrying things to market especially; and, not unfrequently (twice every week in the year at the least), taking the wife out a visiting, as before mentioned, to take a comfortable cup of tea and a gossip. My horses went very frequently to New York, and were much about on a par, in point of strength and swiftness, with those of the general run of my neighbours, who, amidst all their long-faced gravity and absence of ambition and rivalship, have, nevertheless, this one species of folly; that, in going upon the road, it is looked upon as a sort of slur on one, if another pass him, going in the same direction; and this folly prevails to as great a degree as amongst our break-neck

coachmen; and you will see an old Quaker, whom, to look at, as he sits perched in his waggon, you would think had been cut out of stone a couple of hundred years ago; or hewed out of a log of wood, with the axe of some of the first settlers—if he hear a rattle behind him, you will see him gently turn his head; if he be passing a tavern at the time he pays little attention, and refrains from laying his whip upon the "creatures," seeing that he is morally certain that the rattler will stop to take "a grog" at the tavern; but if no such invitation present itself, and especially if there be a tavern two or three miles a-head, he begins immediately to make provision against the consequences of the impatience of his rival, who, he is aware, will push him hard, and on they go as fast as they can scamper, the successful driver talking of the "*glorious achievement*" for a week. It would have been a shame to pass two years and a half amongst these happy people without contracting their habits; and, therefore, my horses, whether driven by myself, by my sons, or by any body else, had their trials upon the road, not less frequently, at any rate, than those of other people; sometimes we were victorious, and sometimes defeated, but never the latter, without pretending that we did not want to go so fast. Until the year 1819, I used to feed as others did, with oats, barley, rye, and cut chaff; but in that year I could not have these without purchasing; and I had a great stock of corn which I had purchased in the ear. My horses had, therefore, nothing but corn for the whole of that year, until the month of November, when I came away; and they beat every pair of horses on the road, till at last nobody that knew them ever attempted a rivalship.'

The branch of man-feeding of Cobbett is, of course, an important department of the subject. The forms in which it is made palatable and nutritious are numerous, and appear under names of American origin that will sound strange in the English ear. Before the corn is ripe it is frequently roasted in the state of green ears. "When the whole of the grains are brown, you lay them in a dish and put them upon the table; they are so many little bags of roasted milk, the sweetest that can be imagined, or, rather, are of the most delightful taste. You leave a little tail of the ear, two inches long, or thereabouts, to turn it and handle it by. You take a thin piece of butter, which will cling to the knife on one side, while you gently rub it over the ear from the other side; then the ear is buttered: then you take a little salt according to your fancy, and sprinkle it over the ear: you then take the tail of the ear in one hand, and bite the grains off the cobb." "No wonder that this was ordered to be a meat-ng of the first-fruits unto the Lord; for it is the most

savoury, the most delightful thing that ever was eaten by man." In the shape of *porridge* the corn is called *suppawn:* Mr. Cobbett informs us, with the amusing particularity of a happy egotist, of the manner in which he feeds his family upon *suppawn*, and other substantial meats; and not only the manner and the times of their meals, but likewise of the mode of cookery, and the style and fashion of his utensils, and how far he individually deviates from the fare of his farming-men. We learn that he dines at twelve o'clock on suppawn and butcher's meat, that he sups on bread and milk at six, that he goes to bed at eight, that he rises every morning of his life at four; that before ten o'clock he has finished his writing for the day, and, that though no man has written more than he has, that he never knew any one who enjoyed more leisure than he does, and has done. "Now is there a man on earth who sits at a table, on an average, so many hours in the day as I do? I do not believe that there is: and I say it, not with pride, but with gratitude, that I do not believe that the whole world contains a man who is more constantly blessed with health than I am. In winter I go to bed at nine, and I rise, if I do not oversleep myself, at four, or between four and five. I have always a clear head; I am ready to take the pen, or begin dictating, the moment I have lighted the fire, or it has been lighted for me, and, generally speaking, I am seldom more than five minutes in bed before I am asleep. Take such stuff as this, and put it into a secretary of state or prime minister, and think of the effect it would produce!"

Mush is another form of the corn meal; "it is not a word to squall out over a piano-forte," he says, "but it is a very good word and a real English word." It seems to mean something which is half pudding, half porridge. *Homany* is the shape in which the corn meal is generally used in the southern states of America, but Mr. Cobbett has never seen it. *Samp* is the corn skinned, as we shell oats, or make pearl barley; it is then boiled with pork or other meat, as we boil peas. It is in fact corn soup, superior to all preparations of pulse, on account of their indigestible qualities.

The corn flour is not so adhesive as the wheat flour; it is consequently not so well adapted to puddings and bread-making: nevertheless, Mr. Cobbett contrives to shew that his corn can make both inimitably; but in respect of cakes there are no cakes in the world like the corn-cakes of America. They have the additional merit of being made in a minute: "A Yankee will set hunger at defiance if you turn him into a wilderness with a flint and steel, and a bag of corn-meal or flour. He comes to the spot where he means to make his cookery, makes a large

wood fire upon the ground, which soon consumes every thing combustible beneath, and produces a large heap of coals. While the fire is preparing itself, the Yankee takes a little wooden or tin bowl (many a one has done it in the crown of his hat), in which he mixes up a sufficient quantity of his meal with water, and forms it into a cake of about a couple of inches thick. With a pole he then draws the fire open, and lays the cake down upon where the centre of the fire was. To avoid burning, he rakes some ashes over the cake first; he then rakes on a suitable quantity of the live embers, and his cake is cooked in a short space of time." The three departments of puddings, and bread, and cakes, give rise to a great many more disquisitions than concern either their making or baking. There is, besides the history of puddings, a tirade against the conceit of the French, as regards their cookery; the story of Mr. Curwen, in France, who would have a boiled leg of mutton and turnips for his dinner; a diatribe against potatoes, which are honoured with every foul epithet in Mr. Cobbett's rich vocabulary, on account of the strict manner of enlisting in old times, when the men were laid naked upon a board, and thumped, and pinched, and probed, in order to ascertain that they were free from disease. The last chapters turn upon a comparison (which by the way is the most important point of view in which the question can be looked upon) of the quantity of corn and grain produced upon an equal space. According to Mr. Cobbett, he grew *ninety-five* bushels of corn on one acre of ground; reckoning the value of this corn equal to bad and stale samples of wheat, which, at the time Mr. Cobbett was writing, was selling at 45*s.* the quarter, Mr. Cobbett's crop would be worth nearly 27*l.* the acre, three times, as he says, that of the average crop of wheat this same year. But in order to compare the worth of this crop with that of others, there are several considerations to be entered into besides this; these it is needless to say, Mr. Cobbett shews are wholly in favour of Cobbett's corn. However this may be, and even making a large allowance for the determination of the writer to see every thing he loves *couleur de rose*, we think there can be little doubt of this fact, that he has made out a case for experiment, and still more, that they who have not made the experiment, are not entitled either to distrust or to gainsay his assertions. It should be observed, that there are two branches in Mr. Cobbett's argument; he maintains that his variety of Indian corn may be grown in this country: but should this not be confirmed by more general experiments, still his praises of the plant, as a valuable substitute for wheat, and even its superior applicability to domestic purposes, demand the same attention as before; for if

it may be grown, it may be imported, as from Canada, without the imposition of a burthensome duty.

We confess we took up Mr. Cobbett's Treatise on Corn with a view chiefly of amusing ourselves; we, however, lay it down not only with the satisfaction of having heartily enjoyed the author's sturdy humour, but also with a sincere interest in the success of his project. Whether we have communicated our interest in corn-planting we know not; assuredly, however, the specimens we have given of the Corn-Planter's Guide, will induce many persons to resort to the fountain head of our information.

ART. VI.—*Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Soccatoo; to which is added, the Journal of Richard Lander, from Kano to the sea-coast, partly by a more Eastern route.* By the late Commander Clapperton, of the Royal Navy. London. Murray, Albemarle Street. 1829.

THE annals of African Discovery form a very curious portion of the history of the progress of human knowledge. They exhibit with extraordinary distinctness the circumstances which contribute to the perpetuation of error, and the fondness with which the mind clings, in spite of the remonstrances of reason, to the dreams of poetry, avarice, or superstition. When the ancients had explored the country which they termed Lybia, and still saw extending before them a seemingly interminable region, the undiscovered wilderness became speedily peopled with the creations of their fancy. The gardens of the Hesperides smiled in the distance, and the Fortunate Islands and the Islands of the Blest bloomed in the bosom of the desert. Succeeding adventurers sought, but in vain, to fix the local habitation of these Paradises of imagination. The beautiful idea led them, like a meteor, along the burning sands; and then vanished at the approach of the pilgrims, leaving no trace of its existence but the name Oasis or island, which thenceforth clung to those isolated abodes of at least comparative fertility. The search abandoned on the continent, the Fortunate Islands were at last found to be literal islands in the ocean beyond; and the Canaries, being the farthest point of discovery, were sung by Horace as a place to which man, in the midst of the cares and sorrows of the world, might flee away and be at rest.

In the fifteenth century, long after the fables of the Greeks and Romans had shared in the downfal of their empires, a very

different superstition prevailed, but one which exerted a yet stronger influence on the progress of geographical discovery. It was understood that a Christian monarch, of vast wealth and power, designated, no one knows when, wherefore, or by whom, as Priest or *Prestre* John, possessed somewhere an extensive territory, surrounded by infidel nations. The Portuguese had explored all Asia in search of this hidden potentate, and had even asked the Grand Lama if he was Prestre John. Since the object of their inquiry was not in Asia, it followed that he must be in Africa; and the fact is singular but well authenticated, that to the pursuit of this phantom it is owing—for the temptations common to all the pirates and plunderers of Europe, slaves and gold, held only a secondary place—that in Africa the Portuguese made farther progress in discovery, than any of the moderns till the time of Mungo Park.

To poetry and religious zeal succeeded the lust of gold and dominion, and France and England poured successive troops of adventurers into the Senegal and Gambia, for the purpose of searching for wealth. But in later times, nobler and purer motives have given a more effectual impetus to discovery. The travellers of France, haunted by the historical recollections which encompass Old Egypt like an atmosphere, have carried a lamp into the darkest recesses of the pyramids, and half succeeded in lifting up the mysterious veil of Isis;* while the English, impelled at once by the spirit of scientific research and gallant adventure, oddly but finely blended with the superstitions of ancient geography, have penetrated to the very centre of Africa,

'The bourne from whence few travellers return.'

The "names of power," which have hitherto served geographers to conjure with, are the Nile, the Niger, and Timbuctoo. In the same manner as Isis and Osiris were said by the mythologists to be all the deities of Paganism together, so the Nile was imagined by the geographers, from Herodotus downwards, to be all the rivers of Africa in one. The relation by Herodotus of the expedition of the Nasamones, to which alone he seems to be indebted for his knowledge of the interior, is either entirely fabulous, or, if true, relates to a period when the aspect of the country was very different from that which it now presents. These early explorers of Africa, he says, set out from a district lying to the west of Cyrene, and

* "I am all that has been, that is, and that shall be; and none among mortals has hitherto lifted up my veil;"—Inscription engraved upon the pavement of the Temple of Isis at Sais.—*Plutarch. De Is. et Os.*

traversing successively the cultivated tracts of Lybia and the region inhabited by wild beasts, arrived at length at the great desert of sand. Through this they wandered for many days in a westerly direction, till they came to a plain diversified with trees. While feasting on the fruit which they found there, they were surrounded by a body of black men, who carried them through very extensive marshes to a city traversed by a great river flowing from west to east, and in which crocodiles were found. If the plain where these travellers were kidnapped was a part of Fezzan, or of any other oasis whatever, what becomes of the wilderness of burning sand which they must have crossed before arriving at the marshes they describe, or before meeting even with a solitary well in the desert, whose scanty waters might moisten their parched lips, and revive their fainting hearts? This would have been by far the most remarkable part of their journey, and could not be passed over in silence. As for the lakes and marshes, these might have been found to a certain extent, either in the plains of Tafilet and Sigilmessa, or near the banks of what has been called the Niger in central Africa.

On recollecting, however, the exaggerations and absurdities into which early travellers have fallen, it may be allowable to reduce greatly the size of the river of the Nasamones, and abridge the length of their journey. Eudoxus, who at a later period attempted to circumnavigate the continent, reported, if Mela may be believed, that of the nations he saw along the coast, one was dumb, another wholly without tongues, and a third had their mouths entirely closed, receiving food through an orifice in the nose. Another instance of the empire which imagination holds in such circumstances, may be found in the expedition of the Carthaginians under Hanno. During the day time they swept along mysterious coasts, covered with woods, wrapt in profound silence; but at night the shore was one blaze of fire, and tumultuous shouts, mingled with the sound of trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments, rang through the forests. Farther on, the whole region seemed in a blaze; the rivers which descended into the sea, were converted into torrents of fire; and when the adventurers attempted to land, the soil burned their feet. But it may be more to the purpose to observe, that although this celebrated voyage is supposed by Major Rennell to have extended beyond Sierra Leone, M. Gosselin argues with great ability, that the whole course was along the coast of Morocco, and terminated near the river of Nun. Setting aside, however, the question of exaggeration on the part of the Nasamones or the interpreters of their story, the fact probably is,

that Herodotus having imbibed the idea of the western origin of the Nile which seems to have prevailed from the earliest times, no sooner heard of an important stream flowing from west to east, than with the latitude assumed by early geographers, he set it down at once as terminating in the Nile. It is remarkable, that up to the present day the Niger is supposed by many of the natives of central Africa to communicate with the Nile; the deflection, therefore, which the river is now ascertained to take from its easterly to a southerly course, by no means proves that the ancients were ignorant of its existence, or in the language of a contemporary, 'demolishes every possibility of this being the Niger of Ptolemy or of Pliny, or that great river of Herodotus which is supposed to have stopped the progress of the Nasamones.'* It proves simply, if it bears upon the question at all, that the ancients were as ignorant of the geography of central Africa as the moderns.

According to the system of Eratosthenes, which was the next in chronological order, an uninhabitable torrid zone beginning on the west of Egypt was the boundary of discovery, and guarded, with an impassable barrier, the secrets of the interior. Strabo however, who followed, with some modifications, the same system, mentions casually a report, that the Nile rose near the mountains of Mauritania; and Pliny is at vast pains to conduct it in safety from that remote corner of Africa to Egypt, making it dive under ground to escape absorption whenever a tract of sand presented itself, and rush forth again upon the surface whenever its journey might be continued through regions of abundance and fertility. Of the river Nuchal, in the country of the Ethiopians, Mela remarks that, 'while all others direct their course towards the ocean, this one flows towards the east, and the centre of the continent; and whither it goes is quite uncertain.' He then hazards a conjecture that the Nuchal may end in becoming the Nile; but at the same time refuses all credence to its possession of the instinct ascribed to it by Pliny.

The western origin of the Nile was thus first assumed as a fact, or delivered as a dogma, by Herodotus and his successors. It was then doubted by Mela, who however leant to the side of ancient tradition. And thus it is possible to trace step by step the progress of geographical knowledge till the time of Ptolemy in the second century of our æra, who rejected altogether the earlier hypotheses, and set down the sources of the Nile in their true position, among the Mountains of the Moon. The

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXXII.

central river he divides into two, the Gir and the Niger; but it is impossible to tell from his account in what direction he imagined them to flow. On this subject indeed, so much confusion prevails, that a question has arisen as to whether his description alluded to the interior at all; M. Gosselin and other French geographers holding that his Gir and Niger are no other than the comparatively unimportant streams from the Atlas.

Such were the opinions which prevailed till that epoch so important for Africa, when the arts and arms of the Mohammedans carried a half civilization into her bosom. Accustomed to the desert, there was nothing appalling either to the Arab or his camel in the wilds of Africa; and in a space of time incredibly short, the empire of the Faithful extended itself from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Quorra. The geographers, therefore, who lived during that short period when Arabian literature and science rose, flourished, and withered in a day, possessed extraordinary facilities for acquiring an accurate knowledge of the science so far as Africa was concerned. Their descriptions accordingly are fuller in some respects than those of their predecessors, and entire districts rest upon their authority alone even to the present hour; but in the arrangement of the central rivers of the continent, few traces of improvement are to be perceived. According to Edrisi, the most eminent of the Arabian geographers, and who flourished in the twelfth century, only one great river exists in Africa. From the Mountains of the Moon, its original waters descend in a northerly direction till they meet in a great lake from whence they flow again by two openings almost at right angles; one taking the name of the Nile of Egypt, and the other that of the Nile of the Negroes. The former flows through Egypt into the Mediterranean, and the other after traversing the continent from east to west, loses itself in the Bahr Almodhallem or Sea of Darkness. From the circumstance of the Mohammedan metropolis Gana being set down with tolerable correctness, while from Gana to the sea the distance is ridiculously underrated, it has been supposed that the Bahr Almodhallem is some lake, probably the Dibbie, beyond which the geographical knowledge of Edrisi did not extend. The Arabian, however, expressly states, that at the boundaries of this geography there are *salt-pits* which supply the whole of the country of the Negroes with that article. This is in favour of the supposition, that the Sea of Darkness is the Atlantic ocean, and that the contraction of the distance between its coast and Gana is the result of ignorance.

During three centuries from the time of Edrisi, if the dull barbarians of Europe turned their inquiries at all beyond the circle of their animal necessities and propensities, they owed

whatever information they obtained to the Arabians of Africa, and denominated the whole body of polite learning, such as it then existed, *Studium Arabum*. About the end of the fifteenth century however, a motion took place in the inert mass of European society. The rude principles which had been struggling so long in chaotic darkness, gained a sudden ascendancy in one minute point of the continent; and from Portugal issued a cortège of chivalrous adventurers, who were destined either by their prowess or example to effect some of the most gigantic revolutions which have ever agitated the world. But in the African discoveries of the Portuguese are to be found all the imperfections of the system from which they originated. Their early travellers, far from being pilgrims of science who penetrated into unknown lands to extend the boundaries of knowledge, were an army of monks who dived into the wilderness to extend the religion of Europe—not by turning the hearts of the heathen, but by sprinkling water on their faces. Their labours were chiefly directed to Abyssinia in the east and to Congo in the west; and thus, with them, these two countries at different sides of the continent met in the middle. They roamed along the banks of unknown rivers, mistaking one for another, but always finding a single great stream leading into the interior; and thus the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Rio Grande were all mouths of the Niger; and even the Faleme river issued from this grand unity, but joined it again near the embouchure of the Senegal in time to pour its contents simultaneously into the sea. As for the Zaire or Congo, it had its origin, in common with the Nile, in an imaginary lake; for at this period it seems to have been the prevailing dogma, that all great rivers must have for their parent an inland lake.

The honour of arriving first at something approaching to the truth, or at least of giving a proper direction to African discovery, was reserved for France; and at the beginning of the 18th century, De Lisle and D'Anville appeared,—two of the brightest names in geographical science. The former effected at length a separation between the Senegal and the Niger, and gave its proper course to the latter; and in 1755 D'Anville, in addition to the Niger which terminated in Wangara, described another central river flowing to the west. The greatest merit of D'Anville however, is the boldness with which he confessed his ignorance; for in his maps are first found those inviting yet humiliating words *terra incognita;* and by this single improvement geography is relieved from a load of ancestral absurdities, which however vague and imaginary, formed an almost im[illegible]ble barrier against the advancement of knowledge.

over the disputes of Francis Moore and Captain Stibbs,

who appear to have been the only champions of geographical science that England could boast of till near the close of the eighteenth century, there is nothing to attract notice till the advent of our great traveller Mungo Park. In the year 1788 a geographical society had been established, whose task it was to offer up human sacrifices to the unappeasable Moloch of science, and to find out new victims as soon as it might be ascertained that the preceding ones had duly perished. Ledyard had already died at Cairo; Major Houghton had been murdered at Jarra; and Park was selected as the third offering.

It is impossible to say how much this traveller ultimately effected; but it is known that in his first journey, besides communicating a variety of other interesting and important information, he established a very considerable line of geographical positions, and pointed out the several sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger. Upon the data of Park, Major Rennell formed the same theory of the course of the Niger which D'Anville had promulgated long before;—extending and explaining, however, the doctrine of evaporation, which the French geographer either left to be understood, or had forgotten altogether. Wangara, therefore, was supposed to be the Delta of the Niger, and its waters, spread out by inundation and other circumstances, were evaporated under the tropical sun. A different conclusion, however, was arrived at by others from the same data, and Park himself embraced the Congo hypothesis with all the enthusiasm of his character. There is something indeed in the appearance of this majestic river, which leads the spectator irresistibly to the conclusion, that its sources must be looked for at a corresponding distance inland—that the waters of a whole continent must be required to supply that enormous channel, whose contents freshen the ocean for many leagues. The identity of the Niger and the Congo, in fact, seemed to require no proof; the public mind was led in the same direction by the principal periodical publications of the day; and Park, when giving himself up to the stream which seemed to flow into the mysterious depths of Africa, wrote to his wife that he was 'setting his face towards England.' There is only another hypothesis to mention before stating the results of the present travels; but this will excite peculiar interest at the present moment. M. Reichard, of Weimar, in examining the system of Major Rennell, imagined that he detected a gross error in the calculation of the wonders that were to be effected by evaporation.* He contended, that even

* The rationale of evaporation, without entering into particular magnitudes, is simple. Every lake, as for instance the Caspian, must be of sur-

allowing this operation of nature its utmost power, there would still be a vast body of water to dispose of, and the stream therefore, after passing through the Wangara, would be conducted in a south-easterly direction to the Gulf of Benin. This is the precise point to which the information obtained by Major Laing, Clapperton, and his servant Lander, leads the Quorra; and Reichard erred only in bringing the stream so far to the east as Wangara, an error which he could not by possibility have avoided in the then state of geographical knowledge.

Clapperton in his first journey brings the Quorra into the sea near Lagos, in the Bight of Benin; and Major Laing, according to information received from the Sheik of Gadamis, fixes upon the river Volta more to the west.

As it seems now to be tolerably certain that no uniform great river traverses the interior of Africa, either from west to east or from east to west, for any very considerable distance, though a circuitous and irregular communication may possibly exist,—it would be equally vain to look for the river of Herodotus, the ancient or modern Niger, and the Arabian Nile of the Negroes. It will be easy, however, for any one who has attended to the historical sketch which has been given, to trace to its origin an error which has made the maps of central Africa nearly resemble a map of the moon. It was discovered, perhaps at a very early period, that a communication by water existed both from the western and eastern portions of the continent with the interior. In the absence of precise information therefore, the geographer had nothing to do but to run his pen along the paper at any angle with the Nile he thought proper, and thus the great river of Ethiopia was delineated. This may be thought a sweeping mode of accounting for so important a circumstance; but when it is recollected that in the seventeenth century Congo

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face exactly sufficient to carry off by evaporation a quantity of water equal to that of all the rivers that run into it. For if its surface was either greater or less, it must be altered till it became equal to it. If the country does not form a basin of sufficient magnitude to effect the evaporation, a new river will issue from the first point where the water finds an exit; and the magnitude of the new river will be equal to that of the old, diminished by the evaporation of the lake. One result from this principle is, that no objection can be drawn to the identity of two rivers, from the circumstance of the lower one being the least; for a given quantity of lake may have produced this effect to any imaginable extent.

It is remarkable that lakes which have no issue, are salt. It is probable that all rivers collect a certain portion of salt from the soils through which they pass; and where there is no exit, it accumulates. In this sense, the sea may be considered as a great lake, and must consequently increase in saltness. It would be curious to know, whether the cause is adequate to the production of its saltness altogether.

and Abyssinia were squeezed together, simply because the geographers knew nothing about the few thousand miles which intervened,—and that so late as the year 1700, when De Lisle indignantly thrust back the frontiers of Abyssinia from ten degrees north of the line to their proper place at ten degrees south, he pushed forward Congo, without the least hesitation, to fill up the alarming chasm,—there will be less disposition to treat with respect the blunders of science. If the expedition of Hanno, as Major Rennell thinks, extended as far as Sierra Leone, it must have passed the formidable mouth of the Senegal, which perhaps from that moment was set down, as it had been in modern times, as extending almost across the continent; and, in fact, the Quorra itself, although now absolutely divorced from the Senegal, and flowing no longer in a uniformly eastern direction, is still supposed to communicate with the east as far as the place occupied in our maps by the Wangara, where it was believed by Major Rennell to terminate.* When Lander arrived at Dunrora, the furthest point on his intended journey homewards by the way of Funda, he was informed that the river Sharry flowed about half a day's journey from Dunrora—and that canoes can go by it from Lake Tchad † to the Quorra at any season of the year. The river Yeow, extending from the west side of the lake to within a short distance of the stream which runs past Soccatoo into the Quorra, was probably confounded with the Sharry in the accounts of early adventurers; and there is reason to believe, from a conversation between Clapperton and the sultan of Boussa, that the Africans confound the Sharry with the Quorra to this day. As for the space between Lake Tchad and the Nile, there are few materials for speculation; but both Horneman and Jackson, as well as the sultan Bello, conduct the Niger to the Bahr al Ada, one of the tributaries of the Nile. It is something, to have found the natives recognizing the proximity of the latter river.

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* This name, it now appears, is applied to all gold countries; and even merchants travelling from gold countries are called *Wangara.* There is no gold, however, in the vicinity of Lake Tchad, and it is difficult to understand how the name came to be given to that part of Africa.

† Is it certain that *Tchad* is any thing but the Arabic word شطّ *shatt,* which means the border of any natural collection of water? An Arab groom, if asked where he has been with his horse, replies الي الشطّ *ila 'ash shatt,* 'to the water-side?' Major Denham's mode of writing the familiar word سوق *souk* (Fsug. See *p.* 89 of this Article) favours the idea that the African hardens the sounds of the Arabic consonants.

A singular fatality attended the expedition of Clapperton. It seems as if some mysterious power presided over the Niger, to baffle every attempt, the success of which, whether intentionally or not on the part of the adventurer, might endanger the secret of its termination. It was the intention of Clapperton to have proceeded to the interior by the way of the river of Benin, and he was by mere accident diverted from a plan which would very possibly have served to identify that stream with the Quorra, and thus set at rest a question in geography which appears to be of considerable importance. At Benin however, he had the good or bad fortune to fall in with a Mr. Houtson, an English merchant, who had resided on that part of the coast for many years. This gentleman dissuaded him from attempting to proceed by the river, asserting that the route would be particularly dangerous for an Englishman; the king of that part of the country being exasperated against the whole nation, by our attempts to put a stop to the slave trade, from which a great part of his revenue had been derived. Clapperton, ignorant of the peculiar mystery which hung over the river of Benin, allowed himself to be persuaded, and by the advice of Mr. Houtson, whom he attached to the expedition, fixed upon Bagadry as the point from which his journey was to commence. It is singular that this river of Benin should have remained so totally unknown to us, even to the present day, when English merchants reside in its neighbourhood, and an English settlement has been formed at Fernando Po. In the modern maps of Africa, it forms scarcely a speck; and Reichard, when conducting the Niger to this part of the coast, was under the necessity of employing numerous estuaries to discharge its waters into the sea. In the map prefixed to Clapperton's Travels however, the Benin river presents a formidable appearance; being in reality copied from an old chart of the year 1753, engraved for Postlethwaite's Dictionary. If, by some miracle of chance, this representation should be correct, there is only a single degree of latitude unexplored between the lowest ascertained point of the Quorra and the highest of the Benin. This tract, however, is supposed to be impassable for a river, on account of the extension of the Kong and other mountains. 'The direction of the Quorra,' says Clapperton's editor, 'as far as has now been ascertained, points to the Bight of Benin, but there is still a considerable distance, and a deep range of granite mountains intervening between the point to which with any certainty it has been traced, and the sea coast.' On this it must be remarked, that if the direction of the Benin is at all near what the editor represents it to be on the map, there must be a space between

that river and the mountains; for the Houssa traders, who visit periodically the coast of Guinea, although complaining of various natural obstacles in their path such as rivers, lakes, and morasses, never talk of encountering mountains.

Lander had apparently as great a chance of solving the problem as his master, for on his return he arrived within twelve or thirteen days journey of Funda, from which he supposed, doubtless from information received from the natives, that there was only about four days sail down the Quorra to the salt water. As he was preparing, however, to set out for Funda, a stop was put to his plan.

'19th.—This morning as I was loading my beasts, and preparing to depart, I perceived four armed men ride up at full gallop to the residence of the chief, their horses covered with foam and perspiration. The chief had no sooner been made acquainted with their errand than he came to me, followed by an immense multitude of people, and gave me to understand that I must immediately return with the messengers who had just arrived, to the king of Zegzeg, who much wished to see me. I remonstrated with him on the injustice of the command, telling him it was a hard case I should go back to Zegzeg, having proceeded so far on my way unmolested; his only reply was, that if he suffered me to depart he should lose his head. Finding entreaty and persuasion useless, I consented, with a bad grace, to return with the messengers. Thus, after seventeen days perilous travelling from Kano, with a fair prospect of reaching Funda in twelve or thirteen more, from whence four days sail would bring me to the salt water, a new country opening before me, and filled with the most lively anticipations of solving the geographical problem which had for so long a time puzzled Europeans, of ascertaining whether the Niger actually joins the sea in that direction, was I obliged to abandon my fondest and long cherished hopes, and return to Zegzeg, from thence to be transported the Lord knew whither. I felt depressed and unhappy at this sudden turn in my affairs, and cared not much whether I lived or died.'—pp. 297, 298.

There appears to be some probability that the Sharry will turn out to be the principal stream of the Quorra after it reaches Funda, and that before arriving at the inland sea called Lake Tchad, either a branch will be discovered diverging to the south-east, or a tributary will make its appearance flowing into the river, from the Mountains of the Moon. The latter, which would account for the Arabian theory, is perhaps the more probable of the two, from the formidable size of the volume of waters seen by Major Denham pouring into the lake by a single estuary of the Sharry.

Till Clapperton's arrival at Boussa, the utmost mystery was observed by the natives when the conversation turned upon the

Quorra; but on reaching that ill-omened town he found them more disposed to be communicative. The fate of Park and his companions hangs to this day like a weight upon the minds even of those to whom it can be little more than an ancestral tradition. The river is here divided into three branches forming two islands, one of them several miles long, on which Boussa stands, and the other much smaller, low, and flat. The bank, composed of a grey slate rock, rises ten feet above the level of the water, and the only remarkable object on the smooth soil is a double-trunked tree, with white bark, standing alone on the low flat island. The river here is reported to be full of islands and rocks, as far as it had been explored by the natives, both above and below the town. Boussa is a collection of straggling villages, containing no more than ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, but the sultan is supposed to be more powerful in cavalry than any other prince between his dominions and the sea. When Clapperton had the honour of breakfasting with this potentate, among the delicacies presented were a large grilled water-rat, and alligator's eggs fried or stewed. The company were much amused at the singularity of taste which prompted the stranger to chuse fish and rice in preference to these savoury viands.

Leaving Boussa, he proceeded on his journey. After four hours ride, he heard the Quorra 'roaring as if there was a waterfall close at hand;' and ascending a ridge of rocks which formed the bank of the river, he saw the waters rushing among rocks and inlets, and bursting upon the foot of the cliffs where he stood, which were about fifty feet high. Below the islands there was a fall of from three to four feet, extending nearly half way across the river, and the rest of the channel was studded with rocks, some of them above water. From the whole appearance of the place, Clapperton imagined, that even if Park had passed Boussa in safety, he would have been in imminent danger of perishing here, unheard of and unseen.* The Cumbrie, who inhabit this part of the banks of the Quorra, are a mild, stupid-looking race. Before marriage the young people go entirely naked, but afterwards tie a skin round the waist. Their rulers, when in want of slaves or sheep, make no ceremony of carrying off the children or flocks of the people. The Quorra, although in a single stream, was not more than three-fourths of the breadth of the Thames at Somerset House; and about a quarter of a mile below, it separated into three rocky currents.

* The state of the river, however, appears to be different during the rainy months, for Bello told Clapperton, at his first visit, that if Park had come at that season, his boat might have passed the rocks in safety.

The narrative at this part of the work will suggest a very singular comparison between the manners and characters of the people as they were witnessed in the time of Park, and those which make Clapperton's passage along these dreaded shores resemble the successive acts of a farce, involving a little vexation and disappointment, but terminating in laughter. The heroine of the latter drama was an Arab widow, fat, fair, and twenty; which answers in this climate to forty in England. She was esteemed the richest person in Wawa, having the best house in the town, and a thousand slaves; a perfect Turkish beauty, that is to say, a load for a camel. Captain Clapperton compares her to a 'walking water-butt,' but allows that she had been a very handsome woman, and such as would have been thought charming in any country in Europe. This bewitching person at first cast eyes of affection upon Lander, who was a younger and better looking man than his master; but Richard was afraid to go near her, and she eventually transferred her love to the captain. The following is an account of a visit of her inamorato, which is copied the rather as it affords a good picture of domestic manners and economy.

'I found her house large, and full of male and female slaves, the males lying about the outer huts, the females more in the interior. In the centre of the huts was a square one of large dimensions, surrounded by a verandah, with screens of matting all around except in one place, where there was hung a tanned bullock's hide; to this spot I was led up, and, on its being drawn on one side, I saw the lady sitting cross-legged on a small Turkey carpet like one of our hearth rugs, a large leather cushion under her left knee, her goora pot, which was a large old-fashioned English pewter mug, by her side, and a calibash of water to wash her mouth out, as she alternately kept eating goora and chewing tobacco-snuff, the custom with all ranks, male or female, who can procure them: on her right side lay a whip. At a little distance, squatted on the ground, sat a dwarfish, humpbacked, female slave, with a wide mouth but good eyes; she had on no clothing, if I except a profusion of strings of beads and coral round her neck and waist; this personage served the purpose of a bell in our country, and what, I suppose, would in old times have been called a page. The lady herself was dressed in a white coarse muslin turban, her neck profusely decorated with necklaces of coral and gold chains, amongst which was one of rubies and gold beads; her eyebrows and eyelashes blacked, her hair dyed with indigo, and her hands and feet with henna; around her body she had a finestriped silk and cotton country cloth, which came as high as her tremendous breasts, and reached as low as her ankles; in her right hand she held a fan made of stained grass, of a square form. She desired me to sit down on the carpet beside her, which I did, and she began fanning me, and sent humpback to bring out her finery for me to look at, which consisted of

four gold bracelets, two large paper dressing-cases with looking-glasses, and several strings of coral, silver rings, and bracelets, with a number of other trifling articles. After a number of compliments, and giving me an account of all her wealth, I was led through one apartment, into another, cool, clean, and ornamented with pewter dishes and bright brass pans. She now told me her husband had been dead these ten years, that she had only one son, and he was darker than herself, that she loved white men, and would go to Boussa with me, that she would send for a *malem*, or man of learning, and read the *fatha* [go through the marriage ceremony] with me. I thought this was carrying the joke a little too far, and began to look very serious; on which she sent for the looking-glass, and looking at herself, then offering it me, said, to be sure she was rather older than me, but very little, and what of that? This was too much, and I made my retreat as soon as I could, determined never to come to such close quarters with her again.'—pp. 85, 86.

The widow, however, was not to be daunted. She collected her train, and with drums beating before her, followed her lover from Wawa, thinking to return when her marriage project had been completed, to make war upon the government. As she had already thrown off her allegiance once before, the whole town was in dismay; Clapperton's baggage was seized by the governor, and preparations made for civil war. At this alarming crisis, Lander set out post haste for Boussa to solicit the intervention of the sultan, and had the good fortune to obtain a mandate to the governor of Wawa for the immediate cession of the goods. With this, Clapperton and his servant returned to Wawa, and the disappointed widow soon after found herself obliged to return also, and throw herself upon the clemency of the government.

'Wednesday, 5th.—This morning the widow arrived in town, with a drummer beating before her, whose cap was bedecked with ostrich feathers, a bow-man walking on foot at the head of her horse, a train behind, armed with bows, swords, and spears. She rode a-straddle on a fine horse, whose trappings were of the first order for this country, the head of the horse was ornamented with brass plates, the neck with brass bells, and charms sewed in various-coloured leather, such as red, green, and yellow; a scarlet breast-piece, with a bright brass plate in the centre, scarlet saddle-cloth, trimmed with lace. She was dressed in red silk trowsers, and red morocco boots, on her head a white turban, and over her shoulders a mantle of silk and gold. Had she been somewhat younger, and less corpulent, there might have been great temptation to head her party, for she has certainly been a very handsome woman, and such as would have been thought a beauty in any country in Europe.'—pp. 113, 114.

'The widow arrived, having stripped off her finery, and put on only a common country cloth around her, and one female slave in attend-

ance. She saluted the governor according to the custom of the country, that is, by kneeling down on the ground on her knees and elbows, with the palms of her hands before her face. It was some time before the governor spoke; he then began, and gave her a lecture on disobedience and vanity, and asked her where she was going; she said, after some slaves of hers who had run away and gone to Nyffé; with which excuse, after his telling her she did not speak the truth, she was dismissed; and when she got outside the coozie or hut, she shook the dust from her cloth with the greatest contempt.'—pp. 114, 115.

"It would have been a fine end to my journey, indeed," remarks the traveller, "if I had deposed old Mohammed, and set up for myself, with a walking tun-butt for a queen!" Congratulating himself on his escape, he prudently resolved to have nothing more to do with the opposition in any country.

Without many further adventures, Clapperton arrived at the large market town of Koolfu, in Nyffé, where he was witness to a scene of Saturnalia, in which the very elements of nature seemed to join. The fast of the Rhamadan had ended on the appearance of the new moon, and the inhabitants of the northern interior gave themselves up to joy.

'Every one was drest in his best, paying and receiving visits; giving and receiving presents, parading the streets with horns, guitars, and flutes, groups of men and women seated under the shade at their doors, or under shady trees, drinking *roa-bum* or booza. I also had my share of visitors; the head man of the town came to drink hot water, as they call my tea. The chief of Ingaskie, the second town in Youri, only a day's journey distant, sent me a present of a sheep, some rice, and a thousand goora nuts, for which he expects double the amount in return. The women were dressed and painted to the height of Nyffé perfection, and the young and modest on this day would come up and salute the men as if old acquaintances, and bid them joy on the day, with the wool on their heads dressed, plaited, and dyed with indigo, their eyebrows painted with indigo, the eyelashes with kohl, the lips stained yellow, the teeth red, and their feet and hands stained with henna; their finest and gayest clothes on, all their finest beads on their necks, their arms and legs adorned with bracelets of glass, brass, and silver, their fingers with rings of brass, pewter, silver and copper: some had Spanish dollars soldered on the back of the rings. They, too, drank of the booza and roa-bum as freely as the men, joining in their songs, whether good or bad. In the afternoon, parties of men were seen dancing, free men and slaves all were alike, not a clouded brow was to be seen in Koolfu, but at nine in the evening the scene was changed from joy and gladness to terror and dismay; a tornado had just begun, and the hum of voices, and the din of people putting their things under cover from the approaching storm had ceased at once. All was silent as death, except the thunder and the wind, the clouded sky appeared as if on fire,

each cloud rolling towards us as a sea of flame, and only surpassed in grandeur and brightness by the forked lightning, which constantly seemed to ascend and descend from what was now evidently the town of Bali on fire, only a short distance outside the walls of Koolfu. When this was extinguished, a new scene began, if possible, worse than the first. The wind had increased to a hurricane, houses were blown down, roofs of houses going along with the wind like chaff, the shady trees in the town bending and breaking, and, in the intervals between the roaring of the thunder, nothing heard but the war-cry of the men, and the screams of women and children, as no one knew but that an enemy was at hand, and that we should every instant share in the fate of Bali. I had the fire-arms loaded when I learned this, and stationed Richard and Pascoe at the door of each hut, and took the command of my landlady's house, securing the outer door, and putting all the fires out. One old woman roasting ground-nuts, quite unconcerned, made as much noise as if she had been going to be put to death, when the water was thrown over her fire. At last the rain fell, the fire in Bali had ceased by its being wholly burnt down; in our house we escaped with the roof blown off one coozie, and a shed blown down. All was now quiet, and I went to rest with that satisfaction every man feels when his neighbour's house is burnt down, and his own, thank God, has escaped.'—pp. 131, 132.

It is not so surprising here, as among the ancients, to find slaves and masters mingling on terms of equality in the same festivities; for in Africa that extraordinary custom, which future ages, if the now existing documents of history should be destroyed, will never look upon as otherwise than peculiar to the savage state, loses half its horrors. It is not among the free, Christian, and civilized English, that we are to look for an apology for slavery in the treatment of the slaves, but among the ignorant, naked Pagan inhabitants of Africa. Domestic slaves are looked upon as children of the family, marriages are encouraged between them, the males are frequently made free, and the females married to freemen. A house is given to a married slave, who, if a mechanic, resides in town, and works at his trade, and if an agriculturist, lives among his fields, giving in either case, a part of the produce of his labour to his master. Bestow the name of rent upon this portion, and you place the African slave upon an equality with the English labourer in point of political situation; while, in point of identity of interests with his master, and in the interchange with him of the various charities of life, his condition is far better—for in Africa the owner is the lord and father of the slave, and is usually designated by the latter appellation. When slaves taken in war, or convicted of crimes, are condemned to the bondage of European masters, the exchange is looked upon

with a horror not to be described. It is even the current belief that they are to be fattened, killed, and eaten by the white tyrants; for the African very naturally supposes that all nations may have enough of labourers of their own.

The food of slaves and masters in this part of the country is nearly alike. The wealthiest individual does not hesitate to allow his slave to eat out of the same dish with him, but a woman must never eat with a man. Ground maize, made into puddings or loaves, and flummery of ground millet, eaten with a little honey or salt, form the usual breakfast. Meat, fish, or fowl, is always accompanied with a pudding made of ground millet, and boiled in the ley of wood ashes, which gives it a red colour. Boiled and dried beans, balls of boiled rice mixed with rice-flour, or with honey and pepper, and bean-flowers rolled and fried in fat, are the other items of their common cookery. At day-light the family is in motion, the men wash themselves from head to foot, the women clean the house, and perform their ablutions in water in which the leaf of a bush called bambarnia has been boiled. Breakfast is then served, each having his separate dish, and the women and children eating together. After breakfast the women sacrifice to the Graces by first rubbing themselves over with pounded red-wood, and placing a red patch wherever their taste or fancy may direct; they then blacken their eyes with kohl, and stain their teeth and the inside of the lips yellow with the goora, the flower of the tobacco plant, and the bark of a certain root; while the outer part of the lips, and the hair and eye-brows, are beautified with shuni, or prepared indigo. Thus armed for the destruction of mankind, the younger women go forth to market, selling the small rice-balls, fried beans, &c., and bringing home a supply of water for the day; the elderly females clean and spin cotton at home, and prepare the dinner, while the master either takes a walk to the market, or sits in the shade at the door of his house, questioning the passer-by about the news. At noon the family are collected for the second meal, which consists of pudding or boiled beans; at two or three in the afternoon they resume their different avocations, from which they finally return at sunset to settle their accounts with the master, and sit down to a meal of meat and pudding. When the mistress of the house retires to rest, her feet are put into a cold poultice of pounded henna leaves; the young then begin to dance and play, and the old lounge in the outer square of the house, where they sometimes pass the time in conversation during the whole of the night.

Turning from man to other objects, the reader is presented with the following singularly beautiful picture.

'At 5 P. M. halted on the borders of a large lake, which is formed by the rivers Zurmie and Zarrie—or more properly speaking, a chain of lakes and swamps, extending through all, or the greater part of, the plains of Gondamie, approaching nearly to Soccatoo. The borders of these lakes are the resort of numbers of elephants and other wild beasts. The appearance at this season, and at the spot where I saw it, was very beautiful; all the acacia trees were in blossom, some with white flowers, others with yellow, forming a contrast with the small dusky leaves, like gold and silver tassels on a cloak of dark green velvet. I observed some fine large fish leaping in the lake. Some of the troops were bathing; others watering their horses, bullocks, camels, and asses: the lake as smooth as glass, and flowing around the roots of the trees. The sun, on its approach to the horizon, threw the shadows of the flowery acacias along its surface, like sheets of burnished gold and silver. The smoking fires on its banks, the sounding of horns, the beating of their gongs or drums, the braying of their brass and tin trumpets, the rude huts of grass or branches of trees rising as if by magic, every where the calls on the names of Mahommed, Abdo, Mustafa, &c., with the neighing of horses and the braying of asses, gave animation to the beautiful scenery of the lake, and its sloping green and woody banks.'—pp. 180-1.

The traveller at length arrived at the camp of Bello, to whom the mission was principally sent. That redoubted chief of the Fellatas, Fellans, or Foulahs, at Clapperton's first visit to Africa had testified a desire to enter into commercial and amicable arrangements with the British government, and had consented to abolish the slave-trade in his dominions, so far as it was carried on with foreigners. Ignorant, however, of the geography even of his own kingdom, he had imagined Funda and Raka to be sea-port towns, in the latter of which he wished an English physician and consul to be established; and Clapperton, finding on his present journey that the most coastward of these towns was one hundred and fifty miles in the interior, pursued his way to the residence of Bello at Soccatoo.

This prince rules over the extensive territory called Houssa; and his subjects are neither negroes nor Arabs,* but a distinct race of a deep copper colour. Till gathered together by Othman Danfodio, the father of Bello, they did not congregate in towns, but led a wandering and pastoral life, in unfrequented woods, where they read the Koran, and reared their herds and flocks. Learned, at least in the learning of the Koran, they sometimes distinguished themselves among their ruder neigh-

* It is possible this may be a mistake. The Arabic term for a peasant is فلاح, *fellah*, which might be easily converted into Fellata, or Foulah.

bours; and individuals entering into the service of the princes and governors around, returned in a few years to their native woods, richer in cattle, and in the knowledge of the world. Some among them even performed the religious pilgrimage to Mecca; and others visiting the Turkish empire, or wandering along the peopled shores of the Mediterranean, brought back with them a store of Arabian learning, and scattered among their forests the seeds of Arabian ambition.

At length arose one of those lofty and enterprising spirits who concentrate, as it were, in themselves the energies of a whole people. Othman Danfodio, like a second Mohammed, after meditating for many years on the projects of his ambition, buried from the world in the woods of Ader, came forth and built a town in the province of Goobur. Speaking fluently all the languages of the interior and all the dialects of Arabia, and possessing the most masterly knowledge of the Koran and its numerous commentaries, it is not wonderful that he was looked upon as something superior to common humanity. The Fellatas flocked from all quarters to this new seat of civilization and learning; and his growing power induced Danfodio to experimentalize upon its extent. He began by giving his opinion upon public affairs, and censuring the proceedings of the government. The result was, an order to quit the country; the order was not obeyed; and the people of Goobur rose in arms, and drove out the intruding strangers. Persecution wrought its usual effect, and strengthened the power it was intended to suppress. The Sheik of the Koran, as he was called, retired to Ader, and built a town; where he unfurled the apostolic flag, declaring himself to be a prophet, and calling upon all the sons of his people, and all the faithful throughout the land, to join his standard.

No sooner was the war-cry of religion heard among the wilds of Soudan, than, emerging from the recesses of unknown woods, and flocking from despised hamlets, and separating, family by family, from the mass of the people, the Fellatas—whose political existence had, till then, never been thought of—were seen pouring, like human torrents, around their chief. Danfodio divided his force into bands, bestowing upon the chiefs a white tobe* as an emblem of purity, and a white flag; and commanding them to strike in the name of God and the Prophet. Paradise was to be the reward of the slain, and the lands and wealth of the Kafirs that of the survivors. Happy

* Arabic اتب *Plur.* اتوب A garment resembling a shirt without sleeves.

alternative—where he who escaped death was sure of riches, and he who missed riches was sure of heaven! "Allahu-Akbar!" ("God is greatest!") the battle-cry of the chief, rang through the camp; and the Fellatas swept forth upon their high mission, conquering and to conquer. Kano first submitted, then Goobur, and afterwards the whole of Houssa, with Cubbé, Youri, and part of Nyffé. Danfodio, having arranged his new kingdom, promulgated the laws of the Koran; and so strictly were they enforced, that it was a common saying, that a woman might travel alone, with a casket of gold upon her head, from one end of the Fellata dominions to the other. This extraordinary man at length died raving mad, and his subjects collected the hairs of his head as relics, and preserved them in cases of gold and silver.

Since the accession of the present sultan Mohammed Bello, the conquered provinces have made various attempts to throw off the yoke, but only with partial success. Bello however is now matched against the sheik of Bornou, a man of first rate abilities, and the result may be considered doubtful. When the reader glances at a few of the details of a Fellata siege, which Clapperton witnessed, he may perhaps imagine that in the above account of the rise of that power, he has been amused with a romance. Let him remember, however, that he can only judge of the character of men and nations by comparison with those around them—that the text can only be construed by means of the context. The Negro population of Africa consists of the most good-humoured of savages, and the most ignorant and pusillanimous of men. A gun, as the Arabs say, if presented at a thousand of them, will make them skip; and hence the ease with which successive conquerors have reduced them to the most abject slavery. The Negro, in fact, is scarcely supposed by his Arab master to belong to the human species at all. Even cowards, when dead, can usually alarm the ignorant brave by inspiring superstitious terrors; but the awful remains of mortality, when bearing the Negro stamp, are considered fit objects only for scorn or laughter. In Major Denham's route from Mourzouk to Kouka, he saw, in one place, nearly a hundred unburied skeletons, some with the skin still remaining attached to the bones. The Arabs laughed heartily at his expression of horror, saying "Namboo!"* (damn their fathers!) "they were only blacks;" and began to amuse themselves with knocking about the limbs with the butt-end of their fire-locks, exclaiming, "This was a woman! this was a

* نعم ابوه *Náma abouh*, 'Good luck to his father;' sarcastically.

youngster!" &c. Some of these victims of slavery had died of fatigue, but the greater number of hunger, as they were marched across the desert from Bornou on their way to Fezzan. "One of the skeletons we passed to day," says Major Denham, "had a very fresh appearance; the beard was still hanging to the skin of the face, and the features were still discernible." A merchant travelling with the Kafila, suddenly exclaimed, "That was my slave! I left him behind four months ago, near this spot." "Make haste! take him to the Fsug," [سوق *souk*, market] said an Arab wag, "for fear any body else should claim him." For some days they passed eighty or ninety each day; "but those about the walls at El Hammar were countless." The fight formerly alluded to, in which the prowess of the Fellatas will deceive the reader's expectations, is described as follows.

'After the mid-day prayers, all, except the eunuchs, camel-drivers, and such other servants as were of use only to prevent theft, whether mounted or on foot, marched towards the object of attack; and soon arrived before the walls of the city. I also accompanied them, and took up my station close to the Gadado. The march had been the most disorderly that can be imagined; horse and foot intermingling in the greatest confusion, all rushing to get forward; sometimes the followers of one chief tumbling amongst those of another, when swords were half unsheathed, but all ended in making a face, or putting on a threatening aspect. We soon arrived before Coonia, the capital of the rebels of Goobur, which was not above half a mile in diameter, being nearly circular, and built on the bank of one of the branches of the river, or lakes, which I have mentioned. Each chief, as he came up, took his station, which, I suppose, had previously been assigned to him. The number of fighting men brought before the town could not, I think, be less than fifty or sixty thousand, horse and foot, of which the foot amounted to more than nine tenths. For the depth of two hundred yards, all round the walls was a dense circle of men and horses. The horse kept out of bow-shot, while the foot went up as they felt courage or inclination, and kept up a straggling fire with about thirty muskets, and the shooting of arrows. In front of the sultan, the Zegzeg troops had one French fusil: the Kano forces had forty-one muskets. These fellows, whenever they fired their pieces, ran out of bow-shot to load; all of them were slaves; not a single Fellata had a musket. The enemy kept up a sure and slow fight, seldom throwing away their arrows until they saw an opportunity of letting fly with effect. Now and then a single horse would gallop up to the ditch, and brandish his spear, the rider taking care to cover himself with his large leathern shield, and return as fast as he went, generally calling out lustily, when he got among his own party, "Shields to the wall!" "You people of the Gadado, or Atego," &c., "why don't you hasten to the wall?" To which some voices would call out, "Oh! you have a good large shield to cover you!" The cry of "Shields to the wall" was constantly heard

from the several chiefs to their troops; but they disregarded the call, and neither chiefs nor vassals moved from the spot. At length the men in quilted armour went up "per order." They certainly cut not a bad figure at a distance, as their helmets were ornamented with black and white ostrich feathers, and the sides of the helmets with pieces of tin, which glittered in the sun, their long quilted cloaks of gaudy colours reaching over part of the horses tails, and hanging over the flanks. On the neck, even the horse's armour was notched, or vandyked, to look like a mane; on his forehead and over his nose was a brass or tin plate, as also a semicircular piece on each side. The rider was armed with a large spear; and he had to be assisted to mount his horse, as his quilted cloak was too heavy; it required two men to lift him on; and there were six of them belonging to each governor, and six to the sultan. I at first thought the foot would take advantage of going under cover of these unwieldy machines; but no, they went alone, as fast as the poor horses could bear them, which was but a slow pace. They had one musket in Coonia, and it did wonderful execution, for it brought down the van of the quilted men, who fell from his horse like a sack of corn thrown from a horse's back at a miller's door; but both horse and man were brought off by two or three footmen. He had got two balls through his breast; on went through his body and both sides of the tobe; the other went through and lodged in the quilted armour opposite the shoulders.—pp. 185-7.

The result was, that Bello retired from this impregnable city, a considerable portion of his army moving in the quickest time, in the apprehension that they were followed by the attacked. Upon the whole, the reader will agree with Captain Clapperton, in thinking the fight 'as poor a fight as can well be imagined.'

In Soccatoo, the residence of Bello, there are eleven gates, each of which is guarded by a cady or judge, day and night in the sultan's absence. When Clapperton went to see one of these confidential personages, who happened to be an old acquaintance, he found him standing at his post, which it would have been death to leave. The arms of the guard at this gate consisted of seven crazy Arab muskets, some without flint or ramrod; and the post, with these appointments, was considered impregnable.

When the traveller arrived at Soccatoo, Bello, far from explaining the mistake he had committed respecting Funda and Raka, did not even allude to the amicable intercourse he had been so anxious to establish between the Fellatas and the English, nor in fact to any one of the objects of the mission. The cause was this. The Fellatas were at war with the people of Bornou; and Clapperton, unfortunately, was the bearer of presents to the sheiks, including warlike stores, for so the natives who attach so high an importance to a superannuated Arab musket would naturally denominate such trifles of the kind

as are usually included in presents to African chiefs. The sultan, however, appears to have been civil, and even friendly, in his remonstrances; which poor Clapperton returned by a sulky doggedness, which doubtless he mistook for proper firmness. A man of any talent would have surmounted the difficulty easily enough; but diplomacy was not the traveller's forte, and he did not even attempt to negociate. The most singular thing is, that when Bello, at the time he made his acquaintance first, requested him to bring his presents by way of Bornou, Clapperton ridiculed the idea of a man of prudence like the sheik permitting them to pass! Bello only did now, what the traveller had predicted the sheik would have done, as a man of common prudence, in similar circumstances. He seized his rival's presents; and, if we may believe Lander, Clapperton was brought to the grave principally by chagrin and disappointment. Those who knew Clapperton however, or who read his journal with attention, will come to a very different conclusion. His death was caused by a series of the most extraordinary imprudences which an officer ever was guilty of, who felt his life to be the property of his country; and the depression apparent in his manner, was nothing but the result of disease.

At his master's death, Richard Lander, his servant, a very intelligent young man, left in the heart of Africa, with little money, no presents, and encumbered with Clapperton's effects, made his way in safety to the sea coast. His journal is appended, and will be read with interest.

On the whole, the travels of Clapperton add one more to the numerous evidences, that the interior of Africa presents a scene of much greater civilization than has been assigned to it by the opinion of Europe, and that communication is to be effected with it by the same efforts and precautions that have been successful in other cases. Two or three hundred years ago, it was about as difficult to go to Delhi, as now to Timbuctoo; and if the appliances and means of travelling were at this moment as defective on the Delhi road, it is probable that as small a proportion of the adventurers would return. A French traveller, M. Caillé, appears to have broken through the *prestige* which existed on the subject of the reported African metropolis; and it is understood, that he intends to return. His successful enterprise will probably have removed some of what may be termed the *superstitious* obstacles to African discovery; and when missionary tracts and patent blacking shall be sold in the streets of Timbuctoo, posterity will wonder at the awkward zeal with which their fathers made their approaches to the mysterious mart.

The fact of the Arabic language being spread through the interior of Africa, is in itself an assurance that at no very remote period, this hidden country must be laid open to the intelligence of Europeans. A country possessed, to a very considerable extent, of one of the finest languages in the world, cannot continue much longer a sealed book to the remainder of mankind. There seems to be little doubt, that for half the expense at which a palace is built and pulled down again, the Foreign Office might open an epistolary correspondence direct, with all the courts in the Terra Incognita; and a flotilla on the *Tchad* might probably have been established, for a little more than it cost to beat the Americans upon the Serpentine. When the baby governments have tried their hands, the time will perhaps come that grown men beyond the Atlantic will apply themselves to the task. The apparition of an Anglo-American interest in Africa, would be a new phenomenon in the history of the world; and one which, though the governments might perhaps dislike, the people of Europe would hail with satisfaction and with hope.

Art. VII.—*The Village Patriarch.* A Poem. pp. 198. Bull.

WHEN despotism puts an end to the expression of public opinion, it closes up its own safety-valve, and flings away that most valuable of all the sources of legislation, a thorough knowledge of the facts with which legislation has to occupy itself. Here is a book, full to the brim of boiling indignation, into which a wise statesman might put his thermometer, and learn how the thoughts of the people are burning, on account of one monstrous abuse; the English Corn-laws. Far from complaining of that eloquent honesty which unveils all that is passing within, an able and a good government would rejoice at the opportunity of discovering the intense and deeply-seated agitation of minds, whose influence is felt, however it may be scorned; and whose intelligence works its mighty way, however it may be deprecated. Thought here has been awakened by the contemplation of a gigantic wrong; and, in its bitterness and its boldness, it communicates such imposing facts as that the labouring classes are beginning rightly to feel, and powerfully to express, their feelings, respecting the confederation of the land-owners; that the poor, by their own contemplation are dissipating the delusion and fallacies with which country gentlemen have sought to mistify a very simple question; and that the time cannot be far distant, in which the landed monopoly

will have to lower its pretensions, and to yield something, at least, if not all, to the public weal. The better part of wisdom is promptitude. Here is the little cloud; it is gathering, it is blackening; let those whom it concerns take care that it does not cover the earth.

The sublimest lesson which the people have to learn is the last which has been taught them. It is this; that there is a power which cannot be reached either by force or by law; the power of thought: and that our thoughts, enforcing and strengthening themselves by communication with the thoughts of other men, become a part of that irresistible influence which creates the futurity of ourselves and our children. Excess and violence can be met, can be subdued, by arms and armies; but opinion (the duke of Wellington has told us so, and he, better than any man, knows what wars and weapons *can*, and what they *cannot* do)—opinion presents no front to the attack of physical force. A sword can only silence an inquiry by smiting the inquirer; a dilemma rather too awful to be applied to inquiring millions. And millions are now inquiring; this little volume is one of their voices. Will such a state of things continue, and the many be for ever sacrificed to the few?

The Author calls his book "A Poor Man's Poem." A poem it scarcely is; but a succession of pictures, not very happy in their groupings, nor equal in their deservings; but they are each painted in the dark colourings of dejection, relieved by sharp touches of indignant genius: his poetical philosophy is borrowed from Wordsworth; his personalities from Crabbe. Every now and then there are expatiations, some of them highly poetical, into other regions than those of his habitual thoughts; but those thoughts have bound his spirit in fetters of iron, and continually drag him back to the domains where all things are associated with the memories of insult, despotism, monopoly, and wrong. The story can hardly be called a story. There is no link of continuity: it is a volume of digressions, loose, disjointed; a journey made of wanderings. An interesting tale would have supported and recommended the didactic moralizings. The writer was not dreaming of poetry, but of the corn-laws, and from "the highest heaven of imagination," is pulled down incontinently to the landlord's clod of earth. But the book is full of merit, and of mind. With the exceptions of those parts where there are attempts at humour, which are little congenial to the wounded and smarting spirit, there are few pages in it which do not contain some or other passage remarkable for its poetry or its power. It is, however, as an indication of what is passing among the labouring classes that the value of the volume is doubly

raised; it is a sample of those convictions alluded to, which cannot be put down; cannot be reached by the interference of force; convictions which will overthrow the enormous abuse, against which they are specially directed; and every other, too, in time.

The exordium of the book tells the temper in which it is written; in "fear and hate;" with the machinery of "toil, and grief and tears," repeating histories of "sad, silent changes, burning wrongs." And so the patriarch of a century is introduced, "blind and near his end," yet hearing, in the very tread of oppressing man, the cruel language of despotism:

'Yet sweet to him, ye stream-lov'd vallies lone,
Leafless, or blossoming fragrant, sweet are ye;
For he can hear the wintry forest groan,
And feel the beauty which he cannot see,
And drink the breath of nature, blowing free!
* * * *
He finds in every moss-grown tree a guide,
To every time-dark rock he seems allied,
Calls the stream, Sister, and is not disown'd.'—p. 7.

A few passages will enable the reader to form an accurate estimate of this poor man's measure of mind; and they may be almost chosen at random. In p. 30, apropos of Napoleon, is this remarkable passage:

——'He built on multitudinous graves
A tyrant's power, and strove to bind with cords
Thought; for she mock'd him with her wing of words,
That withers armies. Who shall credit thee,
Genius? still treacherous, or unfortunate,
Victim, or wronger! Why must hope still see
Thy pinions, plum'd with light divine, abate
Their speed when nearest heav'n, to uncreate
Her glorious visions?—p. 30.
* * * *
——Woodbine wreaths are twin'd
Round thorns; and praise, to merit due, is paid
To vulgar dust, best liked when earthy most.
While Milton grew, self-nourish'd in the shade,
Ten Wallers bask'd in day. Misrule can boast
Of many Alvas; Freedom, oft betrayed,
Found her sole Washington. To shine unseen,
Or, only seen, to blast the gazer's eye;
Or struggle in eclipse, with vapours mean,
That quench your brightness, and usurp the sky;
Such, meteor Spirits! are your destinies,
Mourn'd in times past, and still deplor'd in these.'—p. 31.

Here is a touching description of the influence of the village bells:—

——— 'To the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust;
Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
In nought of earth that hath surviv'd the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best.'—p. 37.

In what follows may be seen a specimen of that tone which pervades the volume. The description of an artisan runs thus:

'In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,
He sweats, to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay.
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,
And grind him fiercely; but he still can get
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns;
They have not sent him like a pauper yet
For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns;
Such tactics do not answer yet, in towns.
Nor have they gorg'd his soul. Thrall though he be
Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity,
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill:
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!'—p. 47.

Again,

'Marble is less enduring than the flower
That wither'd ages hence, and withers now.
Where, black as night, th' unalter'd mountains tower,
And baffled Time sees things that mock his power.
I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the brib'd Plough, defeated, halts below!
And thanks, majestic Barrenness, to thee,
For one grim region in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat, and paupers, will not grow!'—76-77.

The seventh book is the narrative of a dream of the patriarch; the apparition of Bradshaw,

'Whose awful visage blent
Sad beauty with his sternness, like the cloud
Whose tears are lightnings;'—p. 106.

who comes to overwhelm with terrible reproaches the Game-law, bread-tax-enacting degenerate senators of our day. The eighth book is the horrible story of a poacher's widow, driven forth from her cottage by an inhuman landlord; who, assaulting her, is killed by her daughter, and the widow is executed for her child's crime, the child becoming a wandering maniac, living to curse. The last chapter—chapter of a church-yard, introduces the blind patriarch reading the tomb-stones with his fingers which his chisel had engraved.

'It is the evening of an April day!
Lo, for the last time, in the cheerful sun
Our father sits, stooping his tresses grey,
To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,
Young as if time had yesterday begun.'—p. 172.

He is visited by the agents of the law, to levy a distress for arrears of rent:

'The hour is come, which Enoch cannot bear—'
But he can *die!*'—p. 173.

And he dies, in the wretchedness of his despair; and the Poem concludes, as we must, with this fine passage:—

———'The mountains weep for Enoch Wray,
And for themselves, albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
Bound to the eternal future, as the past!
The Patriarch died; and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sail-less worlds, which navigate
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendor, soon or late,
Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, oh, Earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright—
Veil his impassion'd brow, and heav'nly tears!'—p. 176.

ART. VIII.—*The Planter's Guide; or a Practical Essay on the best method of giving immediate effect to Wood, by the removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an attempt to place the art, and that of General Arboriculture on Phytological and fixed Principles, interspersed with Observations on General Planting, and the Improvement of Real Landscape, originally intended for the climate of Scotland.*—By Sir Henry Stuart, Bart., LL.D.F.R.S.E. &c. Second Edition. Edinburgh. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. pp. 527. 1828.

THERE is not a year that passes which does not afford fresh illustration of the value of science, which does not show, by some new and unexpected application of it to the utilities of life, the inexhaustibleness of its power to lessen the evils which are incident to man, and to add to the substantial happiness of his condition. The labours of Sir Henry Stuart, which have been pursued silently, or at least unostentatiously for a long series of years, and which have been attended with results the most wonderful and beautiful, are connected no less intimately with valuable production, and consequently wealth, than with rural ornament. The power of instantaneously converting a desert into a garden, and a waste into a park; the power of immediately clothing with the largest and finest Trees, a place in which a year before not a shrub nor a bush was to be seen, though it may perhaps be admitted to be the nearest approach ever witnessed in the world of realities, to the magic transformations of the fairy tales of the nursery, may still, at first view, seem as unproductive of any substantial and permanent good as these creations of the fancy. And yet, the beauty produced by the art of Arboriculture is not more striking to the eye than on closer inspection, its usefulness becomes apparent to the judgment. When, too, it is considered that the subjects which the Arboriculturist has to treat are living beings, and that he can train them to his purpose, and dispose and combine them at his pleasure only by studying and ascertaining the laws which regulate the economy of life, the scientific nature of his pursuit, and the absolute necessity of scientific knowledge to the successful practice of his art become sufficiently evident. We have had occasion more than once, to express our regret that the science of life is so wholly excluded from every course of education which has hitherto been instituted in this country. In no school or college, however liberally constituted, in no plan of instruction however comprehensive, are the curious and interesting phenomena with which this science abounds included. The scholar, nay even the man of general science in this country is commonly

as completely ignorant of the wonderful actions which are constantly taking place within him in his own frame, and around him in every living being, and of all the admirable and beautiful adjustments which these actions require and exhibit, as a native of Otaheite. We have already expressed our conviction, that no less of real advantage, estimated even by the solid criterion of wealth than of pleasing knowledge, is lost to the community by this exclusion of the phenomena of life from the course of general instruction. But sir Henry Stewart has furnished illustrations of the extent and magnitude of the evil which every one can appreciate, and which all who read and understand his truly instructive work must feel. It is stated by this practical Phytologist, in the most impressive manner, that even by the owner of the land who has the deepest interest in such knowledge, the culture of one of the most valuable, and beyond all comparison, the most beautiful productions of the soil is not in the least understood; that nevertheless there is no estate to which its wood is not of some value; that to many it is of vital importance, involving the wealth of more than one generation, and that to others it is the principle and paramount source of their revenue. The picture which sir Henry draws of the prevalent and universal ignorance of this subject is melancholy enough, and extending as it does, almost without a single exception to those who make the art of Arboriculture a profession, it is truly disgraceful. "Unacquainted with the history, properties, and culture of trees," he says, "the landowner naturally enough sees with the eyes, and hears with the ears of his gardener; and, as the gardener ninety-nine times in a hundred knows nothing himself, it is 'the blind leading the blind,' in this important branch of rural economy. Sometimes the forester is the operating person which is still more unfortunate, for this is generally a mere lopper and cutter of wood. In ordinary cases, he is much worse educated than the gardener, with equal pretensions as to Arboriculture and equal ignorance. On the gardeners of Scotland it is not here intended to throw the slightest reflection, unless for wandering out of the line of their own profession. The fact is, that of all land produce, wood is the least studied and understood by the landowners themselves, and by consequence the worst managed." He adds, "in an age when every thing useful and ornamental becomes the subject of scientific investigation and general study, it seems singular, that Arboriculture should be at once so universally practised, and the physiological principles which regulate it so generally unknown."

We think we shall best serve the public, and further the object of sir Henry in the publication of his work, by giving an expo-

sition of the structure and functions of plants, and by showing that the practice of this excellent experimentalist is successful, and *uniformly* successful, only because it is founded on physiological principles, derived from the diligent and successful study of nature. Before entering on such an exposition, however, it is on many accounts desirable that the reader should have some notion of what had been previously done by the cultivators of this art, and of what the labours of sir Henry Stewart have achieved.

Among the earliest and most successful planters was Count Maurice, of Nassau, who flourished in the seventeenth century. This Prince had the advantage of operating in the genial clime, and with the fruitful soil of Brazil, of which in the year 1636 he was governor. He was a man of taste and elegance, and adorned his palaces and gardens in that country with a magnificence worthy of the satraps of the east. His residence was upon an island formed by the confluence of two rivers, a place which before he commenced his improvements presented no very promising subject, being a dreary, waste, and uncultivated plain, equally worthless and unattractive. On this spot, however, he erected a splendid palace, laid out gardens around it of extraordinary extent and magnificence; salubrity, seclusion, horticultural ornament were all studiously and tastefully combined in the arrangement of the buildings; the choicest fruits of a tropical climate, the orange, the citron, the ananas, with many others unknown to us, solicited at once the sight, the smell, and the taste; artificial fountains of water preserved the coolness of the air, and maintained the verdure of the earth: thirteen bastions and turrets flanked and defended the gardens; and seven hundred trees of various sizes, of which some rose to thirty, some to forty and some to fifty feet high to the lowermost branches, were removed to the spot, and arranged by the designers skill in such a manner as to produce the most striking and splendid effect. Some of these trees were of seventy and others of eighty years growth. Being skilfully taken up they were placed carefully in carriages, conveyed over a space of from three to four miles in extent, transported on rafts across both the rivers, and on being replanted in the island, so favourable were both soil and vegetation in that genial climate, that they immediately struck root, and even bore fruit during the first year after their removal.

Louis XIV. who, by the good efforts of the learned Jesuits, had been taught that the practice of transplanting was well known to the Greeks and Romans, resolved to rival, and if possible, to eclipse whatever had been achieved in this art by

these distinguished nations. Accordingly, among the stupendous changes made on the face of nature at Versailles and other royal residences, immense trees were taken up by the roots, erected on carriages, and removed at the royal will and pleasure. Almost the whole Bois de Boulogne was in this way said to be transported from Versailles to its present site, a distance of about two leagues and a half. To order the march of an army was the effort of common men and every-day commanders: to order the removal of a forest seemed to suit the magnificent conception of a prince who, in all his enterprises, affected to act upon a scale immeasurably greater than that of his contemporaries. In the Bois de Boulogne, in spite of military devastation, the curious eye may still distinguish, in the rectilinear disposition of the trees, the traces of this extraordinary achievement.

At Potsdam, Frederick II, and at Warsaw, the last king of Poland transferred some thousands of large trees, in order to embellish the royal gardens at those places, and at Lazenki, in the suburbs of Warsaw, the far famed and unfortunate Stanislaus laid out the palace and grounds in a style of luxuriance and magnificence which has perhaps never been surpassed since the days of the Roman emperors. To add to the charm of this favourite spot, he removed some thousands of trees and bushes with which the gardens and the park were adorned; both were frequently thrown open to the public, and on these occasions, entertainments of unexampled splendor and gaiety were given to the court and to the principal inhabitants of the capital, which are still recollected with feelings of delight.

Such are examples of the practice of the art on a scale of princely grandeur, with unlimited means to ensure success, the price of success being always immense. We shall add one instance of what has very recently been done for the sake of science, in which also the cost was of no moment, and was not regarded. About three years ago, Dr. Robert Graham, professor of botany in the University of Edinburgh, in changing the site of the botanical gardens at that place, removed a vast number of plants of great rarity and value, which, had they been lost, many years of most diligent culture would have been unable to replace. Such was the extraordinary care bestowed upon them by the ingenious professor, and the skill and diligence of his gardener, that the removals were executed with a safety which could scarcely have been anticipated. In order to give still greater variety and effect to the new garden, forest trees of various kinds and great dimen-

sions, some of them from thirty to forty feet high, were at the same time transferred from the old ground to the new. The method adopted was, to raise as great a mass or ball of earth as possible with the plants, which were then put upon a platform with low wheels in an upright position (as was practised in the time of Evelyn), and transported about a mile and a half to the new garden. In removing the trees, owing to the immense friction, occasioned by the lowness of the wheels, ten and twelve horses were occasionally employed; "so that," continues sir Henry, "the procession through the suburbs for many days, consisting of men and horses, and waving boughs, presented a spectacle that was at once novel and imposing. The citizens of Edinburgh were surprised and delighted with the master of an art which seemed more powerful and persuasive than the strains of Orpheus, in drawing after it, along the streets, both grove and underwood of such majestic size.

"Threïcio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderari arboribus fidem."

On arriving at the place of their new destination, where the ground had been prepared at great expense, and forced up to the depth of three feet or more, the trees and bushes were carefully planted. Numerous ropes fastened pretty high from the ground, and extending from the stems to the distance of from twelve to four and twenty feet out, in the fashion of a well-pitched bell-tent, pinned them to the spot with immovable firmness, so that injury from wind seemed altogether impossible. The depth and richness of the soil; the sheltered site of the garden, almost as low as the level of the sea; the steadfastness of the plants in consequence of their fastenings, together with daily waterings carefully repeated, all combined to render the success of the operation perfect.

It is now necessary to see what may be accomplished in less favourable situations, with want of climate, want of genial warmth, want of soil, in a word with the difficulties with which the ordinary planter has to contend in many parts of great Britain, constantly placing, without the exercise of great knowledge and skill, the success of his operations in doubt and danger. The estate of sir Henry Stewart is not advantageously situated: the district of the country is high, and exposed to violent west and south-west winds, while the soil of a great part of the park is most unfavourable for the growth of trees, some parts having a stiff and stubborn soil, and others being almost a dead sand. Here, however, it is, that a grand experiment has been made. That the result might be ascertained in

a manner to supersede the possibility of doubt respecting its accuracy, sir Henry addressed a letter to the Highland Society of Scotland requesting that the society would appoint a committee of its members to inspect his operations. The society in acceding to this proposal named a committee, consisting of some of the most distinguished men of Scotland. Of that number lord Belhaven, lord Succoth, lord Corehouse, sir Walter Scott, bart. and Alexander Young, esq. assembled at Allanton House, for the purpose of making the proposed investigation, and the committee having afterwards more numerously met in Edinburgh agreed to a report, from which we learn the following facts:

The park at Allanton House consists of more than a hundred acres of sheep pasture, exclusive of the large external plantations, or bounding lines of wood that surround the place. It is situated in a high country, being more than four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and nearly three hundred above Edinburgh. The surface of the ground is irregular and diversified, well-cultivated, and beautifully dressed throughout. It inclines for the most part to the west and south-west, usually the most stormy points in this island, and by consequence the exposure to the winds is very considerable. About the mansion house there may be between sixty and seventy trees of old standing; to these have been added by the owner a vast number of single and scattered trees, to the amount of between six and seven hundred, which with various enclosed clumps, or masses of different sorts, *all transplanted*, give to the whole a rich and woody appearance. From the style in which the removed are mixed and massed up with the older trees, the effect produced is extremely striking, especially when viewed from any commanding eminence.

In every part of the open lawn, continue the Committee, we found the oak, ash, Welch or Scotch elm, beech, sycamore, lime, horse-chesnut, larch and Scotch fir, all of which having been at one time or other the subjects of transplantation, as we ascertained by accurate examination, are growing with extraordinary vigour and luxuriance, and shooting from six to eighteen inches yearly, in *the openest exposures*. Some sycamores, limes, and oaks we particularly noticed, of which the shoots might measure more than two and a half feet, in similar exposures. This we consider as probably *unexampled* in any part of the kingdom.

The trees transplanted some years since are from thirty to forty feet high or more; the girth of the largest being from five feet three to five feet eight inches, at a foot and a half from the ground. Sir Henry acquainted us that "he was by no

means ambitious to remove *the largest possible trees*, but to attain the *greatest possible success* in those which he did remove. In respect to size (he added) if his principles were only followed out, that was a mere matter of *expenditure;* because one tree could be removed just as well as another, provided that the owner *did not grudge the cost.*" To the praise, then, of the most perfect success, we consider his exertions as fully entitled.

Some single trees of the sycamore, horse-chesnut and beech species, which had been transplanted only six months previously to the time of this examination, were then inspected. These trees, say the Committee, were entirely in leaf when we examined them, and their foliage was of a healthy and deep green colour. Their branches were quite entire, and they stood firm and erect, without prop or support. The only difference that the most accurate eye could discover between these trees and others long since planted, seemed to be that their leaves were somewhat *smaller*, a distinction which, as we observed in other instances, usually disappears after the first, but always after the second season. In viewing these specimens of an art, of the power of which they say they had formed no adequate conception, the Committee state that they were particularly struck in the first place, with the singular beauty and symmetry of the trees; the uncommon girth of their stems, in proportion to their height, and the complete formation of their branches and spreading tops; secondly, with their surprising health and vigour, considering the exposures in which they are placed, and the complete and perfect preservation of the branches, notwithstanding the operation of removal; but what most of all surprised the Committee was, that no prop or stay of any kind is ever used at Allanton to trees newly planted, and that so firmly are they placed, and so perfectly do they seem prepared to resist the elements, that in very few cases was any inclination observable, from the west and south-west, which are well known to be the most stormy quarters.

As an example of what has been accomplished with regard to close or enclosed clumps or masses of wood, the Committee advert in particular to a large mass of wood of about two acres in extent, through which the eastern approach to the place passes, and which was created *at once*, that is in a single season, for which purpose trees of various sorts, from twenty-five to thirty feet high were planted in this spot as standards or grove wood, at the distance of from eighteen to five and twenty feet, the intervals being filled up with bushes, or stores of copse or underwood, from four to six feet in height, and five and six feet asunder; thus the appearance of a *plantation of considerable stand-*

ing was immediately obtained. As the approach passes through this mass of wood, say the Committee, for about four hundred yards, we had an opportunity of viewing it to great advantage. The uncommon beauty, luxuriance and closeness of the wood, together with the retired and sequestered appearance of the spot, struck us as particularly pleasing, contrasted as it was with the open lawn, which we had just before left. Here the standard trees, of course, were seen to make freer shoots, than those which stood singly upon the open ground, and the shoots of the underwood greater still. The underwood consists of oak, witchelm, beech, birch, holly, hazel, mountain ash, thorn, chesnut, English and Norway maple, common and Canadian birds-cherry, and such other plants as are usually found in natural woods; and from the shelter and warmth, produced by such a mass of plantation, the luxuriance of these plants seemed wonderful, the shoots, extending in some instances of the maple, elm, and birds-cherry, and even of the oak, to three and four feet in length, and upwards. This plantation, which has all the natural luxuriance and wild richness of a natural copse, intermingled with grove or standard trees, had been formed only four years; and we are confident, that no less a space than from five and twenty to forty years, according to situation and climate, could have produced the same effect, by the usual process of planting and thinning-out.

To cover mountains with wood, continue the Committee, to raise extensive forests, or even the broad boundary lines of a gentleman's place or park, the art (of transplanting) would for obvious reasons be misapplied, and therefore, for those purposes, recourse will always be had to the common methods of planting. But, we conceive it to be clearly made out, from what sir Henry has done on a limited scale (and which may, with the same certainty, be applied to the most extensive purposes) that all objects of wooding for picturesque effect, and for making, as it is termed, a place, whether on the foreground, or the middle distance of the landscape, may be effected at once, or at least, within a very short period. Thus a man possessing extensive means, and having within a reasonable distance, the command of a stock of trees fit for removal, may in some sort *create,* what it used to take a lifetime, and sometimes two lives to obtain; namely, a park richly clothed and sheltered; and thus the superlative luxury of well-grown woods, which was supposed unattainable, unless by the slow effects of time, is brought within the reach of science and industry.

It further appears from this report, that the number of trees which decay after having been transplanted, may be about one

in forty or five-and-forty, and an estimate may be formed of the expense of the process, by the statement of the fact, that the plantation of grove and copse-wood, on the two acres already mentioned, amounted to about 30*l.* per acre, and that single trees of from twenty-five to thirty-five feet high, are commonly removed at the cost of 7*s.* 6*d.* or 8*s.* per tree.

The committee, conclude their report, with these remarkable words.—Upon the whole, it is humbly their opinion, that sir Henry, by philosophical attention to the nature of the change to which he was about to subject the trees which he has transplanted, has attained, at no extravagant expense, the power so long desired of anticipating the slow progress of vegetation, and accomplishing within two or three seasons, those desirable changes on the face of nature, which he who plants in early youth, can in ordinary cases, only hope to witness in advanced life.

That this noble art, which is thus capable of communicating fertility and beauty to scenes, to which nature has been most sparing of her gifts, and of adding unspeakable splendor and effect to those, to which she has been bountiful; an art which is capable of realizing, what the painter can only represent, of creating what the poet can only describe, and of approximating spots which without its aid, are neither pleasing to the eye, nor even innoxious to the health, to the condition of the Happy Valley of Rasselas, in which "all the blessings of vegetation were collected, and the evils extracted and excluded;"—an art, which conciliates and gratifies one of the purest propensities of the human mind, and which is always cherished and delighted in, in proportion as the taste is cultivated and refined, is not uncertain in its result, or difficult and dangerous in its execution, as has been affirmed even by the most candid of those who have practised it as a profession; not—

> "A work of difficulty and danger try'd,
> Nor oft successful found,"—

but one which, when the principles on which it is founded are once understood, can any where be carried into operation with the utmost ease, sir Henry has adduced several splendid examples. Among these we may advert to the experiment made by James Smith, esq. of Jordanhill, in the county of Renfrew. The mansion-house of Jordanhill is situated on an eminence, about four miles west of the city, and commands a most extensive view of that fine vale in which the Clyde majestically flows towards Ruthglen and Dumbarton. The place in general is handsomely wooded, but is deficient in the quarter which over-

looks the vale; and, as the latter skirts the principal approach, it was desirable, by means of a number of foreground trees, to break so wide an expanse into separate portions. By obscuring the less interesting points, and bringing forward in detail those that were more important, a far greater interest might be conferred on so noble an assemblage of objects.

'In these circumstances,' says sir Henry, 'Mr. Smith, who was about to plant the open ground in the ordinary manner, applied to me for advice and assistance; and I recommended it to him to improve the spot, by transferring large trees at once, and thereby to produce whatever effect he pleased on the foreground, and the middle distance of the landscape. Understanding that his subjects for removal were rather older than was desirable (some of them being trees of from fifty to sixty years growth), the first thing to be done was to procure him a machine of the intermediate size, very strongly made. Two of the most experienced of my workmen were then sent down from this place, in order to instruct his people in the use of it; and in less than three days they made wonderful proficiency in the practice. Mr. Smith, who saw with pleasure and surprise the striking improvements that by means of vegetable physiology might be communicated to an art, of which the vast power was unknown to the public, resolved to avail himself of it in his own improvements; and, instead of indolently trusting to others, ardently entered into the details of the execution, often becoming the director of his own work; and so rapid was his advancement in practical skill, that in the space of a fortnight, he removed trees of thirty, and five and thirty, feet high, and of great thickness, with the utmost success.

'The effects at once produced on so bold and beautiful a subject, on which not a tree, nor a bush had previously stood, were as astonishing as they were delightful. When I saw the place in the spring of 1825, several groups of fine foreground trees with extensive tops were already formed, and had attracted the notice of the scientific and the curious. All united in admiration of the skill and ingenuity of the planter; but no one who saw the trees, except Mr. Smith himself, was prepared to believe, that they could without propping withstand the western gales. The old men about the place reminded him, that, at the equinox, those blasts were so terrific, as sometimes to endanger even the stoutest of his trees, which had been reared on the ground for nearly a century, and which must far exceed in stability any plants that art or ingenuity could at once bring upon an open surface. The gardener, who was a planter of the old school, loudly declared that "*all the men in Renfrewshire* could not keep them up in the face of a real and genuine south-wester, unless their heads were taken off, according to the good old method." Yet, notwithstanding these conjectures, and disastrous anticipations, not one of the trees has been moved or blown down; and from their healthy appearance promise to continue fine examples of the art.'

Similar experiments performed by William Elliot Lockhart,

esq. of Cleghorn House, in Lanarkshire, sir Henry states, that he had some concern, and that on that account he can speak of them from his own personal knowledge.

'Cleghorn,' he says 'is situated on the steep and romantic banks of the river Mouse, which falls into the Clyde, a little below the town of Lanark. The banks of this stream, which may be called classical ground, and are abundantly celebrated in Scottish story, are rocky and precipitous, rising in many parts above the bed of the river, from two to three hundred feet in height, and everywhere wooded to the top. It was to the inaccessible caverns, natural or artificial, of these woody banks, that the renowned and patriotic Wallace used to retire, and found a secure refuge from his own, and his country's enemies. It was also, as it is said, in the same fastnesses, that the well-known and intrepid Balfour of Burleigh, in a later age, was often able to set at defiance the utmost diligence of his pursuers. In the present day the fine scenery of the Mouse is rendered familiar to the traveller, on the great line of the Carlisle and Stirling road, as he views it with wonder from the stupendous bridge of Cartland, at nearly an hundred and thirty feet above the bed of the stream. Although Cleghorn partakes in the woody character of this singular and romantic district, and has been abundantly planted, according to the fashion of a former day, yet there are many parts of the park, and especially near the house, where the aid of the transplanting machine might be called in with great advantage; and Mr. Lockhart applied to me, says sir Henry, to learn if I could put him in the way of procuring a few large trees on any reasonable terms. He had heard, he said, on the best authority, that the art of removing trees, however it might be improved in my hands, was practised at enormous cost. To two pounds or three pounds each, for handsome trees, he observed, no reasonable man could object, if of such a size and figure as to give the immediate effect of wood near his residence, but from ten to fifteen guineas, he certainly considered as rather too expensive a luxury for general use. To this I replied, that he had been misled by such information, be the authors who they might. But in order to undeceive him, and that the cost should not exceed his own estimate of two pounds and three pounds per tree, I undertook that a machine of the intermediate size should be provided for him, and that two of my best hands should attend at Cleghorn, for the purpose of instructing his workmen, and of putting the thing to the test of his own experience. Accordingly in the middle of January last, (1827,) we commenced our operations on the spot. Having selected some trees with fine tops which were far better subjects than woods not thinned for the purpose usually furnish, we very speedily transferred them. The trees removed were eleven in number, and consisted of oaks, beeches, limes, sycamores, and horse-chesnuts. Among them was one beech of the pendent species, a very singular and valuable plant which is worthy of an attentive cultivation, and is rarely to be met with. The dimensions of the trees were from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty feet high, and from ten to fourteen inches in diameter, or from two feet six, to three feet

six inches in actual girth. But on casting up the expense, my friend was both delighted and surprised to discover that instead of two pounds and three pounds, as he had anticipated, they had not cost him quite ten shillings per tree.

'The last person, the evidence of whose practice I shall adduce,' continues sir Henry, 'is sir Walter Scott, bart. This eminent individual has a place, beautifully situated on the Tweed in Roxburghshire, near Melrose, in the midst of those scenes of traditional and peculiar interest, which have been illustrated and immortalized in his writings. To the variety of attainments, for which sir Walter is distinguished, he adds the knowledge of arboriculture. He is ardently, and I may say, enthusiastically attached to the cultivation of wood. Though possessed of the property only sixteen years, he has planted nearly five hundred acres of surface; and by the acknowledgement of all his neighbours, few plantations are cultivated with more skill, and none have grown with more luxuriance than the woods of Abbotsford. His chief experiments were made with subjects of no great magnitude; in the sheltered vale, however, in which great part of the grounds near his house is situated, and for the purpose of diversifying his walks along the river, sir Walter removed in 1824 and 1825, forty trees from ten to fifteen feet high, and of proportional girth, oaks, beeches, limes, and sycamores; and nearly half as many more in the following season. As the trees stood close to the spot to which they were to be removed, they were transported with handspikes, and by expert workmen in the most rapid manner, under the eye of the indefatigable owner. By a communication which I have from him, it appears that the plants are now in full health and foliage; and as no preparation of the ground and no manure were considered to be necessary, the entire expense did not exceed two shillings per tree.'

It is impossible to understand how these beautiful and inexpensive operations are performed, with a success which is thus quite perfect, and we may say invariable, without a knowledge of the structure and functions of plants. The practice is founded on such knowledge, and can be appreciated only when considered in connection with it. It is indeed a most curious and interesting study to consider in detail the expedients which sir Henry has adopted, and to examine how perfectly and beautifully they accord with what physiologists have ascertained to be the laws of the vegetable economy. We know not however where to refer the general reader for any account of the anatomy and physiology of plants, which may be readily understood and which is at the same time contained in a reasonable compass. Previously, therefore, to considering in detail the principles of the new system of transplanting, we shall lay before the reader an outline, which must of necessity be extremely brief, of vegetable structure and function, referring for fuller and more elaborate information to the excellent papers of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Knight,

of whose valuable labours we have taken advantage, and to the admirable works of Dutrochet, which at length are beginning, and most deservedly, to attract the attention of the physiologists of this country.*

A plant is a living being. Living beings are distinguished from inanimate bodies by peculiar characters. Their existence depends upon certain conditions and is regulated by determinate laws. It is obvious, therefore, that there can be no scientific, and consequently no uniformly successful management of such beings without a knowledge of the phenomena of life, of the actions upon which these phenomena depend, and of the laws which regulate them.

Living beings are distinguished essentially from inanimate bodies by the possession of a peculiar structure, and by the performance of determinate and generally internal actions which are called functions. The structure peculiar to a living body consists in a determinate arrangement of the substances of which it is composed, such arrangement being denominated organization, and the body so formed being said to be organized. Organization and function are correlative. Organization is the instrument; function, the action of the instrument; and the result, the products or the phenomena peculiar to life. Organized structures variously arranged and combined form the different apparatus or organs which constitute the living body: the separate and combined actions of those apparatus or organs form the functions exercised by such a body, and the definite and specific results in which these actions terminate, constitute the peculiar and characteristic phenomena of life.

The essential phenomena of all living beings are the same Individuals differ from individuals, species from species, orders from orders, kingdoms from kingdoms; but to all these belong certain common properties by the possession of which the beings so endowed constitute a world of themselves.

Into the distinctions between vegetable and animal beings, which together form the entire class of living creatures, it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. The animal is endowed with some faculties of which the vegetable is destitute: it possesses more organs and performs more functions; and in

* We refer especially to the following works of this distinguished physiologist:—1. "L'Agent Immédiate du Movement Vital, devoilé dans sa Nature, et dans son Mode d'Action chez les Vegetaux et les Animaux. Par M. Dutrochet. Paris. 1826." 2. "Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Endosmose et l'Exosmose, suivies de l'Application Experimentale de ces Actions Phisiques à la Solution du Problème de Irritabilité Végétale, Par M. Dutrochet. Paris. 1828."

general its organs are more compound in their structure and its functions more varied and complex in their action than those which belong to the vegetable: but the nature of both is essentially the same, differing, as has been stated, only in degree, in addition, and in the modifications which such addition requires, to adjust the whole in harmonious combination.

As the vegetable is thus the simpler being, it follows that whatever character distinguish it from an inorganic body will become a still more distinctive attribute of the animal: for this reason, in describing the vegetable, we may occasionally advert to the relative, but more perfect, structures of the animal, for the sake of illustration and contrast.

All plants consist of two substances, cellular tissue and vessels; but vessels themselves being probably composed of cellular tissue, the ultimate analysis of vegetable matter would leave cellular substance alone. Dutrochet, indeed, contends, that a particular portion of the vascular system of some plants, namely, the tracheæ, hereafter to be described, possesses no analogy to cellular tissue, and cannot, therefore, be of the same origin, consequently he supposes that there are in plants two distinct organic elements, the cellular and the tracheal. Some of the simplest plants appear to be composed entirely of cellular tissue, at least nothing but this substance can be distinguished in their composition: in no part of their tissue by any means yet known, can any vessels be rendered manifest; while there are many parts of plants even in the highest orders, which exhibit no appearance of a vascular structure. Still it is probable that such a structure always exists, although it cannot be rendered visible, because the more the principles of physiology are understood, the greater becomes the difficulty of conceiving of the growth of an organized body without the existence of a vascular system.

The combination of cellular tissue and vessels without doubt, is that which plants commonly present; and all plants, and all the parts of all plants, however varied in figure, or complex in arrangement, are reduceable to these two forms.

The ultimate structure of the cellular tissue is disputed. It is commonly conceived to be a solid fibre or thread to which vessels are added as distinct appendages. Microscopical observers contend that it consists of an infinite number of minute particles of a globular form. It obtains the name of cellular, from the arrangement and intersection of its primitive fibres which are such as to leave spaces between them, these spaces being denominated cells. There is great resemblance in appearance, and great analogy in the physical pro-

perties of this substance in both classes of living beings, vegetables and animals. Of the solid substance of herbaceous plants cellular tissue forms the greatest portion: in trees, on the contrary, the vessels constitute by far the greatest bulk of the plant. Variously modified by peculiar and definite arrangements of its primitive fibres, cellular substance constitutes certain tissues which possess distinct and specific characters; and these tissues form the common materials out of which all plants are constructed. In like manner the vessels, varying in figure and combination, and differing in office, constitute certain sets which are always found in all plants. The common vegetable tissues are cuticle, bark, wood and pith: the common vessels are sap vessels and proper vessels. These are the elementary scructures by the various combination of which all vegetables are built up or constructed.

It will not be necessary to enter at present into any further consideration of these primitive structures; our purpose will be sufficiently answered by stating what may be requisite in speaking of them as they are found in combination to form the tree. All trees consist of root, trunk, branches and leaves; each of these parts possesses a peculiar structure, and performs a specific function.

The common tissues which enter into the composition of the root, are cuticle, bark and wood: its vascular systems consist of common and of proper vessels. The cuticle is placed externally; beneath this is the bark, and the woody portion is situated internally. All these tissues being analogous to the parts bearing the same names in the trunk, we shall speak more particularly of their structures in describing that organ.

The root consists of two parts, the body, termed caudix, and the ramified portion, called radicles or rootlets. The body of the root may be regarded as a production of the trunk, placed beneath the soil, for it consists of the same textures, which are disposed nearly in the same manner. The primary rootlets spring from the body of the root, and are extended in successive series like the branches and ramulets of the trunk: from these proceed still finer ramifications, and from these again yet more minute and delicate subdivisions. These ultimate ramifications may be termed capillary rootlets. In general each capillary rootlet is terminated by a small whitish cone: this minute cone, which is in a manner the terminal bud of the root, has been called by M. Decandolle its *Spongeola*. The spongeolæ, in general, are of a whitish colour, and their tissue is always extremely tender and delicate: they are not always to be distinguished from the rootlet by their magnitude, for in some plants

the rootlets are filaments of nearly equal bulk in all their extent, and terminate in a point, but they may be always known by their extreme fineness and delicacy. That these organs are really distinct from the rootlets themselves is particularly well seen in the *lenticula gibba*, the rootlets of which are slender and white, while the spongeolæ which terminate them are tumid and of a green colour. Dutrochet placed in water a rootlet having a large spongeola at its termination, and observed with a magnifying glass the surface of the section of the other end of the rootlet. He perceived that this surface was soon covered with water, and that the water issued exclusively from the central or woody part of the rootlet, and that not a particle was furnished by its cortical portion. He placed other rootlets with large spongeolæ in coloured fluids, and he saw that the spongeolæ alone imbibed these fluids, and that the fluids when imbibed passed immediately into the central part of the rootlet. His experiments completely confirm the accuracy of the conclusion already arrived at by the experiments of preceding physiologists, namely, that this part of the root is the special organ of absorption. It had long been observed that the earth is exhausted of its nutrient matter not where the body of the root is found, and not even in the neighbourhood of the larger rootlets, but chiefly where the capillary rootlets are distributed.

The trunk like the root is covered by an external cuticle, next to which is placed the bark. The bark of the trunk consists of a series of very thin layers, a new layer being formed every year: the new layer thus annually formed, is of course the innermost: it has received the name *Liber*, because it was on this substance that the antients, before the invention of printing, were accustomed to write. It consists of proper vessels, and of the organs hereafter to be described called clostres.

Within the bark is placed the wood, which in trees, contrary to what appears at first view, contains very little cellular, but consists almost entirely of vascular tissue. To common observation, a piece of dry wood appears to be a mass of solid fibres, or a series of minute solid filaments placed parallel to each other like the threads in a skein of silk. Yet careful examination demonstrates that the wood of the oldest and most compact plant, consists almost wholly of a congeries of exceedingly minute vessels which have nothing of the character of fibrous solids except in the membranous coats of which they are formed. On account of their extreme minuteness, their number is difficult to be computed. Hooke, by drawing off their fluids without destroying their figure, as is done in the preparation of charcoal,

endeavoured to compute the number in a line, the $\frac{1}{18}$th part of an inch long: in this space he counted not fewer than 160 vessels: therefore, in a line an inch long, there must be 2700; and in a surface of a square inch, 7,290,000 vessels, which would seem incredible, he adds, were not every one left to believe his own eyes.

The vessels of plants differ in one remarkable circumstance from those of animals, namely, in being all of the same size. The arteries of animals proceed from one large trunk, which by dividing and subdividing as it proceeds to be distributed to every part of the body, at length in its ultimate or capillary branches becomes so minute as to be perfectly invisible. These diversities in the arrangement of the vascular system in these two classes of living beings, are intimately connected with the functions they respectively perform.

A difference equally striking is observed in the uninterrupted continuity of the vessels of the plant. They never, like the vessels of animals, unite with each other, or as anatomists term it, anastomose. They merely lie side by side or cross each other without ever really inosculating, except at their ultimate terminations, where they unite mouth to mouth. They so often intersect each other at right angles, indeed, and especially in some of the organs of the plant, for example in the leaf, as to give a reticulated appearance to the tissue, and on a superficial observation to lead to the opinion, that there is, in such parts at least, an actual union of the vessels; yet the most careful and diligent observers after patient dissection, have come to the conclusion that the tubes continue perfectly distinct, like the several threads in a skein of silk, or more properly like the nervous filaments which are bound together in the cord that forms the nerve of the animal. This peculiarity also is intimately connected with the functions performed by the vessels in the economy of the plant.

In the last place, totally unlike the arrangement of the vascular system in animals, the vessels of plants are rarely if ever found single: they are collected into fasciculi or bundles which from their compactness, frequently look, indeed, like single vessels. The direction of these fasciculi, exceedingly different in different plants, and in different parts of the same plant, in the woody part of the trunk of trees, is uniform: they are always disposed regularly around the axis; in this manner they present in the transverse section of the trunk, the well-known appearance of concentric circles. In the young plant, and the annual shoot of the older tree, the vessels consist of a single ring which immediately surrounds the pith: in the

following year a new ring of vessels is formed around the first: in every succeeding year the same process is repeated; thus the wood consists at length of a series of rings inclosing each other, and the number denotes, as is well known, the age of the tree. The vessels when newly formed are more soft and tender than the old: hence the ring of new wood is more succulent than that of older growth; it is also generally of a whiter colour: on account of this whiteness of colour, it has received the name of *Alburnum.* Thus the alburnum, or newly-formed wood, which is also sometimes called sap-wood, and of which so much is said, differs in no essential respect from the compactest wood, termed *Duramen,* except in being of a softer consistence and lighter colour.

The mass of vessels constituting the main bulk of the wood of the trunk, consists of one order alone, in which is contained only one kind of fluid, and that is sap: hence the vessels are termed sap-vessels: or from the colour of their fluid, which is fine and transparent like lymph or water, and which seems, indeed, to be little else than water, they are commonly called by French writers, lymphatic vessels. In general, they are divided by the phytologists of our own country into two sets, namely, common sap, and spiral vessels. The first set, or common sap vessels, are regarded as continuous tubes having no apertures but in the direction of their length: and the second set, or spiral vessels, are conceived to differ from the first in no material respect, except in that of figure, being supposed to be the same vessels transformed; not an original species, but merely a variety of a common kind. A very different view of these vessels, however, is given by Dutrochet. He contends that they bear no analogy whatever in structure to any other vessels of the plant, and that their function also is quite peculiar. He admits, that they do not contain air as Malpighi and others imagined, who on account of their supposed office of transmitting air to the plant gave them the name of tracheæ or air-vessels. In common with all late observers, Dutrochet states that they are filled with a transparent fluid, which, according to him, performs an important office in the economy of the plant. As animals receive from oxygen a vivifying influence, which is indispensable to the preservation of vital motion, he conceives he has proved by direct experiment that vegetables receive a similar vivifying influence from light; that insolution is to plants what oxygenation is to animals; that this vivifying influence is communicated in the leaves, and that the fluid which has received it is conveyed from the leaves by means of the tracheæ into the interior of the trunk: that thus the tracheæ of

vegetables perform a function, analogous to that of the tracheæ of insects, only while the latter convey atmospheric air, a vivifying gas, the former convey a vivifying fluid.

Such are the vascular systems of the wood of the trunk. The wood itself is commonly said to be composed of ligneous fibres, but this is a term to which no exact ideas are attached. Dutrochet contends that there is properly no such thing as a solid fibre even in the heart of the compactest and heaviest wood: that wood is composed for the most part of elongated or oblong tubes, which are swollen in their middle, and pointed at their extremities; and that these tubes are placed side by side, and touch each other at their swollen parts, while they leave between their points interspaces which are occupied by the points of other tubes situated above or below them.* These oblong, or fusi-forme tubes, he calls clostres, and states that the membrane which forms them is extremely solid, and of a bright pearly appearance, while that they are really tubes, or that there is a cavity even at their points, he conceives is proved by the bubbles of air which are often generated in their interior by the action of nitric acid. He states further, that these fusi-forme bodies are found principally in the alburnous part of the wood, and in the liber of the bark; that they never contain the ascending, but are always full of the descending or elaborated sap: that they are the organs by which the elaborated sap, which is the real and proper nutritive fluid, is distributed to the internal parts of the plant, and that this diffusion is effected by the transmission of the fluid from clostre to clostre through the permeable walls of these organs, by means of a peculiar and newly-observed action immediately to be described. The clostres, although they contain the elaborated sap ought, he thinks, to be distinguished from what are usually called the proper vessels, which are much larger in diameter than the clostres, and contain, according to him, not nutritive, but secreted and excrementitious substances. And lastly, he states that the fluid contained in the clostres is capable of concreting: that as age advances it acquires a greater and greater degree of induration: that it is precisely by this change that the alburnum is converted into duramen; that the colour of the wood likewise depends upon the colour of this fluid, and that thus the hardness and colour of wood depend entirely upon the concretion and the colour of the fluid contained in the clostres.

Of the pith, the only part of the trunk which remains to be

* He states that, if a piece of wood be boiled for some time in nitric acid, a process which has the effect of diminishing the aggregation of the constituent parts of the wood, and the piece thus boiled be examined with a microscope, the structure above described becomes perfectly manifest.

described, and which is situated in its centre, it is necessary only to observe, that it is composed chiefly of cellular tissue. The walls of these cells abound with minute globular bodies, which Dutrochet supposes to be nervous organs. These globular cells contain a substance of a peculiar nature which recent examination has determined to be fecula, each grain of fecula being contained in a small membraneous envelop. The pith is destitute both of common sap or lymphatic vessels, and of spiral or tracheal vessels, and yet in many plants the pith is full of sap. This sap M. Dupetit-Thouars regarded as a reservoir of nutritious substance for the development of the buds in spring, and this idea Dutrochet adopts with some modifications.

From the trunk springs the branch, which is strictly an extension of the trunk, for in issuing from the tree the branch takes with it not merely the bark, but the wood also, and even the pith, so that in fact it contains a part of each portion of the trunk: whence the structure of the branch and the trunk are identical.

The last organs of the tree which it is necessary for our present purpose to describe are the leaves. The leaf consists of a cuticle which completely invests it, of cellular tissue, and of vessels. It is connected to the branch by the petiole or leaf-stalk. The leaf-stalk consists principally of vessels which it conveys from the branch to the leaf. At the point where the leaf-stalk terminates, and the expanded portion of the leaf commences, the vessels begin to ramify, and by their expansion and distribution produce a minutely reticulated structure. From this structure springs an order of vessels totally different from those which entered the leaf by the leaf-stalk, and which returning along the petiole pass into the bark and proceed to the roots, where they ultimately terminate. These are the proper vessels of the plant, and contain the elaborated sap. Dutrochet, however, thinks that the tubes already described under the name of clostres, and with which the leaf abounds, are the chief, if not the only organs which contain and distribute the true nutritive fluid of the plant, and that the proper vessels with their proper juices are excrementitious rather than nutritive.

Such are the common tissues and the chief organs of the tree, and such is its vascular system traced from its commencement to its termination. Commencing in the spongeolæ, the true absorbents of the plant, the first order of vessels proceed [illegible]ctly to the woody or central portion of the rootlets, and [illegible] to the woody or central portion of the larger branches

and body of the root. From the wood of the root they pass into the wood of the trunk, from the wood of the trunk they ascend to the wood of the branches, and from the wood of the branches they proceed by means of the leaf-stalk to the leaf; in the leaf they expand and ramify to an extreme degree of minuteness, forming a finely reticulated structure. The first order of vessels consisting of common sap vessels, together, as some suppose, with the spiral vessels or the tracheæ, has received a great variety of names. From the nature of the fluid they contain, they have been called sap vessels: from its colour lymphatic vessels: while from the direction of the tubes they have been termed ascending, and from their office adducent. The second order, inosculating, that is, uniting mouth to mouth with the first, in the fine reticulated structure of the leaf, return from this organ, along the leaf-stalk; pass thence into the bark of the branch: from the bark of the branch proceed to that of the trunk, and ultimately descend to the bark of the root where they terminate. This second order of vessels has also received different names on principles analogous to those which have determined the denominations of the first. Containing the elaborated sap and the secretions formed from it, or the peculiar juices of the plant, they have been named proper vessels: proceeding from the leaves downwards, through the bark to the roots, they have been called descending vessels, and returning after it has been duly changed, the fluid absorbed by the sap-vessels of the root, they have been denominated the reducent vessels. A different view, as we have seen, has been given of these vessels by Dutrochet. He conceives that they do not form the channels by which the nutritive fluid is conveyed to different parts of the plant, but that they are secretory and excrementitious vessels, and that the organs for the distribution of the nutriment are the clostres which form, as we have seen, connected chains of tubes, extending every where from the leaves to the bark, the alburnum, and the duramen.

From this description of the course of the vessels of plants, it is obvious that the fluids they contain form two currents, which flow in opposite directions, the one ascending and the other descending. The water absorbed from the soil by the spongeolæ, and ascending upwards to the leaves by the lymphatic vessels, in the route that has been described, gradually acquires as it ascends new properties. By wounding a sycamore tree on a part level with the surface of the earth, sap was obtained which had no particular flavour, and the specific gravity of which amounted to 1·004: at the height of seven feet from the ground its weight was increased to 1·008; when drawn at a distance of

twelve feet from the soil it weighed 1·012, and had become decidedly sweet. This acquisition of new properties is supposed to be owing to the intermixture of the elaborated sap. When the crude sap has undergone that change in the leaf which is necessary to fit it for the functions of nutrition and secretion, it flows back in an opposite course either through the proper vessels, or by the clostres. It is evident, therefore, that there is in the vegetable no proper circulation: that the nutritive fluid does not set out from a central part of the system to be returned to that point again, again to be propelled over the same circle: that there is no centre to which the fluids tend: no heart, no central engine to generate the impulse that moves them: and yet there is a striking analogy between general diffusion in the plant and proper circulation in the animal. The lymphatic vessels of the vegetable are its veins: the clostres are its arteries: the proper vessels are, perhaps, its capillary or secreting arteries; the leaves are its lungs, the organ in which the crude sap or the venous blood is converted by the process of respiration into elaborated sap or arterial blood, the proper nutritive fluid. But where is the organ analogous to the heart? where is the power that puts and that keeps the whole machinery in motion? Before answering this question we would glance at the proof derived from the observation of its motion in the growing vegetable, that the course of the sap is really what has been described.

In this climate there is no circulation in trees through the winter: the function is suspended: in the early part of spring it begins to be renewed. If a tree be examined at this period, it is found that a fluid rises from the spongeolæ, and ascends through the lymphatic vessels in the course described. If a transverse section be made of the root of a vine, the sap may be seen to flow from the wound by a number of minute holes, which are visible even to the naked eye; and if the sap be wiped away as it issues from the section, and the part be examined with a magnifying glass, the fluid may be seen to proceed from openings made in the lymphatic tubes, and not from the surrounding tissue. At this period there is no fluid in the bark: its vessels are empty, and its substance perfectly dry: neither is any fluid to be observed between the bark and the wood, nor is there any in the pith. But if the trunk be perforated or tapped, as it is called, fluid issues in great abundance from the wound, and if the perforation be extended even to the hardest part of the [illegible], the [illegible] seen to spring from it in nearly equal [illegible]

[illegible] commences, a remarkable change takes

place; with the appearance of the leaves, the flow of the sap through the wood appears to diminish; as they open, it seems to be still further lessened, and when they have fully expanded, none whatever can be perceived. Perforation of the trunk is now unattended with any loss of fluid from the wound. "A birch tree," says Dr. Walker, "was observed to bleed from every perforation of its trunk, and from every cut extremity of its branches, until vernation began: as soon as the buds appeared, the bleeding was checked; and when the young leaves had pushed beyond the hybernaculum, the bleeding entirely ceased," Still there can be no doubt, that the sap really continues to flow through the wood, although its course be no longer visible, because coloured fluids ascend through it just as they did before the development of the leaves, and because there is no other mode by which the leaves can obtain the large portion of fluid, which it is ascertained by experiment that they discharge by the process of transpiration. Why the wood no longer bleeds after the expansion of the leaves will appear immediately.

The bark hitherto had remained quite dry: as soon as the leaves appear, it becomes abundantly supplied with fluid: not only is its moisture coincident with the appearance of the leaves, but it is again rendered dry, even after it had become moist, if the leaves be removed. Strip its leaves from a young tree when it is in full sap, and its bark moist and easily detached; in the course of two or three days the bark will become perfectly dry, and adhere as closely to the wood as it commonly does during winter. From two thriving shoots of a pear-tree, Dr. Hales cut off in several places the bark all around for the space of half an inch; all the ringlets of bark between these incisions had a leaf-bud upon them, excepting one, and all but this one ringlet grew and swelled at their bottoms till August, and the larger and more thriving the leaf-bud was, so much the more did the adjoining bark swell. Mr. Knight also states that he found the bark of the vine to become shrivelled and dry when the leaves were stripped off, but that in those parts in which it communicated directly with the leaves it continued moist and flourishing. But the immediate transmission of fluid from the leaf to the bark has been proved by direct experiment. By immersing plants of spurge in a red fluid, Dr. Darwin observed in the first place, a red fluid ascend through the leaf; at the same time, he saw another fluid of a white colour, return from the extremities of the leaf, and descend into the leaf-stalk. In a plant of Euphorbia, set in like manner in a red liquor, he observed the red fluid to run along the inner ring of vessels in the leaf-stalk, to the upper

surface of the leaf; while on its under side, he saw a white fluid return from the extremities of the same leaf, and ascend by the external ring of vessels in the leaf-stalk to the bark. In similar experiments made on branches of the apple and horse-chesnut trees, Mr. Knight succeeded in tracing this returning fluid through the leaf-stalk, into the inner bark, and thence to the utmost extremities of the roots. As early as the month of February, before the sap began to flow, Dr. Walker made in a beech tree several incisions at different heights. At the lowest incision in the trunk no sap was visible till the temperature of the atmosphere rose to 46° in the shade; after which as the temperature augmented, the sap continued daily to rise; when the highest incision in the trunk, at the height of thirty feet, bled, the thermometer was at 52°: when the tree bled not only from the incisions in its trunk, but from every cut extremity of its branches, it was at 56°. During the whole experiment when the temperature was nearly the same, the sap continued almost stationary: rising again as the temperature rose, just like the fluid in a thermometer. To the cut extremity of a vine branch, Dr. Hales in the bleeding season cemented long glass tubes, so that he could readily observe the movements of the sap. Into these tubes it would rise many feet through the morning after the sun was up; but while in this rising state, if there was a cold wind, or the sun was clouded, the sap would immediately subside, at the rate of an inch in a minute, for several inches; but as soon as the sun-beams broke out again, the sap would immediately return to its rising state, just as any liquor in a thermometer rises and falls with the alterations of heat and cold. The velocity with which the sap rose was often great, being sometimes an inch in three minutes, and attaining in this manner the height of more than twenty feet. In other experiments, it exerted a force sufficient to sustain a column of mercury at the height of thirty-eight inches, "A force," says Dr. Hales, "five times greater than that of the blood in the crural artery of a horse."

What is the origin of this powerful motion? what is the source of the impulse by which this rapid ascent of the sap, its descent, and its general diffusion is accomplished? It is no easy matter to solve this problem, as abundantly appears from the imperfect and inadequate accounts which the ablest physiologists have hitherto given of these phenomena. The hypothesis of Malpighi was, that the motion of the sap is owing to its alternate dilatation and condensation by temperature. Sarrabat attributed it to the alternate rarefaction and condensation of air which he supposed to be contained in the

pith and in the tracheæ: the general opinion is, that it is effected by the capillary attraction of the containing tubes, while a few modern phytologists contend that the vegetable vessels possess a vital contractile power, by which they press upon and propel their contents—a power in all respects analogous to that of muscular contraction in the higher orders of animals. The two first suppositions deserve no notice: capillary attraction alone is perfectly inadequate to explain the phenomena: capillarity and contractility together do indeed afford causes adequate to the effect.

We have seen that the sap-vessels are exceedingly minute, and of uniform size: that they are placed side by side in mere juxta-position without uniting and inosculating, and that they are destitute of valves. It is evident from their structure, therefore, that they are true capillary tubes, and the force of capillary attraction, especially when aided by such a power of evaporation as we have seen is exerted by the leaves, must be great. That force is illustrated in a striking manner by an experiment of professor Leslie, who found that the attractive force exerted by the very fine pores of a thin hollow ball of earthenware, from which water was continually evaporating, was more than sufficient to support a load of mercury, in a tube attached to the ball, equal to that of four hundred inches of water, or a column of thirty-four feet of that fluid. He estimates the diameters of the pores in the ball at the ten-thousandth part of an inch, and supposes the pores in the leaves of plants to possess nearly the same dimensions. As fast, therefore, says he, as their humidity is exhaled into the atmosphere, it is constantly supplied by the ascent of sap from the roots. "Without perspiration," says Dr. Hales, "the sap must necessarily stagnate, notwithstanding the vessels are so curiously adapted by their exceeding fineness, to raise the sap to great heights in a reciprocal proportion to their very minute diameters." Capillary attraction alone, however, is totally inadequate to account for the movements of the fluids in plants. In all bodies there is a point beyond which mere capillarity will exert no influence. If a porous mineral be plunged in water it will imbibe this fluid until all its capillary cavities are full: when that has once happened, not a particle more will be imbibed: but an aquatic plant, immersed in water, continues to grow and to increase in bulk: its capillary action, under such circumstances, must soon be at an end, yet absorption goes on indefinitely: absorption, therefore, in this case, cannot be the effect of capillary attraction. Capillary attraction is steady and invariable in its operation; the physical condition of the body

in which it takes place remaining the same, its action is uniform: the relation between evaporation and absorption in the living plant is not uniform, the physical conditions that influence capillarity being unchanged. The thermometrical and hygrometrical state of the air remaining the same, a plant absorbs more in the light than in darkness: the direct rays of the sun by augmenting the heat and increasing evaporation, might be conceived to promote absorption according to the common law, but this cannot be supposed to be the case where the absorption is accelerated, as it is, by diffuse light, which produces no heat. The action here is not merely physical; it is obedient to other than physical laws: it is a vital action, and cannot be explained by referring it to a simple physical operation.

The inadequacy of capillarity to explain the phenomena has induced phytologists to suppose that the vessels of plants are endowed with a power analogous to the contractility of animals. "If a capillary tube," says Dr. Thomson, "be taken, of such a bore, that a fluid will rise in it six inches; and if after the fluid has risen to its greatest height, the tube be broken short three inches from the bottom, none of the liquid in the under half flows over. But if we cut a plant, the *euphorbia peblis*, for instance, in two places, so as to separate a portion of the stem from the rest, the milky juice of the plant flows out at both ends so completely, that if afterwards we cut the portion of the stem in the middle, no juice whatever appears. Now, the diameter of these vessels is so small, that if it were to continue unaltered, the capillary attraction would be more than sufficient to retain their contents, and consequently not a drop would flow out. Since, however, the whole liquid escapes, it must be driven out forcibly, and consequently the vessels must contract." From similar experiments, Du Hamel in like manner inferred that the "proper juice" is forced out by a contraction of the vessels that contain it.

This, and many other phenomena of vegetable life are indeed incapable of being referred to capillarity; but still there is no positive evidence of the existence of contractility: it is the want of such a power, rather than any proof that it is really communicated to the plant, that has induced physiologists to resort to the hypothesis.

In this state of the question, Dutrochet has announced the discovery of a principle, which, if established, will at once remove the difficulty and shed a clear and beautiful light, not only over the motion of fluids in plants, but over many other vital processes both of the vegetable and animal economy. It is stated by this

distinguished physiologist, as a fact, to the knowledge of which he has arrived by a long series of experiments, that whenever two fluids of different densities or of different chemical properties are separated from each other by an organic membrane, there is established through the walls of the membrane two currents which proceed in opposite directions and with unequal force, and that consequently there is an accumulation of fluid in that part towards which the strongest current is directed. He informs us, that he was led to the observation of this curious and important phenomenon, by having accidentally left in water in which he had placed it for the purpose of examination one of the little bags in which the spermatic fluid of the snail is accumulated in the act of reproduction. On returning, in about the space of half-an-hour, to the examination of this little horn-shaped bag, he was surprised to find that it was nearly emptied of its spermatic fluid, and that its place was occupied with water. On attentively observing the portion of sperm which remained in the sac, he saw that it was emitted from it with considerable impulse through what might be termed the neck of the horn, and that the pressure of the water which penetrated the sac through its walls, appeared to be the mechanical agent by which the impulse that expelled it was communicated to this organized fluid. Struck with this singular occurrence, he placed in water a second bag full of the same fluid, and carefully watched the result. Precisely the same phenomenon occurred a second time: the spermatic fluid was expelled with considerable impulse, so that in about an hour-and-a-half every particle of it was emitted from the sac, which on the other hand had been quite turgid with water. If the two currents which thus passed through the walls of an organic membrane were a general law, Dutrochet at once saw how efficient and extensive an agent this might be in accomplishing the varied and complicated functions of life. With a view of ascertaining whether its actions were general, he immediately instituted a series of experiments, the result of which, supposing them to be accurate, establishes its universality beyond question. It is impossible, at present, to enter into any detail of those experiments: we may, however, return to the subject which is full of interest, and which opens to the physiologist a vast, an entirely new, and, there is reason to believe, no barren field of inquiry. We shall only give as a sample of the rest, one experiment, the first of a long series. Having thoroughly washed in water a piece of that part of the intestine of a pullet, which is called the *cæcum*, he inclosed within it some milk which he secured by fastening the *cæcum* with a ligature at both ends. At the commencement of

the experiment, the *cæcum* was half filled with milk, and weighed altogether 196 grains: it was now plunged in water: on examining it twenty-four hours afterwards, it was found to weigh 269 grains, and in the space of twelve hours more, 313 grains: thus in thirty-six hours, the *cæcum* had gained by the introduction of water into its cavity through its walls, 117 grains in weight, and had become very turgid. From this period, the weight of the intestine diminished: it lost its turgid state, and its walls collapsed. In thirty-six hours from the time it began to diminish in weight, it had lost 54 grains: and being now opened, the milk was found curdled and putrid. The temperature during the experiment was maintained at from 18 to 21° R. As a specimen of the experiment which establishes the reverse action, we give the following:—A portion of the *cæcum* of a pullet being three parts filled with water, holding in solution $\frac{1}{50}$ of its weight of gum arabic, and being firmly closed with a ligature, was immersed in pure water: it weighed 60 grains; on being weighed at the end of an hour, it was found to have gained 180 grains. The *cæcum* being now removed from the pure water and immersed in water which held in solution $\frac{1}{10}$ of its weight of gum arabic, was again weighed at the end of an hour; it was now found to have lost 30 grains of its weight; and at the end of two hours, it was nearly empty. Thus the rarer fluid within the cavity of this organic membrane had passed through its walls to the denser fluid without. We regret extremely, that we cannot follow the varied and ingenious experiments of the author by which he arrived at the general conclusion already stated. Because the principle by which a fluid thus penetrates the walls of a minute organic cavity, and becomes accumulated within it, appears to act with a degree of force, Dutrochet distinguishes it by the name of Endosmose, from ενδον, within, and ωσμος, impulse: on the contrary, that by which a fluid is "exhaled from an organic cavity, he terms Exosmose, from εξ, out, and ωσμος, impulse. Thus when a dense fluid is within the cavity of an organic sac, and a rarer fluid is in contact with its external surface, the rarer fluid penetrates through its walls until it completely distends its cavity by the action of Endosmose: when, on the contrary, the rarer fluid is within and the denser without the cavity, the rarer fluid is expelled by the inverse action termed Exosmose. We cannot even advert to the experiments by which the author has attempted to shew that these opposite motions depend upon currents of electricity which are excited by the close approximation and almost immediate contact of fluids of different densities and of different chemical properties: nor to the observations advanced to show how admirable an arrangement this seems to be for effecting

those new combinations, both in vegetable and animal bodies, which are termed secretions. We have only space to adduce an illustration or two to show in how satisfactory and beautiful a manner this principle, supposing it to be established, will explain some of the phenomena of life.

It is known, that the vegetable tissue is composed of vesicles or cells, and that these cells are commonly filled with organic fluids. Organic fluids in general are denser than water: it follows, that the cells containing such fluids, must be the seat of endosmose, whenever their external walls are in contact with water. Nothing can be conceived more admirably constructed for this kind of action than the spongeolæ. The minute cells, of which these tender and delicate organs are composed, surrounded by the water of the soil, are filled by endosmodic action, to the state of turgidity: the water constantly accumulating within them, and finding no exit by evaporation, as it does by the leaves, acquires an impulsive force: by this impulse, the water is propelled into the lymphatic tubes which open into these cells with patulent mouths; and thus is gained the primary impulse to which the ascending sap is subjected. But the effect of the evaporation of the leaves, which, as we have seen, is great and constant, is the production of a vacuum more or less perfect in the lymphatic tubes, and consequently the generation of a true suction power. This is not all. The leaves themselves are powerful organs of endosmose: their cells and vessels losing by evaporation a part of their fluids, and regaining them by the action of endosmose from the neighbouring organs, the combined result must be a powerful afflux of the sap towards the leaves. Propelled by these powers, the sap circulates through the leaves, and when changed into elaborated sap, enters the clostres of the bark and alburnum, with which both abound, and which as we have seen are chains of sacs distributed over every part of the interior of the plant: that is, connected series of powerful endosmodic organs, by the instrumentality of which the elaborated sap is conveyed to the interior of the plant, and wherever its economy requires it. Thus the actions of endosmose and exosmose afford an intelligible account of the motion of fluids in plants, a phenomenon not easily explicable on any principles hitherto known. Of the application of these principles to the explanation of the phenomena of nutrition, secretion, absorption, &c. we have not, at present, space to speak.

We have entered into the preceding details in order to exhibit a connected, and, we hope, intelligible, however brief and imperfect account of vegetable structure and function. The practical expedients, easy, and inexpensive, by which it appears

that a great improvement might be effected in the growth of trees, certainly among the most valuable of vegetable productions, and by which almost any place might be at once clothed with these beautiful objects will, we think, be better appreciated, and regarded with a higher interest, if the preceding sketch should excite the mind of the reader to attend to the curious phenomena of vegetable life. The influence of physical agents upon these phenomena is uniform; and so important that not only the vigor, luxuriance and beauty, but even the very life of the tree depend upon it; while the application of it is capable of being modified by the enlightened phytologist, who can alone be a judicious arboriculturalist, to an extent which is by no means generally understood. Every one knows that a certain degree of temperature is indispensable to vegetable life: that a higher degree of it is required to excite its active processes; that a certain degree of cold will at once suspend its vital functions, and that a still severer degree of it will kill the plant: but the wonderful extent of the range within which the influence of these physical agents may be resisted is not so generally known. Degrees of temperature and moisture which would utterly destroy the texture of a plant if it were dead, it can perfectly resist as long as it retains the principle of life. No intensity of cold can sink its temperature many degrees below that which is natural to it in ordinary circumstances, and like the animal body it can bear without injury, and without any remarkable elevation of temperature, degrees of heat which would absolutely boil it, were it destitute of life. M. Sonnerat found the *vitex agnus castus*, and two species of aspalathus, on the banks of a thermal rivulet in the island of Lucon, the heat of which raised the thermometer to 174° of Fahrenheit, and so near the water, that its roots swept into it. Around the borders of a volcano in the isle of Tanna, where the thermometer stood at 210° Mr. Forster found a variety of flowers flourishing in the highest state of perfection; and confervas and other water plants, are by no means unfrequently traced in the boiling springs of Italy, raising the thermometer to 212° or the boiling point. Under ordinary circumstances the root, the trunk, the branches, perform different and peculiar offices: but if a branch of some trees be cut off and planted in the earth, it will emit rootlets from its sides beneath the soil, and become at length an entire plant possessing the several members of root, trunk, and branches. If even the bark of a branch be partially removed, so as to intercept the course of the descending sap, and the detached part be at the same time surrounded with moist earth in the manner of a graft, the upper portion of the dried bark

will emit rootlets into the earth; and if after a certain period, the branch be separated and planted, it will form a tree sooner, it is said, than by most other methods. Invert the position, place the trunk in the earth, and the root in the air, and a root will perform the office of a trunk, and the trunk that of the root.

These are highly curious and interesting facts, and point to the useful purposes to which science and skill might direct them. The plastic power they indicate, the power of adaptation to a vast variety and contrariety of external circumstances may well suggest the important advantages that might be taken of such processes by one who should make himself perfectly acquainted with their nature and extent. In fact the physiologist in producing the most surprising changes, and practising the most useful operations on a living body, is working upon an object, the powers of which he knows, with instruments the powers of which he knows, and therefore with a result which he cannot but know: and it is by so working, that sir Henry Stuart has produced those wonderful and beautiful changes on the surface of nature which he has so happily achieved. But the application to such objects of the preceding account of vegetable physiology, or as theologians would say, the improvement of the whole matter, we shall take another opportunity of making.

Art. IX.—1. *Italy as it Is.* London. 1828.

2. *A Tour in Italy and Sicily.* By J. Simond. London. 1828.

HAPPY is the man who, leaving the Alps behind him, has the plains of Lombardy on his right hand and on his left, the Apennines in view, and Florence as the city towards which he directs his steps. His way is through a country where corn grows under groves of fruit trees, whose tops are woven into green arcades by thickly-clustering garlands of vines; the dark masses of foliage and verdure which every where appear, melt insensibly, as he advances, into a succession of shady bowers that invite him to their depths; the scenery is monotonous, and yet ever various from the richness of its sylvan beauty, possessing all the softness of forest glades without their gloom. Towards Bologna, the landscape roughens into hills, which grow into Apennines, but Arcadia still breathes from slopes and lawns of tender green, which take their rise in the low stream-watered vallies, and extend up the steep ascent till met midway by the lofty chesnut groves which pale them in. To these gentler

features succeeds the passage of the Apennines, which here, at least, are not as the author of "Italy as it Is," describes them, "the children of the Alps—smiling and gentle and happy as children should be," but, as we remember them, their summits form themselves into a wild, dreary region, sown with sterile mountain-tops, and torn to pieces by wind and storm: the only glimpse of peace is derived from the view on either side of the sea, which sometimes shews itself on the horizon, a misty line, half silver, half æther. This barren wilderness again softens into gracefully-swelling hills turned towards Florence. The fair olive tree and the dark cypress mingle their foliage with the luxuriant chesnut boughs, and the frequent marble villa flashes a white gleam from amid its surrounding laurel bowers. The sky is more beautiful than earth, and each symbolize peace and serene enjoyment.

Both the country and the climate increase in beauty as you approach Rome. The Queen of the world, humble in her glory, sits in a lowly plain; she is hid in the misty expanse of the Campagna, till within a few miles, when the long boundary line is broken, and the dome of St. Peter's emerges in single majesty from behind. One by one, like stars in the twilight sky, the smaller cupolas shine out, and a vast extent of dome, tower, and verdurous wall, discloses itself to the traveller's thirsty gaze.

Here we pause. The high-wrought expectations which the name of Rome, the picturesque and desolate Campagna, and the first glorious lifting of the curtain at the Porta del Popolo, had fully realized, are often visited with disappointment during a residence in the city. The confused mixture of monuments of all ages disturbs the imagination. The vile hut of an artificer, the abode of dirt, smoke, and noise, rising in the hollow of a temple checks our enthusiasm.—In one place we remember being struck by the ridiculous juxta-position of a variety of structures—a stunted gothic tower, leaving its mother church, cheated our imperfect, distance-deluded optics, by assuming the appearance of a night-cap placed upon four Grecian columns elevated in its front. No line of demarcation is drawn between such dissimilar objects, and yet there is no affinity between them. Modern Rome is the lineal descendant of the ancient city, yet it is impossible to trace the slightest likeness of one to the other; and they form a contrast rendered more striking by their being forcibly brought into comparison. Paganism and Christianity were not more hostile in the days of Julian the Apostate, than is now the spirit breathed from the works of art, children of various eras, that strew the area,

which the walls of Rome inclosed. At each step the genial temper of ancient philosophy stands corrected by the austere self-denying precepts of Catholicism. To render this intelligible, let us only compare the structure of their tombs. The sarcophagi of the ancients are adorned by images of living grace, and the sculptured resemblance of all that is jocund; sorrow is cheated of her tears, and melancholy death becomes a plaything. Let us view a modern monument. Here the dread misshapen shape is depicted in a grim, yet ridiculous form; he figures like the lean horse of an hardworking country apothecary, who in his master's service has bared his ribs, and displays his fleshless bones in token of a steady but sad attachment, while his victim waits eternal centuries upon his knees, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, for the coming of the grand audit day; and did the stone image sympathise with the believer it is meant to represent, the marble features would be deep trenched with lines of terror for its result.

Go to Rome, but seek not to find even a dim shadow of the city of the consuls, nor even the silent burial place of her bygone heroes. We do not discover the crowded forum, the well-filled amphitheatre, nor baths, the resort of the voluptuous;—neither do we find the ruins of all these in their untainted simplicity; traces of the altered faith gather around; gloomy records of martyrdom, and interminable portraitures of saintly miracles, stand side by side with the relics of Roman glory and Roman power. Each are interesting, both may be good, but they accord ill. Again, the manners of the Romans of our days, their worldliness and covetousness, disturb the solemn emotions we desire to indulge among these time-eaten ruins. The love of money, the characteristic trait of the modern Italians, becomes a perfect thirst of gain, as you advance southwards. A Roman accosts you with solemn reverence—to view his respectful aspect and to listen to his tender adulations, you might fancy yourself an apostle travelling in disguise; but the salvation aimed at by such pious attention is purely temporal, and to be arrived at through your purse; egged on by hope of approaching with his fingers the idolized coin, he thrusts himself between you and your enthusiasm, and standing under the shadow of the capitol, will call a quattrino (farthing) his dear friend. As you love the memory of the past, and would cherish exalted association with the relics of the eternal city, shun daylight in Rome, avoid the garish sun which displays the ill-assorted marriage of ancient with modern; wander forth beneath the moon's illusory rays; then the undergrowth of the puny sons of the latter years, fades in the shade of night, the great and glorious monuments of past ages

stand forth "in single blessedness," and succeed to one another, till Rome grows out of Rome, and the mirror of her past existence stands unstained by any base reflection in simple majesty before you. She becomes the sepulchre of antiquity, and, as a sepulchre, ought to be lonely. Thus, in truth, we have sometimes wished her to become wholly depopulate; we have desired that the profound solitude which reigns without her precincts, should also exist within. To render Rome really a Roman scene (an expression which Simond supposes to be the origin of the word romantic), every inhabitant should be dismissed; let the modern usurpers of the sacred soil build elsewhere, on less consecrated ground, homes for their degenerate race, and let the crumbling of her ruins and the flowing of her fountains be the only sounds to salute the ear of the classic pilgrim, who visits this venerable conservatory of old Time's rarest treasures.

But we are not permitted thus to foster our enthusiasm: pursued by Locandieri, ciceroni, and dread tales of bandits, who ever retreat as we advance, we quit degraded Rome. From her extent of palace and temple and garden, we make what the Italians call a *salto mortale,* and fall from the extreme heights of civilization upon the Pontine Marshes, a remnant of the reign of old Chaos, when earth and water lay in hideous and unfruitful torpor together. This dismal swamp serves as a curtain to veil the shrine and select abode of beauty. After the pass of Fondi, the sea retreats from the land, and spreads itself into a placid expanse of limpid blue, while the earth swells into a thousand lovely forms; sharp promontories shoot into the waves, and the crescent shores, painted bright by the gleaming fruit of the orange trees (called by the imaginative Italians *conche d'oro,* golden shells) lie in radiant beauty at the foot of the purple hills, paling in the Mediterranean, while the islands which rise from their clear-ocean bath, complete the seclusion and beauty of the scene. On the extreme verge of sea and land, separating the two elements—Naples stands glittering like a gem—*Vede Napoli, e poi mori!* is a well-known saying—which every spectator echoes; for who that has been at Naples does not feel that all other places appear sad and gloomy as a cloister, after a residence in this "piece of Heaven fallen upon earth."

We have been led into this enlargement upon Italian scenery by the absence of any thing like description in the volume entitled "Italy as it Is"—Mr. Best is already known as the author of an account of a residence of four years in France, whose chief interest consists in the development of the character, and a detail of the death of his eldest son. There is good sense and useful

knowledge in the work, and we easily pardon the absence of the graces of a higher species of composition in the history of the minutiæ of a family's abode in a country town in France. But something more is required of a traveller in Italy. Besides, Mr. Best is a Roman Catholic, and the desire of defending his faith warps his views and diminishes the justice or utility of his observations. In consonance with his opinion of the superior merits of the faith of our fathers, he chooses to imagine that since the twelfth century, civilization has enjoyed a complete sabbath, making no sort of advance during the latter ages. Discontented with the changes, which he will not consider improvements, which have had place since, he retrogrades with his intellect back to that æra, and employs himself by picking up in his way all the exploded errors dropped by Time in his progress, as useless lumber out of his baggage cart; these he sets up as idols, extols them, and has written a book in honour of their memory, so pathetically worded, that we begin to repine at the law of nature which has placed our birth in the nineteenth century. Nor can we agree in the judgments he passes on the works of art, though they often amused us from their whimsicality. We are told that the Coliseum is too ruinous—that the Egyptian Museum in the Vatican puts him in mind of the five wigs in the barber Figaro's shop window—that the Apollo Belvidere looks like a broken-backed young gentleman shooting at a target for the amusement of young ladies. Works of art belong to the imagination, certain forms of which they realize; those who do not possess this portion of mind are incapable of perceiving the excellence of the objects created only to be understood by it—their criticisms stand for nothing, and an artist has a natural right to demur at submitting his works to their tribunal.

It may be prejudice, but as before in Eustace, so now in the present volume, we are disgusted by the Catholics setting the corruption, profligacy and imbecility of Papal Rome, in comparison with her ancient glories. He glories over the consecration of the Pantheon as "a trophy of the greatest victory that ever was achieved; a victory in comparison with which all those obtained by brute force, or military art, are less than nothing in the estimate of right reason, justice, and benevolence —A victory of truth over error, of virtuous principle over deplorable perversion, over vacillating morality."—[p. 301.]—Does the reader wish to understand these assertions? Let him turn from the pages of Livy, to those of the history of the Popes, and he will find its just comment and elucidation. It is in this spirit that the convert travels through Italy, exulting in the overthrow of the magnificent, the intellectual, soul-stirring times

of the Scipios and Catos, and the superstructure of tiaras, red-stockinged cardinals—of pardons, priestcraft and simony.

As the next best thing to the power of the Pope, Mr. Best reveres that which Austria has established to degrade to the lowest possible depth the degenerate Italians. He sets out by endeavouring to refute all the stories told of the barbaric stupidity of the Austrian government; but this admiration yields to the annoyances inflicted on him by the Austrian custom-house officers. Some of the most amusing passages of the book are allotted to a recital of teazing delays occasioned by the absence of these officials from their post of duty, and of the wanderings of the whole unhappy party in different directions through an unknown city in search of them—they, when found, shut the door like Pope's "good John," in their faces, bidding them wait—not exactly ten years, but till ten to-morrow, which is pretty much the same to the author's six innocent children, standing in the market-place, wanting their night-caps. At last, one of the *Liberators* is prevailed upon to attend; he begins the long progress of inquisitorial research, and just as the business seems drawing to a peaceable close, some forbidden trifle peeps through the respectable common-places of ordinary wearing apparel, and the turn-out of the whole box is insisted upon. Scenes like this make a rebel of the passive non-resistant—and he seditiously contradicts his previous account of the perfection of Austrian sway, by an assertion that "none can travel in that empire with tolerable comfort, but pedlars, and men to whom combs and tooth-brushes are luxuries unknown."

Mr. Best's work will not be revered by men of taste, nor consulted for its philosophy and enlarged views—but it is, after all, both an amusing and useful production. It is amusing from the anecdotes and native repartees scattered through the narration, which taken from the lips of the Italians themselves are characteristic and worthy of Goldoni. It is useful, for he details the minutiæ of his domestic life—his bargains, his contracts—he gives an exact list of prices, and accurate information as to a foreigner's best mode of living in the country—a family going to reside there will derive considerable benefit from consulting him and following his directions.

It has seldom been our lot to read a work more unpretending, more manly in its style, extensive in its information, amusing from its variety, and just in its conclusions than the "Tour in Italy and Sicily, by L. Simond." If all travellers wrote and described as he does, their productions would attain the highest places in the literary scale. He entered Italy by the Simplon, and condenses his progress southward into one magnificent

panorama, where nothing is omitted, and nothing overdone. If we were at all inclined to quarrel with him, it would be with his opinions concerning works of art;—he does not sufficiently admire—and this arises from not having sufficiently studied—the productions of the great masters.—The knowledge of beauty is not a simple perception gained by the eyes; it requires refinement and education merely to perceive the intention of an artist, to pass judgment; we must not only, as it were, turn over the leaves hastily, reading merely the heads of the chapters, and table of contents, we must scan each page, peruse each line. A good picture requires at least as much time for its perusal as the volume of a novel.

In giving an account of the manners and usages of the country, Mr. Simond has not put down each vague assertion of the people he met, or the crude result of his own hasty observations; he has conversed with sensible men, seen with penetrating eyes, and the reader may depend on the truth and justness of his deductions. As an interesting specimen of his narrations we present one extract; and, as long sojourners in the country he describes, can vouch for every part of the detail.

'What had hitherto come under my own observation respecting men and manners in Italy, had certainly not been favourable; but the information given me at Bologna, concerning the domestic habits of the peasantry, has at least raised my opinion of this class.—My informer, being a great landed proprietor, as well as an intelligent man, and in habitual contact with the people, yet not an Italian himself, possesses all the experience, without the prejudices of a native. The peasants of this province are not proprietors; they have not even a lease of their farms, but retain possession by a sort of tacit understanding, deemed as binding as any written engagement could be; generation succeeds generation, without a change of tenure; children marry, and their children after them, on the same farm: and it is not uncommon, to meet with families composed of thirty or forty individuals all under the same roof, and acknowledging a chief or head, who is alone accountable to the proprietor of the soil or landlord. He directs the labour of the field, while his wife manages the household concerns; and one or more women take care of all the children, while the others are at work. "We lost a child last night," one of those guardians of the nursery was heard to say, although she never was a mother. Money is rarely seen in the family, nor is it wanted: for there are no accounts to settle among them. Food and clothing are home produce, and the rent is paid in kind (one half of the gross produce). Every important determination is submitted by the chief, to the members of the family for their advice and consent, but the peace is rarely disturbed by any material disagreement. The old and infirm are well and kindly attended, and but few irregularities take place between the young people. When the chief becomes too

old, or proves incapable, another is appointed in his stead, and the change occasions no disturbance. The same good understanding generally prevails between landlord and tenant; for the latter gets in his harvest, thrashes his corn, and shells his maize, without being overlooked by the landlord, who comes only to choose one out of two heaps of grain, or one out of two parcels of hemp, ready prepared for the purpose. The same confidence is shewn, as to the produce of the vineyard: for every other tub-full of mashed grapes is sent to the landlord, without his deeming it necessary to inspect those which the tenant keeps for himself. All this security constitutes a state of things, to which few other countries offer a parallel: and we may infer from it, that the abject poverty and profligacy which we see in the town, have not reached the country.

'The extreme fertility of the territory of Bologna, is sufficiently shewn by the weight of the corn, the height and vigour of the full-eared maize, and above all, the incomparably fine growth of the hemp. Few artificial meadows are seen, and no natural ones,—a circumstance which forms a singular contrast with the number and beauty of the horned cattle.

'Another well-authenticated fact, respecting Italian manners and morals, in another and very distant part of the country, will further serve to shew, how much travellers should be on their guard against such generalizations as first appearances naturally suggest. There is at the foot of Monte Rosa, in the district of Varello, a small borough of 1,200 inhabitants, called Alagna, where there has not been a criminal trial, not even a civil suit, this last four hundred years. In case of any wrong committed, or any very blameable conduct, the guilty person, marked by public reprobation, is soon compelled to leave the country. The authority of fathers, like that of the patriarchs, continues absolute all their lives; and at their death they dispose of their property as they please, by verbally imparting their last will to one or two friends, whose report of it is reckoned sufficient; no objection was ever made to such a testament, and a notarial act is a thing unknown at Alagna. Not long since, a man died worth four thousand pounds sterling,—a very great fortune there; he bequeathed a trifle only to his natural heir. The latter, soon after, met accidentally at the neighbouring town of Varello, a lawyer of his acquaintance, and learned from him, that he was legally entitled to the whole property, thus unkindly denied to him, and of which, with his assistance, he might obtain possession very shortly. The disinherited man at first declined the offer, but upon being strongly urged, said he would reflect on it. For three days after this conversation, he appeared very thoughtful, and owned to his friends, that he was about to take an important determination. At last it was taken; and calling on his legal adviser, he told him, "the thing proposed, had never been done at Alagna, and that he would not be the first to do it."'

The extract runs into too great length, but it ends by saying:—

'The people of Alagna endured the revolution, saw all its changes,

and partook its miseries unaltered. The conscription ruined them; for having at first resolved not to serve, they made a common purse to buy substitutes, and did not submit to join the army till the wealth of the country was all consumed.'—p. 81.

Mr. Simond does not dwell much on Tuscany, but to compensate to us for this, he enlarges upon Rome and its environs. He arrived in the holy city on the 24th of November. He witnessed the ceremonies of Christmas and the festivities of the carnival. Without entering into too much detail of ruins and statues, he gives an interesting account of all most worthy of notice,—his book is not a guide through Rome, but it will instruct all those who have not been there, and throw new lights upon the objects for travellers to that capital of the world. From church ceremonies, he passes to the manners of the inhabitants, and gives an account of the influence exercised by the French during their stay there; the meliorations introduced by them, and the weakness and corruption of the papal government. In the months of February and March, he made excursions in the environs of Rome, and his visit to the sea-coast (*Latium antiquissimum*) is full of interest. He finds the whole extent of country brooded over by malaria, which affected all the inhabitants with disease,—the sight of these victims must be a melancholy spectacle:—

'They did not look, (he says,) particularly poor and ragged, but they did look miserably sick, emaciated, and swollen at the same time, with protuberant stomachs. The children, with faces of a waxy hue, no bigger than an apple, seemed to have been born dying.'—p. 343.

Mr. Simond, endeavours in some degree, to account for the pestilence inherent in this soil. First, he conjectures that the numerous plagues enumerated by Pliny, were only worse returns of these annual fevers. All the temples to Esculapius, to Hygeia, to fevers of all sorts, the ruins of which are at this day seen, with appropriate inscriptions, were, in fact, so many monuments of the fears of the ancients. Yet, as he truly observes, people did live then, in places where at present they would indubitably fall victims to mortal diseases. As testimony of which, he mentions the population of ancient Rome, computed at six or seven millions, under Claudius; extending, as Pliny tells us, from Tivoli to Ortia, that is, over grounds which it is now death to inhabit. One of the causes of this increase of disease, he attributes to the soil being more exposed to the sun than formerly, from the cutting down of the woods by the Popes—he observes:—

'The ancients planted these woods, or preserved them, under an idea, probably erroneous, that they screened them from certain winds carrying noxious vapours along with them; but, although mistaken as to the real mode of agency of woods, they were quite right in supposing them useful. To the destruction of these woods of Latium, the increase of solstitial fevers has been clearly traced; the one having uniformly followed the other; and this is further confirmed, by the experience of other countries. In the United States of North America, for instance, forests are not unhealthy till cleared of their trees for the purpose of cultivation.'—p. 353.

'A very curious phenomenon attending these fevers at Rome, is, that the heart of the city, that part where the houses are contiguous, is quite exempt from the disease, however low the ground and near the river; while those parts which were most inhabited in ancient times, that is all the southern half, now destitute of inhabitants, and covered with gardens and vineyards, are become quite unhealthy. Before Nero, the streets of Rome were in general very narrow, and we learn from Tacitus, that the wider ones were less healthy.'—p. 354.

'The union of heat and moisture is necessary to the generation of disease, but a degree of heat, very little inferior to that of Rome is not sufficient. Milan and Bologna, for instance, with a mean temperature only 3° or 4° less than the mean temperature of Rome, are free from the malaria fevers. Now the difference of temperature between the surface of the soil, when shade, and when exposed to the sun's beams in summer, is much greater than the difference of temperature above-mentioned, between Rome and Milan, or Bologna; for when Reaumur's thermometer was 20° in the shade, I found it as much as 30° in the sun, or even more, (77° and 99°½ of Fahrenheit) a difference, abundantly sufficient to account for the generation of fevers in the latter case, and not in the former.'

We are tempted to add one more extract in the shape of an anecdote, relative to this excursion to the environs of Rome.

'A trifling circumstance will often disclose much of the domestic and social condition of the people. Scarcely had we set out on this our maritime excursion, when we observed a ragged boy, fifteen or sixteen years old, following our horses at a hop, step, and a jump, half walking, half running; and when we questioned him on his purpose, he said, he meant to wait on us on the way, or at any rate to clean our boots every morning, and was provided with a bottle of blacking and brushes, hard and soft, which he instantly exhibited. We told him, we did not want him, that his services thus forced upon us, would not be rewarded, and desired him to leave us and go back; but he only grinned a smile of incredulity, and went on: our repeated expostulations and even threats, all proved in vain. At night, being very thinly clad, he crept on the hearth, and on the warm ashes, where there were any. We had him the whole way out and home; and in truth, he cleaned our boots, held the bridle, and made himself so acceptable, that at last we were sorry to part with him. It must be

the fault of the political institutions of a country, not of its people; when an active disposition like this finds no proper employment.' —p. 349.

After witnessing, and he describes them with great spirit, the ceremonies of the holy week, Mr. Simond left Rome on the 26th March, for Naples. This author shines most when giving an account of the state of a country, of the government, and individual acts. He did not remain long enough at Naples, or in Sicily, to become acquainted with these. He gives but an outline, such as it presents itself to all, even uninquisitive travellers, and no longer fills up the picture as before, with an history of cause and effect, full of interest and instruction. His tour in Sicily becomes at last a mere traveller's journal; we draw our own inferences merely from the uncoloured sketch, and certainly it differs from the usual idea. The Sicilian peasantry, appear like the French, to live in towns—and not in detached farm-houses and cottages, presenting prospects the reverse of those we contemplate in Italy, one of whose characteristics is, to remind us of our own country by the active spirit of agriculture, the multitude of labourers and their habitations which diversify the scene. Mr. Simond is no poetic describer of scenery, though the justness of his details, may suggest poetry to those whose imaginations can appreciate the appearances natural objects, such as he describes, must present. He speaks of the remains of antique edifices, without enthusiasm, and among other specimens of bad taste, we were not a little shocked, at meeting with the following observation, speaking of the Etruscan vases:—" As to the alleged elegance of form, I should be inclined to appeal from the present to succeeding generations, when the transformation of every pitcher, milk-pot and butter-pan, in an antique shape, has completely burlesqued away the classical feeling, and restored impartiality to taste."—We cannot pretend to say, what succeeding generations may do for the improvement of the present style, but let us appeal from things as they are, to things as they were in the time of our grandmothers; all persons with an eye for beauty of form, must feel deep gratitude to sir William Hamilton, Mr. Hope, Mr. Wedgewood, and others, whose taste being educated in the pure school of graceful and simple antiquity, brought it home from the ruins of Pompei, into our modern parlours; who gave us lightness for cumbrous weight; beauty for deformity; and not this in museums difficult of access, or utensils of costly manufacture; but in objects of everyday use: who permitted us without barbarism, to admire the arrangements of our tea-trays, and to afford praise, before

due to time-ruined pots and pans only, to our own, new sprung from the wheel.

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Simond's book, is his return from Naples to Rome, through the Abruzzi. With the noise of the swarming multitudes which crowd the streets of that city; her palaces, her gardens brilliant with festivals, with the warmth of luxury's downiest couch still upon his limbs, he was suddenly transported into the lonely mountain passes, and deserted vallies of primitive Ausonia. This contrast of a province buried in the deepest barbaric night, situated at no great distance from the greatest capitals, both resplendent with the results of civilization, can only be found in Italy; gradation is there unknown, and all is violent light and shade, like one of Carravaggio's pictures. Ancient Latium was the parent of old Rome, and the remains there make the ruins of Rome and Naples, appear like a cast-off dress of last season, in comparison with the venerable paraphernalia, that adorned the persons of our grandmothers. Mr. Simond, found himself amply repaid for the labour and risk of his journey. On the rocky heights of inaccessible mountains, Cyclopean towns are perched more rude and irregular in their structure, than even the Cyclopean walls which enclose them; they form a brotherhood of fortified nests, rising above the vallies, and the vast extent of wood they offer to the eye; presenting masses, enormous, mis-shapen, bare, overtopped only by the blue sky, and affording unassailable security for the misdeeds of the lawless descendants of the ancient Ausonian robbers who inhabit them. And these are as wild and strange as their wondrous abodes; their dispositions exhibiting that union of softness with cruelty, of courtesy with arrogance, which is characteristic of the free barbarian. The valleys though beautiful, are pestilential; they are desert of inhabitants, but adorned by magnificent groves of fruit trees, and forests of chesnut and oak. Sad memorials meet the eye in this romantic solitude; too bitter, by reminding the traveller that though man is earth's chief ornament, he is too often her outrager and disgrace. From among the luxuriant foliage of the trees, posts of wood peep out, exhibiting human limbs tied together in bunches,—relics of the vengeance of government upon the banditti—poles bearing grinning heads are near neighbours to shrines sacred to the Madonna, and her divine child,—which give token of the piety of their visitants, in their votive garlands of freshly-gathered flowers. The women and children, both extremely beautiful, Mr. Simond found, singing merrily during their employment of cherry-gathering; while the men, with d and ferocious physiognomies, were either hunting

for banditti among the rocky fastnesses, or lurking about in search of prey and plunder. The nightingales sang sweetly all the night in the clear moonshine, nor had they ceased, when at dawn, our author saw from his chamber window, four men led out to be shot.

It is in a country like this, that we find the common-places of life exchanged for the romantic; not that the romantic is in real experience, agreeable to the unenthusiastic; yet to every one, the memory of a scene like the following, must intersperse life with an interest, which the untravelled do not possess:—

'Valmontone is a strange but enchanting spot, enveloped in shade, with magnificent rocks (agglomerated volcanic ashes) hollowed into caverns, which afford coolness in this burning climate, and where an incredible number of nightingales make the whole air musical. The little town rose picturesquely on its rocky pedestal, with a large building like a monastery, inhabited by myriads of swallows, darting in and out at its sashless windows. A solitary guardian eyed us through a door a-jar, but did not come out, while we went round the church, and admired some good pictures remaining on its walls. The stillness of death prevailed in the town—a sort of unburied Pompeii through its narrow lanes, up and down zig-zag stairs cut in the rock, we sauntered alone, and the noise of our iron-shod heels on the pavement, was the only sound we heard. The rich abbey, it was evident, had formerly fed the town clustering round it, the inhabitants of which cultivated its vast domains under a paternal administration. Those domains, it was also evident, had passed into the hands of upstart speculators, strangers to the people, and indifferent to their welfare, who did not even know how to make their wealth productive to themselves.'—p. 558.

Mr. Simond made short stay at Rome on his return, and during his journey northwards, he revels in the improved appearance of the country, when leaving the Roman states, he enters the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

'No beggars,' he says, 'no robbers—wealth, cleanliness, and gentle manners. There may be more energy and industry in the north, but there is less polish. Here there are no signs of decay, but on the contrary, every appearance of active industry. Scarcely any mendicants; the streets well paved and very clean; the shops numerous and well supplied; the people well dressed, and the women remarkably graceful and good-looking. No gibbeted malefactors here; no live ones—none of those hanging looks we had so long been accustomed to encounter. The people we met seemed better dressed, better fed, and better pleased than elsewhere. Yet this moral Oasis of Italy, is not more free than the rest; the sovereign is just as absolute as his neighbours, whose subjects, however, are not half so obedient. Why then should not his neighbours try his method? that is, try to be paternal in good earnest, since it is not at the expense of power.'—p. 571.

Although we would not object to any attempt on the part of the rulers of the various states of Italy, to govern better than they do, we may suspect, that the long freedom, and consequent civilization enjoyed by the Tuscan republics, when their southern neighbours were the victims of misrule, have operated to soften and refine a people, who, comparatively but very lately became degraded into a state of absolute slavery.

Mr. Simond passed through Genoa, on his route to the north. He gives a simple but impressive recital of the iniquitous mersion of the Genoese republic into the Sardinian kingdom. Mr. Simond wrote before the revolutions of 1821, and may therefore be consulted as affording information as to the causes of discontent alive in Italy. It may be remarked, that he has by no means a lively sense of the ills occasioned by tyranny, nor apparently any violent political bias, except against Napoleon; what ought he then to think of his successors, acknowledging as he does—" it must surely be the fault of those who came after him, if the memory of him who was once hated as a tyrant, be at this day cherished, as it undeniably is, all over Italy and even in Sicily."—p. 602.

Mr. Simond's book is no guide to works of art, nor is it of strong political tendency. But it is a picture of Italy—exhibiting correct, spirited, and interesting views of its late history, the society, and the face of the country, such as he found it. It will amuse from its variety, and may safely be consulted as authentic. It has the merit also of dealing in no private scandal; nor does he repay the hospitality of his entertainers, by shewing them up to the wonder and contempt of his readers. He represents the Italians as barbarous from ignorance, but courteous from native good humour—uncultivated, but overflowing with natural talent; we perceive that he is penetrating, just and unaffected, we follow him throughout his tour with pleasure, and close his book with a feeling of gratitude towards its author.

Art. X.—*Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Civil Government of Canada.* 1828.

T a former article on Canada, published previously to the Report which stands at the head of this, we gave a sketch of the colony, and exhibited some of the le. A parliamentary investigation, wrung th "loud and deep" of the Canadians, most complete confirmation to the view bject, has since established the reality

of the grievances complained of, even to the very letter. Parliament, however, exhausted with one legislative effort, has suffered the session to slip by without so much as even taking the matter into consideration; and so fruitless has hitherto been the result of their labours, that we conceive the members of the committee must have some doubt whether there be in reality any one "who hath believed their report." Lord Dalhousie has indeed been recalled from the governorship, and a better successor been found for him in the person of sir James Kempt. But they must be profoundly ignorant of Canadian politics who can discover in the mere substitution of a governor, a cure for evils which are interwoven with the very foundation of the constitution; and the result has only displayed the utter inefficiency of that system of legislation, which, instead of setting energetically to work to eradicate a disease, contents itself with administering some temporary opiate.

But the subject is of too much importance to elude attention, and the publication of this report affords another opportunity of adverting to it. The evidence taken on the committee has brought much additional information to light, particularly with reference to the Upper Province, to which our attention was not on the former occasion so pointedly directed.

In the development previously attempted, of the constitutions of the two provinces, it will be remembered that, notwithstanding the parade of three distinct sections of government, we showed that the whole power in each province virtually rested with the executive; the executive being the portion exclusively furnished by Great Britain. The security, or rather the absence of security, for the proper exercise of this power involved in responsibility to England, we have already exposed; and on this point therefore we must take the liberty of referring our readers to our former article, if indeed there be any one so little read in colonial history as to put much reliance on accountability to a tribunal four thousand miles distant from the scene of delinquency! Of the security afforded in the power of limiting the supplies, we have also given details amply sufficient to display its utter worthlessness, but we have yet a few words to add on the restraining control of public opinion.

In Upper Canada there exists an act called the Sedition Act, under the provisions of which any commissioner of the King's-bench is enabled, on information that any individual has not taken the oath of allegiance, and is a dangerous man, to order him out of the country, or confine him on his disobedience; and that without the power of appeal. It hardly need be remarked

that a dangerous man is one to whom the government has taken a dislike; and though it can be only when that dislike has reached an extreme point, that the powers of this act are likely to be resorted to, it must not be forgotten that that point is not elevated beyond reach. Of this, the case of Mr. Gourlay is a proof, and, for aught we know, other proofs equally strong may yet remain in store. For a long period past, the House of Assembly has ineffectually struggled to obtain the repeal of this disgusting act; and a bill to that purport has, in every session, invariably preceded all other business. With complete unanimity has it ever passed; yet, with unanimity (we believe) as complete, has the Legislative Council invariably rejected it. On its open defence they did not venture; but they sheltered its retention under the vile sophistry that it worked no practical evil. Whether the imprisonment of Mr. Gourlay were a practical evil, most of our readers will already have decided for themselves; but as to the propriety of keeping a Statute Book, disfigured with arbitrary enactments, under the shallow pretext of their being mere theoretical grievances, we would beg to answer in the eloquent language of Dr. Priestley—"On the other hand, a sense of political and civil liberty, though there should be no great occasion to exert it in the course of a man's life, gives him a constant feeling of his own power and importance; and is the foundation of his indulging a free, bold, and manly turn of thinking, unrestrained by the most distant idea of control. Being free from all fear, he has the most perfect enjoyment of himself, and of all the blessings of life; and his sentiments and enjoyments being raised, his very being is exalted, and the man makes nearer approaches to superior natures."*

In Lower Canada libel law and martial law have been the disgusting agencies resorted to for stifling the public voice.

At a meeting of land-holders and other proprietors comprising the committees of certain general meetings assembled in the city of Montreal the 17th April last, the results of which may be taken to express the opinion of almost the whole of the population of the district of Montreal and Three Rivers, was passed the following Resolution.

"Resolution 2.—That his Excellency and his administration have avowed, by public acts, their intention of destroying the liberty of the press, and to prevent public discussion of the acts of his administration, unless it should be favourable; and to inflict punishments for the exercise of the inherent right of British subjects to assemble and declare their opinion on acts of administration."—p. 314.

* Essay on First Principles of Government, p. 13.

Now there are twelve newspapers in Lower Canada, and of these there are but five accustomed to speak with any degree of freedom of the administration. In conformity with these threats of the government, the whole of these five were, when the witness left Canada, in a course of prosecution; and the juries to be empanelled for their trial were to be special juries, of which the list would be made out by the sheriff; an officer so completely under the control of the executive, that the Resolutions literally complain of the "scandalous indications of the three last terms, of an intention of using this power, by composing juries of *violent and devoted partizans, predetermined to condemn* every person and every act disagreeable to the executive; and of a character to express in their decisions merely the opinions and passions of a small fraction of the community" [p. 317]. The witness who delivered to the committee the copy of these Resolutions was asked—

"Has the language of the government papers been very temperate during the whole of this time?" He replies, "No, by no means, it has been very violent sometimes." And he goes on to add, that the bills of indictment on account of these local politics were "thrown out at the regular term, and a court of oyer and terminer was held, at which new bills were presented for the same offence and found."—p. 321.

Measures like these might have alarmed the people for a time, and quelled their spirit, but "there is a tide in the affairs of men," a turning point in the history of every despotism. The nation at length aroused itself, and in spite of the threats of the government, meetings were held throughout the province, for the purpose of petitioning the British legislature. In a country where every male individual from eighteen to sixty is a militia-man, it is scarcely possible, but that in these meetings some of the officers of militia should have taken a part; indeed, had the case been otherwise, no honest man can deny that they would have failed most egregiously in their duty as citizens. But in the eyes of the Canadian executive, if the militia-men were to be encumbered with the duties of citizenship at all, those duties were—passive obedience and non-resistance; as militia-men, beyond the "make ready! present! fire!" their duty, as set forth in one of the orders of their dismissal was, to set an example [in civil matters be it remembered] "of subordination and respect for authority to those [in a military capacity let it be recollected] under whose command they were placed." To take a part in meetings called to redress the despotism of government was accordingly a forgetting of those duties, it was, as the same order goes on to remark, to "have shown themselves the active agents of a

party hostile to his majesty's government;" to evince "conduct tending to create discontent in the country, and to bring the executive government into contempt among the people." But to create discontent in the country, and bring the executive into contempt, were misdemeanors which could not be "permitted to pass without notice" in any but their real perpetrators; and, therefore, the executive, instead of dismissing themselves from the government of the colony, which it is obvious would have been the best preservative against bringing the government into contempt, by various general orders of militia under the hand of the adjutant-general, without trial, without even accusation, and with no previous communication to the individuals, within the short space of eighteen months preceding the appointment of the committee, dismissed about two hundred of these militia officers from the service, or else adopted the more anglified process of putting them on the shelf; so that, says Mr. Neilson, "there has been a general doing and undoing of the whole militia" [p. 119].

Mr. Wilmot Horton, indeed, (principally on the official despatches of the governor) represented to the committee, that the dismissions were mainly connected with breach of military duty in not attending certain musters ordered by the governor, which the attorney-general of the colony had pronounced him authorized to convene; but which we take leave to mention (with the necessary exception of the executive) was by the whole province beside, believed to be an arbitrary usurpation; and the honourable gentleman states, that for these very dismissals, the governor "received the sanction of the secretary of state" [p. 312]. We have simply to remark on this, that in the principal order which Mr. W. Horton quotes in support of this representation, that of the 12th September, 1827, one of the accusations is, that to the doubts spread on the subject of the "evil disposed," "were added gross misrepresentations and calumnies regarding the intentions of the executive government, all tending to create discontent and dissatisfaction in the province," and in expressing the governor's intention of depriving of commissions all such persons as had neglected to attend at the musters, it goes on in the plainest possible terms to extend it to the alternative class, "or who by their conduct or language at public meetings have failed in that respect which is due to the representative of their sovereign." The catalogue of misdemeanors which we have just above given as the grounds on which the dismissions took place, are taken verbatim from a general order under the hand of the adjutant-general, dated at Quebec, February 21st, 1828, delivered in by one of the

witnesses, and they are the *sole* reasons there recorded for the dismissions which that order contains; and, in addition to this, we have the sanction of the resolutions of the general committees of the whole province, to which we have previously referred, and the representations of a petition signed by upwards of fifty-one thousand individuals (and surely if ever there were a cloud of witnesses, this is one) for referring the dismissions, not to a breach of military discipline, but to a departure from political servility. The remonstrance of a whole nation is at least enough to outweigh the sanction of one secretary of state; and we only see in the vindication, what exceedingly easy things to attain are state secretary's sanctions. The bare existence of acts like these, while it betrays the secret dread felt by the members of the government of allowing public opinion once to get head, shows how immensely independent they are of that opinion at present; for what government with a particle of benefit to itself, dependent on opinion, could ever venture on acts so exactly calculated to call down the execration of an entire community.

But while referring to a dependence on public opinion, it must not be forgotten that to the very constitution of a public opinion, a close and systematic intercourse is needed among the public by whom it is to be exercised. Even in the dense concentration under which it exists in the metropolises of great and enlightened empires, the corrupt influences of sinister interest are, for a time, often capable of setting it at defiance. How effete then must be its operations in a country—in the main thinly inhabited only, at dreary intervals—with bad communication throughout the whole—and in many parts with no roads at all. Nor is this all: opinion can only be based on information; yet, on all the principles by which their own government is directed, the Canadians are left to grope their way in the dark. Mr. Grant states—"persons who are not in the legislature have little opportunity of judging of the motives which actuate members of the legislature. *The debates are never published.*"—p. 205.

If after all this, there be any who can put their faith in the efficacy of public opinion as a restraining agent on the government, it is right to inform them that, among the other circumstances described by the resolutions as "having alarmed the country, and kept it in a state of great agitation, under the intimate conviction of its dangerous and unprotected state, exposed to the passions of a small but exasperated party, and an exasperated administration breathing vengeance," are enumerated "*the insufficiency of public opinion to restrain a*

hostile administration, WHICH HAS CORRUPTED AND USURPED ALL THE POWERS OF THE LAW AND THE MAGISTRACY."—p. 318.

With securities such as these, that the individuals in Canada "intrusted with the powers necessary for protecting others, make use of them for that purpose solely—and not for the purpose of taking from the members of the community the objects of desire"*— it might be anticipated that the objects of desire would be taken pretty largely from the community, and that the community would receive in return but little benefit from the government. The sequel will show with what exactitude experience does in each case here conform to the deductions of science.

In the attainment of the maximum of self-appropriation, the most obvious means would be, the lavish arrangement of the emoluments of government, and their rigid monopoly. On recapitulating the exercise of these means, we shall distinguish between the two provinces of Lower and Upper Canada. And first with respect to the former.

It is difficult by antecedent reasoning to fix the minimum scale of expense at which a government is capable of being supplied to a given country. A considerable disproportion however of an existing scale, to the revenue of the country, and to the returns obtained in other branches of industry, creates a strong presumption that the cost of government is in excess; but when, in addition to this, a corresponding disproportion exists between that scale and the scale of another country in circumstances nearly approximating to parallel, the presumption falls little short of certainty. Now we should conceive the application of half the entire revenue of a country to the payment of its civil officers, to be a disproportion which can scarcely fail to strike every one as monstrous. But this is literally the amount which in Lower Canada one of the petitions alleges to have been applied "for several years past in payment of salaries, emoluments, and expenses of the officers of the civil government, exclusively of the usual and indispensable appropriations." The petitioners even complain that their "anxiety is the greater as these salaries and emoluments and expenses have been greatly increased without the consent of the legislature, and have in some instances been paid to *persons who do not reside in the province,* or *have rendered no service therefore*" [p. 327]. They further allege their excess in relation to the usual recompence for labour to be obtained in the province, "by

* Essay on Government, p. 277.

individuals of talent, character, and industry;" and Mr. Neilson states in corroboration of their last assertion, "the men holding salaries under the civil government are higher paid than the wealthiest proprietors of land, or the persons engaged in the best pursuits of industry; they are becoming, in fact, by that means the *lords of the country.*"—p. 81.

With respect to the contrast exhibited towards foreign countries, one of the witnesses, in alluding to the impossibility of shutting the eyes of the people to the exorbitant emoluments of the government, observes, "people in those countries begin to look round them, and see what is going on in other parts of the world, and particularly in the adjoining country; they see there governments are well administered; and naturally, as they pay for the administration of the government, they expect that it will be as well administered, and as cheaply administered, as in the adjoining countries. In the state of New York, for instance, they have three times our population, and four or five times our resources, and they pay not more than we do for the support of the civil government" [p. 80]. Three times the population, and four or five times the resources, and still the expenses *equal!* The proof of excess is complete.

Of the degree in which the people have been allowed to participate in the good things their own pockets have furnished, a pretty correct estimate will probably have been drawn from the various indications already thrown out in the progress of this sketch. There is yet, however, one little example so corroborative of the all but complete monopoly with which the individuals sent over for the government of the country appropriate every thing to themselves, that we presume the citation of it will save the necessity of any further proof on that head.—With a view of grouping together its members for the edification of the committee, Mr. Neilson hands in a list of the executive council, in which there figure two judges, one attorney-general, one bishop, and various other dignitaries, amounting in number to eleven. He describes seven of these as legislative counsellors, three as clerks of the legislative council, and winds up all with this remarkable piece of information: "Of the whole number, there is *one* that is a native of Lower Canada."—p. 112.

In Upper Canada, as far as the evidence has yet transpired—and in this, Lower Canada has its full share also,—the main development of the spirit of rapacity has been with that great section of the government, the English episcopal church. Of the entire population of Lower Canada, it is represented, that five sixths are Catholics, and but the remaining one sixth Protestants. Of this small fraction it appears, that the church

of England possesses but one fifth, that is *one thirtieth of the whole*: the church of Scotland another fifth, and the remaining three fifths are distributed among various other sects. In Upper Canada, the calculation has not been carried to such a nicety, but the witnesses, without a single deviation, agree in representing the episcopal church as in a wretched minority. Mr. Merritt being asked "What is the prevailing religious belief in the Upper Province?" replies, "They are divided among a number; I think the methodists are the prevailing opinion" [p. 258]. Mr. Ryerson estimates the proportion of members of the church of England to the whole population at *one tenth* [p. 219]: and among a string of resolutions passed by the House of Assembly of Upper Canada on the 22nd day of December, 1826, was one, "that the number of the Protestant episcopal church in this province, bears *a very small proportion* to the number of other christians, notwithstanding the pecuniary aid long and exclusively received from the benevolent society in England by the members of that church, and their pretensions to a monopoly of the clergy reserves" [p. 218]. This resolution was proposed by a Mr. Rolfe, a member of the church of England, educated at Cambridge; and a member (as it is believed) of Lincoln's Inn, and the resolution was carried by a majority of twenty-seven to three. It is true, that archdeacon Strachan (a most uninterested witness!) did lately put forth a chart representing his own church as much more extended in its followers. Of that chart, however, it will be sufficient to say that, in addition to sundry flat contradictions in particular instances, which some of the witnesses were enabled to give to it from a laborious collection of positive data,* so enormous were its general misrepresentations, that the very appearance of this beautiful production was described by one of the witnesses to have excited a greater sensation throughout the country than was ever known to have been produced before by any thing excepting the Alien Bill. The witness is asked, "Does it threaten to produce still greater excitement?" He answers, "Religion has never been considered a party question before, but it is now likely to assume that form; and the ecclesiastical chart, and the charter of the college, have tended to unite all the different denominations of christians together in a party opposed to the church of England, and to those who uphold its exclusive claims. They have not opposed the church before, but they feel themselves called upon to do it in defence of their civil rights and religious liberties now."—p. 218.

* See Minutes of Evidence, pp. 216, 269, 285, 288.

Such then being the relative positions of the various religious bodies throughout the colony, let us next inquire what are the objects of desire capable of appropriation by individuals occupying the offices of religious teachers. They admit of the two classifications, direct, and indirect; the provisions specifically dedicated to the support of religion, compose the direct; the indirect mainly consist in the patronage and aggrandizement consequential upon a direction of the public establishments of education.

The specific provisions are the revenues arising from those immense blocks of land—the grand interceptors of cultivation, well known by the name of clergy reserves,* and an annual fund supplied by a grant of the British parliament. A suspicion has indeed got abroad, that at the distribution of the spoil of the jesuits' estates the church was not absent from her post; and it would be laughable enough were it to turn out that she had been in truth defiling herself with the unclean thing. Certain it is, this ample fund has found its way into some hand or other which, though very firm in its grasp, is as yet

'——— invisible or *dimly* seen,'

though well aware, as we are, that when aught so rude as gold approaches its touch, the hand of the church is ever drawn in, as instinctively as the horns of a snail, we do not care to give credence to so vulgar a suspicion.

The reserves amount to one seventh of the entire country; but hitherto their produce has, from the deplorable state of their cultivation, been so insignificant as to be barely more than nominal. That they are anticipated by the clergy as likely to become a valuable endowment, is manifest from the extreme reluctance they have displayed at parting with them. The monstrous impediments interposed by these reserves to the cultivation of the country, became at length so glaring that a statute was very lately passed (7th and 8th Geo. 4) authorizing a sale of one fourth of their whole quantity, provided that in no one year more than one hundred thousand acres were sold. The provisions of this act have been defeated by the objections of the church to the valuation set upon their property. Mr. Stephen is asked, whether the insufficiency the church alleged

* Their operation is thus alluded to by Mr. Stephen:—"I see no distinct prospect that this wilderness, so long as it is held in mortmain by a clergy totally destitute of funds, or leisure or skill for its improvement, will ever yield any revenue adequate for their support. In the mean time it remains the subject of discontent, and the source of innumerable inconveniences." —p. 237.

appeared to him on a comparison with the market price of land to exist in reality? He replies, "On the contrary, my opinion, after a frequent and most laborious study of the subject, was, that the valuation was *too high*. In confirmation of that opinion I refer to the fact, that persons conversant with the subject, and deeply interested in the welfare of the clergy of Canada, afterwards advised the Crown to grant to the Canada Company a block of land on Lake Huron, *not at* 3*s.* 6*d.* an acre, the price at which the clergy reserves had been valued, but *at* 2*s.* 9*d.* an acre, *and of this* 2*s.* 9*d. a large part was to be returned* to the company on their effecting certain improvements on the territory" [p. 237].* Mr. Stephen is corroborated by Mr. Ellice, who, in grounding his apprehension of the impossibility of carrying the provisions of the bill into effect upon the insurmountable greediness of the church, states, "One half the clergy reserves in Upper Canada were sold to the Canada Company at a price *greatly exceeding, if not nearly double,* their value in money; and still the church, dissatisfied with the sale, prevailed upon the Colonial Department to put a stop to the arrangement. I am certain it is in vain to expect another such opportunity of disposing of them, or at least the mass of them, on terms satisfactory to the clergy, while land is granted almost for nothing to actual settlers in the country. In my former answer I said, I would give away the lands if I could not sell them" [p. 56]. It is to be presumed that to the market price the clergy have added the value of consecration.

The British grant amounts to about 16,000*l.* annually, and its distribution is intrusted to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Of both these provisions the episcopal church—a church not exceeding in one province a thirtieth, and in the other a tenth, of the population—even outstepping the modesty of its ancient habit of tithing—has ingeniously contrived to appropriate to itself—THE WHOLE.† Her title, indeed, to that part of it which she draws from England, was her inability to induce the Canadians to think her services worth

* For those of our readers who do not happen to know the fact, we would first state that this gentleman holds an official situation in the Colonial Office at home, and has evidently most abundantly availed himself of the extensive information on the state of Canada generally which his situation commanded.

† We alluded to an idea which has got abroad, of the church's participation in the Jesuits' fund. The witness from whose testimony we derived the knowledge, states, that while a proportion amounting to 6000*l.* was reported to have been allotted to the episcopal church, the Scotch church was at the same time understood to have received 300*l.*!—p. 281.

their purchase;* and as little shall we be inclined to dispute that title in time past, as, with her perseverance in her present course, to deny its validity for all time to come. Her title to the other is, in reality, nothing more than the mere flimsy holding of a common intruder. The justification of the church is the construction of a musty act of parliament (and she is fond of these expoundings) which declared that these reserves should be appropriated as a provision for a "Protestant Clergy." That a common provision for a "Protestant clergy" could, amidst all the various denominations of Protestants with which the country swarms, be confined in interpretation to one only sect, and that one of the most insignificant of the whole, might suit the exclusive rules of exposition of an excluding and rapacious hierarchy; but we hesitate not to declare it an outrage on reason. That it is in opposition to every principle of legal construction, is demonstrated by the fact that *the law officers of the Crown have given their opinion against it.* They have indeed said, that the church of Scotland, as possessing another, and the only other, established clergy recognized by the law, has a right to be admitted into a participation in the fund; nor is it the least instructive part of this disgusting squabble to watch, how the church of Scotland, with one eye of longing fixed upon the good things, now fast in the undivided grasp of her sister of England, and with the other turning a jealous squint upon all her companions in exclusion, is urging, at the appropriate distance it is true, and with the more cautiously concealed, yet not the less intensely existing selfishness, of her more established and more powerful rival, her own pretensions to an admission into that common partnership of exclusion. We trust, however, that the legislature will pause before they recognise this construction of the act. The exclusive pretensions of one church have already set the country in a fever. The setting-up of two rival establish-

* We allude to purchase, but it seems the Canadians do not like the church even at a gift. "It has been stated(*a*)[Minutes of Evidence, p. 217], that the tendency of a large part of the population of Upper Canada would be towards the established church, if ministers of the established church and suitable places of worship could be provided; do you believe that to be the fact?—No; they have greater means of providing places of worship and procuring ministers than any other denomination; they receive a grant of 100*l.* towards building a very small church, and their ministers are paid by this country, and have *several sources of emolument and peculiar privileges refused to ministers of other denominations;* but they have not increased in the same proportions as others have done."

(*a*) This statement was made by Dr. Strachan and others of the clergy of the church of England.

ments would be to turn that fever into phrenzy. It would be to renew those scenes of popular distraction which Plutarch relates to have been in Egypt the result of the mutual hatred of its rival establishments—that of the Worshippers of the Dog, and the Worshippers of the Fish. Nor is this mere speculation. Mr. Ellice, alluding to the existing mischiefs of one "predominant and exclusively endowed church," goes on to state, "and you may run the risk of increasing the evil by any attempt to make a separate and distinct provision for the church of Scotland, if you do not at the same time provide for the claims other descriptions of Protestants conceive themselves entitled to, under the act of 1791" [p. 57]. Mr. Ellice is very pointedly confirmed by Mr. Merritt, who states, "The church of Scotland want to get a share of the property, and if they were to get it, and it was only between those two churches, I think the people in general would be more dissatisfied than they are now, because all the other denominations would lay claim to it."

To the enormous mischiefs produced by this aggravating system of exclusion, a host of witnesses comes forward to press their eager testimony; yet there is one like Abdiel of old,

> 'Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken—unseduced—unterrified—'

who, "though single" as the Seraph, dares "to pass forth from among them," with far opposite testimony, and this individual is the Reverend Anthony Hamilton, Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Board for the purpose of providing colonial clergy, with the slight incumbrance to his duties of a salary of 500*l.* per annum. He is asked, "Do you think the having an exclusive church would tend to promote peace and harmony among the population at large?" He answers, "I should think so."—p. 189.

No wonder the seraphic secretary was so eager to be allowed to observe, that, "from the first he deprecated the examination," which was instituting on the question. This witness informed the committee that "measures had been preparing to give information of a very superior kind to the committee, early to be expected—from the bishop of Quebec." We wonder whether the information of the bishop will turn out, on its arrival, to be of the same "superior kind" as that lately furnished by the archdeacon.*

* It is given in evidence by one of the witnesses, that in the chart of the archdeacon he "omits *several denominations* of Christians altogether" [p. 217]; and that in York the episcopal church is not more numerous than the Methodists alone. Had he confined his omissions to those whose diminutiveness might have been an excuse for their escaping his observation, it would not have been impossible for the doctor to have left out his own church altogether.

But while we are entering our protest against the nauseating claims of rival establishments, we must not lose sight of the far higher policy unfolded in the question and answer put to, and received from, Mr. Ryerson. "Do you think that it would be desirable to allow the ministers of religion in Upper Canada to depend wholly upon voluntary contribution for support?"—"Yes, I think it would be much the best. I think it would be conducive to the interests of religion, and it is not mere theory. We are living by the side of the United States, where the ministers are supported in that way. I was several months in that country attending different places of worship, and I found them *much more respectably attended, and the ministers better supported, and a greater decency prevailing in congregations* both in the episcopal church and others. The episcopal church in the United States is decidedly superior to ours in Canada, and it is supported by voluntary contributions of the people. In addition to this, occasional aid might be granted by the legislature of the province" [p. 219]. What the witness brings forward of the United States of America, he might have adduced with equal truth of all those vast districts in Canada, in which the ministers of religion are dependent on their congregations. Mr. Merritt, though a member of the church of England, alluding to Methodism as the prevailing faith of the upper province, delivers his opinion, that the Methodists "have done more good than any others" [p. 258]. And in the lower province, in which unendowed Catholicism is the prevalent religion, Mr. Ellice goes out of his way to remark, "I do not believe a more liberal, benevolent, or charitable body of Christian ministers exist in any country, or one whose conduct and habits are more exemplary or praiseworthy; and I am persuaded they will be found at all times disposed to lend themselves, consistently with the interests of their religion and church, to every measure for the improvement and advantage of their country" [p. 42]. The church cannot even pretend that she needs the "sword and buckler" of an endowment to enable her to maintain her position against the encroachments of Popery. As yet the Catholics are described by Mr. Neilson, "as the least proselyting people he has ever seen" [p. 281]: though it cannot be denied, that the intoler ance of the episcopal church is already sowing the seeds of jealousy, and beginning to engender an hostility to which hitherto the Catholics have been strangers.* Even the government has as little to fear at their hands as the church. Mr. Neilson is asked, "Do they mix themselves up in the general politics of

* See Minutes of Evidence, p. 281.

the province, or in matters disconnected with their own religion?" He answers, "No, they never have interfered with politics to any extent; they generally have kept away even from appearing or voting at an election; they do not think that it is consistent with their interest and religious duties to have any thing to do with politics" [p. 281]. It would seem as if, however little accustomed to the commission of such blunders in Rome, in Canada at least, the beast had set its mark upon the wrong church.

In its indirect, the government church has been scarcely less successful than in its direct, appropriation.

In Lower Canada, with the exception of a small annual provision given to some school societies in Montreal and Quebec, the only public funds applied to the purposes of education (for there are four private Catholic colleges) are derived from an annual grant of the British legislature; and their distribution is under the direction of "The Royal Institution for the advancement of Learning," the exquisite composition of which we described before. In Upper Canada the very recently established University of King's College at York, absorbs the only provision of any amount—indeed, we believe, the only provision whatever—appropriated to public education in that province. The sole apparent exception to the absolute entirety with which the episcopal church has secured to members of its own body the whole management of this University, exists in the person of the governor; but as he may be taken *ex officio* to be a believer in the thirty-nine articles, this, in reality, amounts to no exception at all. To the bishop of the diocese, is the visitorship of the college for all time to appertain—to the governor, the chancellorship—to a clergyman of the churches of England and Ireland in holy orders, the presidency—and to the chancellor, president, such seven of the professors as shall be members of the established United Churches of England and Ireland, "the college council,"—unto which council it appertaineth (subject to the approval of the visitor and the revision of the Crown) to legislate for the college, and every thing belonging to it, from matters of the gravest solemnity, down to those of the minutest detail; and with powers as extensive, as ever fell to the exercise of the most absolute potentate.

The church, however, is bloated with conceit, and may probably set up the pretext, that in the members of its own communion, and in them alone, is concentrated all the competency of the country to direct the education of its sons.—Be it so, but what follows:—the defence set up is the very sentence of their condemnation. Education implies an individual to receive it;

but it so happens, that this very system of exclusiveness has so disgusted the people, that they will not come in to be taught. Of the University of Upper Canada, its establishment is too recent to allow us the confirmation of much experience. Of the establishments in Lower Canada we are unfortunate enough to possess it. The only national schools there, we have seen to be under the guardianship of an episcopal corporation, and it would seem as if in solemn mockery it was styled an "Institution for the Advancement of Learning,"—One witness states, "the progress of education under this system, has hitherto been slow:" another, "those schools have fallen through," and the cause ascribed, is, that the exclusiveness of its character "tended to confirm the suspicion the people had entertained with respect to proselytism; and it was needless to think of getting them to go to the schools after that"* The church would do better to give heed to these things. The lesson is but newly learnt even in England, and perhaps it is too early to expect the primer to have found its way into Canada; still, it would be well for themselves, could they be taught, when the people cry aloud for education, in real earnest to set to work to provide it for them. —Least of all, should they imitate the example of the unnatural parent they may possibly have heard of, who when asked by his children for food, gave them—a serpent. They cannot afford to play tricks. They may survive "in their own generation" to see another hand arise to break in pieces and give unto the people, that shew-bread which erst it was lawful for the priest only to touch.

Mr. Ryerson is asked—"Do you believe that the Church of England would have a better chance of becoming popular in Canada, if the causes of jealousy were removed which at present exist?"—He answers, "Yes, decidedly so, and her greatest enemies are those who would establish invidious distinctions between her ministers and others. The ecclesiastical chart has done her a fatal injury. If the system commenced be persisted in, it will destroy the influence of the church in Canada" [p. 220]. Such have been hitherto the outward visible signs "of that inward spiritual grace" which we are told is animating the bosom of the church. Surely, when we see these things, can we help suspecting, that the sacred vessel in which they have carried the light of the gospel, has been the lamp of Aladdin, and the purpose for which they have borne it —to conduct themselves to treasure!

It is cuttingly remarked by one of the witnesses, "the ex-

* Minutes of Evidence; Mr. Neilson and Mr. Grant, pp. 171, 273.

penses of the government are so high as to leave nothing for the internal improvement of the country;" and, in detailing in our former article the miserable condition of the jurisprudence of the country, and completing in this what then remained to be exposed of the utter worthlessness of its provisions for education, we have demonstrated the truth of the assertion in the two most important articles, to which the care of a government can be directed. There is yet one more however to which from its importance it is necessary we should allude, and that is the facilitation of its means of communication, by clearing away roads and cutting canals. With whichever of these the Canadian executive has intermeddled, even should no worse motives be imputed to them, it will be seen that the characteristics of their undertakings have been egregious folly and wanton waste. To say the least of them they are in that unfortunate condition "that when they would do good, evil is present with them."

In the mode of distributing the lots granted to settlers, there is considerable difference in the seigneuries and the townships. In the former the lots adjoin each other in regular succession, generally running back about a mile, with a frontage to each of three acres—and the uniform and level character of that portion of the country affords great facilities for their convenient arrangement. The townships, on the contrary, are diversified with lakes and mountains and falls; and in addition to a less convenient form given to the lots, they are generally intersected by the crown and clergy reserves. Of the roads to be cut throughout these, the whole management is intrusted to an officer appointed by the governor, entitled the Grand Voyer; and under his direction each individual is bound to contribute a proportionate quantity of labour towards the formation and repair of such roads as may be required to pass the frontage of his lot. When cut, however, they do not appear in the most finished style of Macadamization. One of the witnesses is asked "does the making a road in Canada mean more than cutting an open way through the wood, and removing the timber and obstructions?" He replies, "Yes, it is necessary to do more than that; the first opening, however, is merely that. The first is sufficient for a sledge to pass in winter; the next is sufficient for a horse to pass in summer; the next is sufficient for a cart to pass in summer; and the next is sufficient for the common conveyance to market of a market-cart, and then they think they have got a great way in improving the roads."—p. 93.

"The system," says Mr. Neilon, alluding to that under the

management of the grand voyer, "is a very good one; but in respect to that office, as in respect to many others, they have *burthened it with fees,* which disgust the people. You cannot get the grand voyer to operate without paying heavy fees, which the person that asks for the alteration must pay in the first instance. Perhaps, if it is right, after the thing being argued in a court of justice, he may be reimbursed by the others, but in the mean time he must pay those fees to the grand voyer; *that prevents their commencing improvements* in roads or any thing of that kind; but the system of every man being bound to do the work upon his own land, as it exists in that country is a very good one" [p. 88]. But, be the system as perfect as it may, it is manifest that in the townships, disjointed as are the lots from the nature of their position, and eternally broken in upon by both crown and clergy reserves, it is impossible that any complete lines of communication can be expected at the hands of individual proprietors alone. To the roads in the townships the government has accordingly affected to extend its assistance; and it appears that since the year 1815, no less a sum than *one hundred thousand pounds* has been appropriated to that object in Lower Canada alone. Mr. Neilson is asked "Has any one good road been made with that money?—He replies, "Very little, I believe" [p. 95]. And Mr. Gale gives his evidence to the same effect.* The cause of this miscarriage is sufficiently developed in Mr. Neilson's reply to the interrogatories of the committee as to the mode of applying the money. "The governor appoints commissioners, and the commissioners proceed to apply the money; the people complain very much on the subject throughout the country; they say that the commissioners have endeavoured to make roads for their own advantage, and that they have made roads where they could be of no use, and the consequence is, that the people derive no benefit from them."

"What interest could the commissioners have in the matter?" Asks the committee. The witness answers, "they have large tracts of land, and every one likes to have a road through his own land" [p. 93]. Those who have attended to certain proceedings touching ancient footpaths, of occasional occurrence in this country, will fully comprehend the answer of the witness.

But even when once cut, it frequently happens that the roads grow up again; and one of the witnesses mentions three roads which, after having a great deal of money spent on them, became at length completely obliterated. Being ques-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 17.

tioned "To what circumstances do you attribute that the roads you describe as having been constructed grew up again?" He answers, "The roads were made out of all reason; it was attempted *to make roads through an immense wilderness, where there was nobody settled;* through the crown and clergy reserves, where there was nobody to look after it. Attempting such a road as that was a waste of money. No road can be kept in repair unless there are inhabitants along the road, and there is travelling by the road" [p. 94]. It will be seen by a subsequent answer of the same witness, that a "grown-up" road in Canada would try the skill of even the most bang-up whip of the four-in-hand club. "Persons in this country," says he, "can have very little idea of a road through a forest in America; if a road were made as good as any Macadamized road here, it would not be safe to travel one week, for the first gust of wind that comes in the spring of the year, or the first thunder storm in summer, would throw trees down across it, and therefore it cannot be travelled unless you have people living there to clear it; now the whole extent of that country is still a natural forest between those settlements and the old settlements on the river Saint Lawrence; there have been roads made, but those roads for want of settlers, get filled up, even though they are passable for carts; after the work is done they get filled up by the falling of trees, and there is nobody to look after the roads."—p. 123.

In their attempts at canal-making, the following little morceau which we extract from the evidence of Mr. Neilson will show that the Canadian executive have not been less successful than in their road-making efforts.

'You stated that the management of public monies for the purposes of internal improvement was better in the United States than in Canada, can you mention any instances which authorize you in making that statement?—I conceive that the same amount of money goes further there than with us, and this I ascribe to better management and greater responsibility: I will state an instance, the La Chine canal cost about half a million of dollars; it was nine miles in extent. The New York canal cost about eight million of dollars, that is sixteen times as much, and it is three hundred and twenty miles in extent, and upon the whole, it was liable to as great expenses, if not greater, than the La Chine canal, on account of the number of locks, and the great elevation of the country to carry the canal over, so there is a remarkable difference against us in the result of the expenditure.

'To what do you attribute that difference?—I attribute it to not sufficient accountability in our expenditure.

'Was it a government work?—Yes, it is not well looked after; when

any gentleman gets work done without looking after it, it will not be done half so well, nor nearly at so moderate a rate. Our canal gives hardly any revenue; their canal gives a very great revenue; there is another proof of the management: I should say, generally, they manage their affairs better than we do.

'Is the La Chine canal not used?—It is used, but it gives very little revenue. I do not suppose that it gives more than between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* a year.'—pp. 118—19.

These details, however, are endless, and we conclude the history of what the government has "left undone" for the internal improvement of the country with the comprehensive epitome of Mr. Neilson:—

'In Canada we have been plagued with an old French system of government; that is to say, a government in which the people have no concern whatsoever; every thing must proceed from the city of Quebec and the city of Montreal, and persons must come to the city of Quebec and the city of Montreal to do every thing, instead of being able to do for themselves in their own localities. In the United States they have the English system, by which every locality has certain powers of regulating its own concerns, by which means they regulate them cheaper and better; whereas with us a man must make a journey to Quebec, he must go to a great expense, he must bow to this man, and bow to that man, and rap at this door, and rap at that, and spend days and weeks to effect a little improvement of a road, or something of that kind of common convenience to a district, whereas all that is done in the United States without going out of his own small district.'—p. 88.

Most assuredly to the Canadian executive—

> "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read their history in a nation's eyes
> Their lot forbad"—

Whether that "lot" have more circumscribed "their glowing virtues," or less "their crimes confined," the perusal of this report has left us in considerable doubt. How striking a contrast does Canada under their administration exhibit to those ancient neighbour colonies of hers, which in the immortal language of Mr. Burke, were "not squeezed into their happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government," but in which, "through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature had been suffered to take her own way to perfection."* There we see almost a whole continent, outstripping the accustomed wheels of time, burst almost from infancy to manhood; and from the man again, as it were, expand into the giant. Here we

* Speech on Conciliation with America.

behold what was once the infant, the infant still, instead of growing up and gathering strength, rather sinking into the decrepitude of a second childhood. The people remain untaught —their laws do not improve—ecclesiastical insolence wears its most unblushing front—the people are treated as ciphers—capital scarcely accumulates—indeed in the Lower province it seems to be rather crumbling away than increasing. "The trading classes have been rather losing than gaining money of late years," says one of the witnesses. "There can be no doubt," says another, "that among other bars to the improvement of the country, the present state of the law, as affecting landed property, operates to a considerable extent, as I have already stated; but I should say, beyond that, *a feeling of restlessness, uncertainty, and insecurity, arising from the evident consequence of a system of mal-administration of the government for the last twenty years;* the disputes that have prevailed, and must continue and increase between the two provinces in their divided state, with respect to the power of regulating the trade, and levying duties on the St. Lawrence; and to the division of revenue, and the perpetual state of excitement and irritation in which the public mind is kept, have lately tended materially to check confidence and enterprise, and the application of capital to the improvement of property."—p. 50.

It will be observed, that the witness alludes to other grievances than those to which we have more directly pointed our attention; and most unquestionably it is not from their want of moment that we have not more enlarged upon them. Our object, however, has hitherto been, to open the eyes of the public to the real state of the government to which all the interests of this remote colony are intrusted, in the full conviction that its whole principle must be revolutionized before any other fruit than misrule will be gathered from it.—Indeed, on all subjects of local detail, we are very much of the opinion of Mr. Stephen. "They (the colonists) are incomparably more competent to provide for the exigencies of the case than parliament can be. If an act were passed for the single purpose of erecting a legislative body properly constituted, and fairly representing the inhabitants, I would expunge from the Statute-book every single enactment respecting the internal concerns of the province, and leave them to make laws for themselves." —p. 238.

The regulation of the trade of the country—the union of the provinces—the distribution of the common revenue—and the levies on the St. Lawrence—are, however, it must be confessed, all questions of deep interest to the welfare of the colony, and

we may hereafter more pointedly recur to them. The labours of the Committee have brought together much valuable information on the subject; and on these, and all the other topics to which they have addressed themselves, we must confess we have seldom seen the duties of a parliamentary investigation discharged with greater ability, greater zeal, or greater honesty. Nor is this all. A clearer, a more intelligent, testimony than that delivered by the individuals intrusted by their countrymen to tell the tale of their grievances, has seldom been given by any class of persons; and we scarcely know where the lover of philosophy, and the friend of his species, could turn with greater advantage to found his principles of government on the solid basis of experience, than to the Minutes of Evidence on the Canadian Report.

Notwithstanding the anxiety which we have seen displayed by a reverend divine, to prevent the examination which has been instituted, we think that that good shepherd (or rather the provider of good shepherds) did for once mistake the interests of the great Canadian flock, in deprecating that examination. The British parliament have had some experience in slighting the petitions from their colonies; and petitions signed by eighty-seven thousand aggrieved individuals—backed by the sympathy of the whole colony—and the evidence given in the examination can hardly now be treated with contempt. As far as ecclesiastical grievances are concerned, it is said, indeed, that the church relies on the bench of bishops for its protection. If the church consult its own interest—and it is not always backward in this—the bench of bishops will disappoint their ecclesiastical brethren of Canada. It is surely enough, that there should be "Clergy Reserves" in the colony, to oppose its physical improvement. Let the church beware how they plant "Clergy Reserves" in the House of Lords here, as stumbling-blocks in the way of the moral advancement of a whole people.

An exasperated suitor is not the most easy to deal with; and, unless we wish to lose the possession of the colony altogether, we must attend to the sensible advice of Mr. Stephen:—

'It is impossible to suppose the Canadians dread your power. It is not easy to believe that the abstract duty of loyalty, as distinguished from the sentiment of loyalty, can be very strongly felt. The right of rejecting European dominion has been so often asserted in North and South America, that revolt can scarcely be esteemed in those continents as criminal or disgraceful. Neither does it seem to me that the sense of national pride and importance is in your favour. It cannot be regarded as an enviable distinction to remain the only dependent portion of the New World. Your dominion rests upon the

habit of subjection; upon the ancient affection felt by the colonists for their mother country; upon their confidence in your justice, and upon their persuasion that they have a direct interest in maintaining the connection. I fear that all these bonds of union, and especially the sense of interest, will be greatly weakened, if you persist in excluding them from all control of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. But even if all these ties remain, they are not the surest supports of empire.'—p. 245.

ART. XI. *Mémoires de Vidocq, Chef de la Police de Sureté, jusqu' en 1827; aujourdhui proprietaire et fabricant de Papiers à Saint Mandé.* Tom. 1, 2, et 3. Paris. 1829. 8vo.

THE manner in which these Memoirs have been received all over Europe, indicates that they possess a variety of attractions: the fact is, they are as amusing as a romance, and have the credit of being true. They have for us another sort of value. We pretend not to be Howards; yet we visit prisons (in the way of amateurs be it understood); and this book has an interest cognate with that of a prison visit. The author was a noted prison-breaker: he then became the most celebrated thief-taker that the world has known even in this its old age of coercion and of crime. The conversations of such a man cannot fail to be instructive. If we would have a clean town, we must hold discourse with scavengers. As he himself truly says, crime has a world of its own, its principles, its virtues, and its vices. Vidocq was the tyrant, the law-giver, and the spy, of this society in Paris,—the head-quarters of mischief. He is moreover a shrewd and intelligent man, and we recommend all persons who are interested in the reform of criminals and the suppression of crime, to take up these volumes, if they can forgive the author for being very entertaining. Those benevolent individuals who would regulate the world after the best possible methods, may learn that there may be instruction in a pleasant work, in a book of an agreeable style, and written in a light, and sometimes even in a picturesque manner. No one expects a thief-taker to be a model of a man, nor his book to be a rule of literature, and therefore blemishes may be found in these Memoirs, and holes picked even in the police-officer's own coat. A book has been written, for example, called "Vidocq Devoilé," in which the Chef de Brigade de Sureté is accused of every crime under heaven; we have the satisfaction, however, of communicating to all the admirers of Vidocq *ipsissimus*, that there are numerous reasons for believing the author of the exposure to be a mere cheat himself. Whether Vidocq be all he represents

himself or not, is a minor question; he may be allowed, as in private vanity bound, to paint himself *en beau* provided he tells the truth of his subjects. If the surgeon himself, who may be suspected of *Burkism*, writes an admirable Treatise of Morbid Anatomy, we will hold him a Bailey, if not in morals, yet in medicine. These Memoirs are, in fact, the morbid anatomy of crime; but then how dexterously does the surgeon detect the peculiarities of his monstrosities; how nicely does he handle the part affected; how ably does he conduct an operation; how brilliantly does he picture the various stages of disease. Vidocq was, in truth, born for a great man: he was a soldier in the revolutionary armies: an accident threw him out of the ranks, or in that great lottery he might have drawn a prize which would have placed his name on a European pedestal, earlier and higher than he has now done in an inferior walk: for though Vidocq is, or rather was, but a police-officer; though he has been condemned to the galleys; though there is scarcely an assembly of rogues to which he has not in some way or other been attached; still no one will deny, who reads these Memoirs, and who knows the reputation of Vidocq, that in France his name is destined for immortal remembrance.

England is colonial in spirit: we colonize even our criminals: we found nations with the rubbish of our civilization: the rejected stone of our buildings becomes the corner block of some distant structure. We relegate our vice to New South Wales; but France has its interior settlements of convicts, its Brest, its Toulon, and its other *bagnes*. We were, a short time ago, indebted to Mr. Cunningham for giving an instructive account of our antipodial house of correction; let us be grateful also to Vidocq who has let us into the mysteries of these domestic Infernos.

But Vidocq not only describes, he dissertates: he not only interests the man by his narrations of hair-breadth escapes, his fertility of invention, his courage, and his talent, but also the legislator, by his remarks upon crime, and his opinions on punishment. Many of his ideas are good: it is, however, on his experience that we would dwell: he tells us what he has seen, and we learn the nature of the human heart under circumstances of peculiar difficulty: we learn the manner and ways of criminals, the stimulants to crime and its preventives, we learn too the operation of a particular police; and at this moment, when a reform of our own police is on the tapis, and not before it is time, the work of Vidocq may be turned to special advantage. It is not yet finished: three volumes alone are completed: before Vidocq records his official exploits, he considers it neces-

sary to let the world know the species of preparation he submitted to. He then shews the manner of his introduction to the police, and describes his vigorous noviciate in its service: the third volume abounds in anecdotes of his exertions when flourishing in his mature excellence. The remaining volumes are to be occupied with an exposition of all the different kinds of French police: they may be more instructive than those already printed, but they will surely not be so full of curious matter as the three livraisons before us. We will shew by a single example the character of Vidocq's prison-scenes: our readers will decide whether they are more striking as interesting dramatic pictures, or as philosophical exhibitions of the working of the mind of man. They are Newgate lessons it is true; but man is man though society has shut him down under her iron gates. Besides, in the present state of things, a very considerable part of the population is in the interior of the building: the most important edifice in every town is the palace of the prisoner. We are, in short, divided into the *ins* and *outs:* the culprits are his "majesty's opposition" to the bills after they are past. They carry on the operations of the Whigs. Let us learn then of what these "patriots of the soil," the weeds of society, are made. Few men could write more curious reminiscences than the ordinary. We observe that one of the most distinguished wits of Paris has thought the last days of one condemned to death, worthy of his pen: it is a mark of the progress of civilization when attention is turned this way. In old times the criminal was turned into gaol to rot, happy if he could forget himself as completely as he was forgotten by others: circumstances are changed: sympathy is turned into the recesses of the prison; in London she assumes the garb of Mrs. Fry: in Paris, as is fit, of a sentimental young poet. We must do, however, M. Hugo the justice to say, that his work is likely to be as beneficial as it is brilliant: it is not very like real life, but it strongly interests the imagination. It does that which poetry so rarely does, it gilds the truth: it serves as a stimulant to good. The merit of M. Hugo is a still further claim on the part of Vidocq: very sure we are, that *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,* would never have been written had not the author perused the former parts of the Memoirs of Vidocq with delight. But let us now turn to our author's "Last Day of a Condemned," for he now has tried his hand at a last day—and, be it observed, the part of the Memoirs from which we have collected the history of the last days of Raoul and Court, has been published if not written since M. Hugo's popular little horror. It is a great deal more true to nature: perhaps it is not, therefore,

more attractive: it contains no visits from roseate children: no nice examinations of dungeon inscriptions: no ecstatic visions of religious consolations: it is all plain Newgate—nevertheless it is excellent in its way.

Vidocq has recorded numerous exploits performed by himself; the one we are alluding to is not one of the most striking, as regards his cat-like power of prehension, but it is the example which most of all gives us to understand the turns and windings of a malefactor's mind; it shows us on what crime depends; how far men are born to it, and that when they are taken from the little atmosphere of circumstances that surrounds them, what changed beings they are. Raoul and Court are murderers. Vidocq may be considered the chief instrument employed in bringing them to the scaffold. Yet, knowing this, the culprits deemed, that he was their best friend; chiefly, we believe, because they saw him only in their prison; such is the power of solitariness—such social animals are we: it was a mistake in Byron to suppose that the bitterest enemies would, in the chaos of an overwhelmed earth, have remembered their enmity; they would have embraced and commenced a system of *chumming*.

The scale on which Vidocq writes renders it impossible that in our space we should give even one historiette entire; we can, therefore, only present our readers with detached scenes from the single narrative we produce as an example of his manner. These scenes we shall connect as well as we can, by a few descriptive paragraphs.

Here then begins the history of the last days of two assassins who were guillotined at Versailles, for attacking on the king's high-way one Fontaine, a butcher: the story is told by Vidocq, their apprehender, a man to whom sir Richard Birnie or his man Townsend is less than nothing; albeit, the former has risen from being a saddler in the Haymarket to the chief magistrature of London: Vidocq was once a baker, then a soldier, a convict, a police officer, and now finally a paper-manufacturer. Thus ends his eventful history.

A butcher going to a fair was attacked on the road near Corbeil, by two individuals whom he had joined on the road; although knocked down repeatedly, and stabbed in a great number of places, he was not completely killed; he was able to give some description of the highwaymen, and ultimately recovered. When he was found, the utmost attention was paid to the minute circumstances attending his condition, and all the evidence that could be, was collected from the appearance of the struggle. The butcher's name was Fontaine; he had received eight-and-twenty wounds. Near where he was lying,

was found among the grass a fragment of paper which seemed to have been used for wiping a knife; it appeared to have formed part of a printed letter, the address in writing was torn in half, there could, however, be deciphered so much as follows:

A Monsieur Rao
Marchand de vins, bar
Roche
Cli

This was the only indication which might lead to discovery; Fontaine indeed stated, that one of his assailants, during the struggle, which was long, fell upon his knees and uttered a loud cry; and afterwards observed to his companion, that he was suffering extreme pain. It might hence be concluded that he would walk lame; with these small points of circumstantial evidence for a guide, Vidocq took the field.

With some little trouble, he was at length able to read the direction of the letter in this way—

A Monsieur . . . . . .
Marchand de vins, barrière Rochechouart
Chaussée de Cliquancourt

This liquor merchant, whoever he was, was therefore in some way or other, remotely or directly connected with the murder: perhaps he was the murderer himself. A marchand de vins in this quarter, of exceedingly bad reputation, was called Raoul, a name which answered to the initial letters on the fragment. Vidocq raised his batteries of observation about the abode of this individual, and soon ascertained that his suspicions were not ill-founded. Raoul was considered one of the most intrepid smugglers of the line of barriers (of Paris). He was moreover married to the sister of a returned convict, and Vidocq learned that he was acquainted with a great number of bad characters. His house, too, was occasionally frequented by a man with whom he appeared closely connected, who, though he was not absolutely lame, yet appeared to walk with difficulty. This man was constantly accompanied by his wife, and it appeared they lodged in a house in the Rue Coquenard. Vidocq now decided to act.

'I determined to post myself near the house which had been pointed out to me. It was night, I waited the morning—and before it was light I was on my station in the street Coquenard, there I remained on foot till four o'clock in the afternoon, and I really began to lose my patience, when the agents in company with me pointed out an individual whose features I immediately recollected. "That is he," said they, "in fact I had scarcely perceived the person whose name was

Court, than from what I remembered of previous circumstances, I became certain it was he who was one of the murderers I was looking for. I had previously arrested him for burglary, and he had just come out from an imprisonment of six months on another account. He was one of those degraded beings, who, like Cain, have written on their brows a sentence of death.

'Without being an extraordinary prophet it was easy to predict that he was destined for the scaffold. One of those presentiments, which have never deceived me, told me that he touched upon the term of the perilous career into which his fatal destiny had urged him. However, not wishing to act with too much precipitation, I made some inquiry in order to learn whether he had any means of subsistence: it was notorious that he had none, and never worked. The neighbours, whom I interrogated, agreed all in saying that he led the most irregular of lives: in fact Court as well as Raoul were regarded as accomplished villains: their countenances would have condemned them. As for myself, I was convinced that they were guilty: I therefore hastened to solicit writs for their apprehension.

'The order for effecting their capture was given to me, and on the following day, before the rising of the sun, I presented myself at Court's door.

'When I got on the landing place of the first story I knocked.

'"Who is there?" some one asked.

'"Open the door, it is Raoul," and I counterfeited his voice.

'Immediately I heard him hasten to come to me, and when the door was open, supposing that he spoke to his friend, "Is there any news?" said he.

'"Yes, yes!" replied I, "there is something new."

'I had not finished pronouncing these words when he saw me in the twilight, and perceived that I had deceived him. "Ah!" cried he, in an accent of terror, "it is M. Jules." (This is the name by which I was known to the thieves and prostitutes of the metropolis.)

'"M. Jules!" repeated Court's wife, still more alarmed than himself.

'"Well then! what is the matter?" I said to the couple, alarmed by so early a visit, "the devil is not so black as he is painted."

'"True," observed the husband: "M. Jules is a good fellow: he has packed me up once—but what of that? I bear him no grudge."

'"I think so too," said I, "is it my fault if you turn smuggler."

'"Smuggler?" replied Court, with the accent of a man who feels relieved of an enormous weight: "Oh! M. Jules, you know well if that were the case, I would make no secret of it to you. Besides, search and see—

'While he got more and more tranquil, I set myself about rummaging the apartment, where I found a brace of pistols primed and loaded, knives, and clothes newly-washed, and some other objects, which I seized.

'I had only to put a finishing stroke to the expedition; if I had

arrested the husband and left the wife free, she would doubtless have informed Raoul of what had just taken place. I conducted them both to the guard-house of the place Cadet; Court, whom I had bound, became all of a sudden melancholy and sad: the precautions I had taken had caused him anxiety: his wife also appeared a prey to terrible reflections. They were in consternation when they heard me recommend the corps-de-garde to separate them and to keep them in view. I had ordered that their wants should be attended to: but they were neither hungry nor thirsty. When Court was questioned on the subject he only answered by a sigh, and he was eighteen hours without opening his mouth: his eye was fixed and his countenance immoveable. This apparent apathy indicated guilt but too clearly. In similar circumstances, I have almost always remarked the two extremes of either a melancholy silence, or an insupportable volubility.'

Next comes the capture of Raoul.

'Court and his wife being in a place of security, it remained to seize upon Raoul. I went to his house: he was not there: the boy who kept his shop told me that he had slept in Paris, where he had a chamber: but that, as it was Sunday, he would not fail to arrive very soon.

'The absence of Raoul was an awkwardness which I had not been able to foresee. I trembled, lest before he came home, he should take it into his head to say good morning to his friend. In this case, he undoubtedly would be informed of his arrest, and it was probable that he would take measures to escape. I was moreover afraid that he had seen us in our expedition to the street Coquenard, and my apprehensions redoubled when the boy told me that his master's lodging in town, was in the faubourg Montmartre. He had never been there and could not point out the spot: but he presumed it was in the environs of the place Cadet: all the information he gave me confirmed me in my fears, for it was reasonable to suppose that Raoul was unusually late on account of some suspicion he had conceived. At nine o'clock he had not returned. The servants were alarmed, but as they did not know where to send to, they remained quiet. It was mid-day, when the waiter who had placed himself outside to watch, ran in saying, "here he is."

'"Who wants me:" said Raoul.

'But he had scarcely crossed the threshold when he recognized me.

'"Ah, good day, M. Jules," said he, coming towards me, "what brings you into our quarter to-day."

' was far from supposing that my business lay with him: in ot to alarm him, I tried to put him on a wrong scent as to the ct of my visit.

! so," said I, "you have taken it into your head to turn

iberal?"

s! yes! Liberal, and what is more, you are charged with it;

but it is not here that we can explain the matter, I must talk with you in private."

'"Willingly: go up stairs and I will follow you."

'I mounted, making a sign to my agents to watch Raoul, and to seize him if he shewed any intention of escaping. The unhappy man never thought of escape, and soon gave me a proof of it by following me immediately as he had promised. He accosted me with an air almost jovial: I was glad to see him in this state of security.

'"Now," said I, "as we are alone, we are able to talk at our ease; I am going to tell you why I came here. Can't you guess?"

'"I faith, no."

'"You have already been harassed on account of the *goguettes* (seditious singing parties) which you persist in holding in your cabaret, in spite of the prohibition. The police is informed that every Sunday, here, there are meetings in which songs are sung of a seditious tendency. It is known that you not only receive here a crowd of suspicious persons, but that this very day, even, you expect a considerable number between twelve and four o'clock. You see the police is aware of every thing. Besides, it is said you have in your possession a heap of seditious and immoral songs, the collection of which is carefully concealed. I am extremely vexed that they have charged me with this duty, but I was not aware that I was sent to act against one of my acquaintance."

The result of this conversation was, that Vidocq arranged to remain in the house to watch for the seditious songsters; Raoul, of course, denied that he ever had such customers, or that he had in his possession any songs whatever. The charge, however, enabled Vidocq to keep his eye upon him the whole day. In the mean time, Vidocq offered his services to the restaurateur, and performed the functions of chief carver till four o'clock, when at length the commissary of police arrived. Vidocq had given him notice of his being wanted; as soon as he saw him, he ran out to speak to him, and returned with another fiction in his mouth, in order to enable him to extend his search to Raoul's other domicile.

'"The devil take them," said I, "they pretend now, that it is not here we ought to be, but at your place at Paris."

'"If that is all" said he, "let us go there."

'"Go there—and when we are there I suppose we shall have to come back to the Cliquancourt-road. But stop," said I, "in order that we may not be put to this trouble, if I were in your place, I would ask the commissary to make an examination of this house in the first place, which would certainly lead him to think you were wrongfully suspected."

'Raoul thinking the advice excellent, took the step I suggested: the commissary acceded to his request, and the search was made with the greatest care: it produced nothing.

'"Well now," cried Raoul, with that tone of satisfaction which seems to announce an irreproachable character, "what better are you now? to make such a piece of work about a bundle of ballads!—if I had committed murder, it could not have been worse."

'The assurance with which he articulated this last phrase disconcerted me: I had some scruples at having believed him culpable: however he was so, and the impression quickly faded from my mind. It is painful to think that a villain with his hands still reeking with the blood of his victim, could utter without trembling the name of his crime. Raoul was calm, nay triumphant. When we got into the coach to go to his domicile in Paris, one would have thought we were going to a wedding.

'"My wife," says he, "will be very much surprised to see me in such good company."

'It was she who came to open the door to us. At the sight of us her countenance did not undergo the slightest change; she offered us seats: but as we had no time to lose, without regard to ceremony, the commissary and I set to work on a new examination. Raoul was present: he guided us with extreme complaisance.

'In order to give a colour of probability to the story I had told, we looked first and chiefly for papers. He gave me the key of his secretary. I seized upon a bundle of papers, and the first morsel I put my eyes upon was an assignation, part of which was torn away. I remembered the fragment described in the *procès verbal* of the magistrates at Corbeil, this fragment seemed to coincide exactly with the rent: the commissary, to whom I mentioned my opinion, agreed with me. Raoul at first witnessed the examination of the note with indifference: perhaps he took no notice of it, but all of a sudden his muscles suffered a contraction, he grew pale, and darting towards the drawer of a commode in which he kept loaded pistols, he was upon the point of laying hold of them, when my agents threw themselves upon him and prevented him from making any resistance.

'It was almost midnight when Raoul and his wife arrived at the prefecture. Court reached there about a quarter of an hour afterwards. The prisoners were shut up separately. Up to this point, we had nothing against them but presumptions and half-proofs. I proposed to myself to confess them while they were in a state of stupor. I first attacked Court with my eloquence. I took him as they say at all ends. I employed every kind of argument to convince him that it was his interest to make declarations.'

We shall spare our readers M. Vidocq's speech, it was well adapted to its purpose; it mystified the man with an idea that every thing was known, or more at least than he had an idea of; that the individuals he had attacked were alleged not to be dead, at least all of them, and knew him; and, moreover, that unless he confessed, he would have no peace, the magistrates night and day would persecute him with entreaties and examin-

ations, until he would have no peace for the small remaining part of his life. However unknown this kind of reasoning may be to English law, it finally prevailed with the prisoner.

'During this exhortation, which was long, Court was deeply agitated. When I told him that all the persons he had attacked were not dead, he changed colour and turned away his head. I remarked that he gradually lost his countenance, that his chest swelled visibly, he breathed with difficulty. At last, at half past four o'clock in the morning, he threw himself upon my neck, and shed abundance of tears. "Ah! M. Jules," cried he, sobbing, "I am a great criminal: I will tell you all."

'I had taken care not to tell Court with what murder he was charged; as in all probability he had committed more than one, I would not specify any thing: I hoped that by keeping to vague terms, he might, perhaps, put me on the scent of some other crime than that of which he was accused. Court reflected for an instant.

'"Well then! yes, it was I that set upon the higgler. His life must have been pegged to his body, the poor devil! to have recovered from such an attack. This was the way it was, M. Jules! may I die this instant if I lie. There were several Normans who were returning after having sold their stock in Paris, I believed them laden with money: I stopped the two first but I found scarcely any thing upon them. I was at that time in the most dreadful state of want, my wife was in utter destitution, it was that which made my heart bleed. At last, while I was giving myself up to despair, I heard the noise of a vehicle, I ran towards it and found that it was a poultry merchant. I surprised him half asleep: I demanded his purse, he searched in his pockets, I searched myself, all he possessed was eighty francs. Eighty francs! what are eighty francs when one owes money to all the world. I had two quarters of my rent to pay: the landlord had threatened to turn me out. I was besides harassed by other creditors. What was I to do with eighty francs: Madness seized me, I took my pistols and discharged them both into the gentleman's chest.—Fifteen days after, I was told that he was still alive. Judge of my surprise—from that moment I have not had a moment's peace. I was afraid he would be playing me some trick."

'"Your fears were well founded; but the higgler is not the only one that you have assassinated; and the butcher whom you have made holes through like a sieve after having seized his bag."

'"As for him," replied the villain: "God rest his soul, I will answer for it, that if ever he bears witness against me, that it will be only at the day of judment."

'"You are wrong: the butcher is not dead, and will not die of this."

'"So much the better," cried Court.

'"No, he will not die, and I ought to tell you that he has laid an information against you and your accomplices, of a kind that no one can mistake."

'Court attempted to maintain that he had no accomplices: but he could not long persist in this lie, and finished by naming Clair Raoul. I insisted upon his naming others, but in vain. I was obliged for the moment to content myself with the confessions he had already made, and in the fear that he would retract, I caused the commissary to be called immediately, in presence of whom he repeated the greater part of the details.'

It was now Vidocq's business to turn this confession to account with Raoul.

'It was undoubtedly a first victory to have determined Court to acknowledge his guilt and to sign his information; but a second victory was also to be gained: the question was, to make Raoul follow the example of his friend. I entered without making a noise into the house in which he was. Raoul slept: I took precaution not to awake him, and taking a seat near to him, I spoke in a low tone near his ear: he moved slightly, his lips were agitated, and I fancied that he was answering the questions I had put to him: without raising my voice I interrogated him as to the affair he had on hand: he articulated some unintelligible words, but it was impossible for me to give sense to what he said. This scene of somnambulism endured for nearly a quarter of an hour, when to the question, what have you done with the knife, he jumped up all on a sudden, uttered a few broken words, and turned his eyes upon me.

'As soon as he saw me, he trembled with affright and surprise: it seemed as if he had just had an internal struggle which he dreaded lest I should have heard. By the air of anxiety with which he considered me, I saw that he was seeking to discover what had passed. Perhaps in his sleep he had betrayed himself. His brow was covered with perspiration and a mortal paleness was spread over his features; he tried to force a smile, and ground his teeth in spite of himself. The figure before me was that of a man under the torture of his conscience. The last vapours of a frightful dream were not yet dissipated. I seized the opportunity: it was not the first time I had called the nightmare to my aid.

'"It seems," said I to Raoul, "that you have just had a horrible dream; you have talked a good deal and suffered severely; I have waked you to relieve you from the torments you were enduring, and the remorse to which you were a prey. Do not be vexed at what I say; but it is no longer the time to dissemble, the disclosures of your friend Court have told us all—it is useless to persist in denial; his evidence will confound you in the presence of your judges, and if his evidence is not enough, the butcher whom you assassinated near Milly will appear to accuse you." I examined his countenance, and though I saw it somewhat discomposed he gradually recovered himself and answered firmly.

'"M. Jules, you wish to torture me—it is labour lost; it is you who are wicked, I am innocent. As for Court, no one shall persuade

me that he is guilty, still less that he has accused me, especially when there is not a shadow of probability that he should have done so." I again declared that he sought in vain to conceal the truth from me; "Besides," added I, "I am going to confront you with your friend, and we shall see if you dare contradict him."

'"Let him come;" answered Raoul, "I do not wish any thing better. I am certain that Court is incapable of a bad action. Why do you wish him to go to accuse himself of a crime he has not committed, and to implicate me for a joke, unless he is mad, and that he cannot be. Come, M. Jules, I am sure of what I say, if he tells you that he has committed murder, and that I was with him, I consent to pass for the greatest villain on the face of the earth. I will acknowledge for truth every thing he may say. I take my engagement, to ascend the same scaffold with him. As for dying for this or that, the guillotine does not frighten me. If Court speaks, well—all is said, the cloth is laid, two heads will roll on the plank."

'I left him in this humour, and went to propose the interview to his comrade. He refused, alleging, that after having confessed, he had not the power of looking Raoul in the face. "After I have signed my declaration," said he, "make him read it; it will be enough to convince him—he knows my hand-writing." This difficulty, which I had not expected, was the more provoking, because very frequently I have seen the intentions of a prisoner change in less than a second, from black to white; I determined therefore to overcome it, and I soon decided Court to do what I wanted. At last I brought the two friends together; they embraced, and a trick occurred to him which, though I had not suggested, it assisted my plans mightily. Court said to Raoul, "Oh, so you then have done as I have; you have confessed our crime—you have done well."

'He to whom this phrase was addressed, seemed for the moment absolutely annihilated; but suddenly resuming his faculties, "I faith, M. Jules, you have played your part well; you have fitted us both to a hair. Now, as I am a man of my word, I will hold to my promise and conceal nothing from you;" and he instantly told his story, which fully confirmed that of his accomplice. These new revelations having been received by the commissary in the form enacted by the law, I remained conversing with the two assassins, their gaiety was inexhaustible; it is the ordinary effect of confession in the greatest criminals. I supped with them, they drank in moderation. Their physiognomy had become calm; there was no longer any trace of the sufferings of the previous evening—it was seen to be a settled affair; they had taken the engagement to pay their debt to justice. At dessert, I announced that we should leave in the night for Corbeil. "In this case," says Raoul, "it is not worth while to go to bed;" and he begged me to bring them a pack of cards. When the vehicle arrived to take us away, they were playing their game at piquet with the peaceable air of a couple of respectable citizens.

'They got into the "cuckoo" without its appearing to make the

slightest impression upon them. Before we had got to the barrier of Italy they were snoring like the blessed; at eight o'clock in the morning they had not awaked, and we were entering the town.'

At Corbeil, the culprits were led before the *juge d' instruction;* Court appeared intimidated when he saw himself in the presence of a number of individuals; he, however, when required, repeated his confession as far as it regarded the butcher, but on the subject of the higgler, he retracted every thing he had said, and it was impossible to make him avow that he had any other accomplices than Raoul. Raoul himself, when he was introduced into the cabinet, recounted at length, and with the most imperturbable *sang froid,* all that had passed between them and the butcher, Fontaine, up to the instant at which he struck him.

' "The man," he said, "was only staggered by the two blows of the club; when I saw he did not fall, I went up to him as if to support him; I had in my hand the knife which is here on the table." At the same moment, writes Vidocq, that he said this, he sprang towards the table, seized the instrument of his crime with violence, stepped back, and rolling his eyes with fury, he assumed a menacing position. This unexpected movement froze the company assembled with horror; the sous prefect had nearly fainted, and I was not without some alarm; however, persuaded that it was prudent to attribute Raoul's action to a good motive, "Oh, gentlemen," said I, smiling, "what are you afraid of? Raoul is incapable of a baseness, and would not abuse the confidence we show him; he has only taken up the knife in order to show you the action he used."—"Thank you, M. Jules," said the man, quietly laying the knife down on the table, "I only wished to show you how I had made use of it.' "

After this scene, another took place: Fontaine was at the hospital slowly recovering from his wounds; it was necessary that the culprits should be taken before him and recognized. Fontaine had his head wrapped up, and his face covered with linen, no one could know him again; the eyes of his assassins wandered over the ward in order to detect him; at last they settled on the bloody clothes he wore when he was attacked, which were lying on his bed. "Ah! poor Fontaine!" cried Court, and fell down on his knees at the foot of the bed, "pardon the wretches who have put you into this condition—Pardon! Pardon!" repeated Court, hiding his face in his hands; Raoul at the same time knelt down but said nothing. "Come," said the magistrate, who accompanied them, "stand up, look the wounded man in the face." They stood up: "Take away those murderers," cried Fontaine, "I know them well enough; I know their faces, and I know the sound of their voices—take them away!"

This was all the law required, and the culprits returned to their prison. Vidocq was, however, satisfied that they had accomplices, and it was therefore his next task to bring them to declare who it was that usually accompanied them in their expeditions.

'The secret of who was their accomplice, it was of the greatest importance to discover; I resolved not to quit them until they had revealed the whole. After our return from the confrontation, I had a supper served in the prison for the culprits and myself; the gaoler asked me if he should put knives on the table? "To be sure," said I, "why not—put knives on the table." My two guests eat with as much appetite as if they had been two of the best men in the world. When they were very slightly touched with the wine, I led them adroitly to the recollection of their crimes. "You are not bad at heart," said I, "I would wager that you have been led into this; some rascal or other has ruined you. Why not allow it? I saw how much you felt at the sight of poor Fontaine, I am certain, that even at the price of your own blood, you would never have spilt his. Well—if you will say nothing about your accomplices, you will make yourselves responsible for all the evil they do. Many persons whom you have attacked, depose that you were at least four in your expeditions."

'"They are deceived," replied Raoul, "on my word of honour, M. Jules, we were never more than three; the third is a former custom-house officer who is called Pons Gerard, he lives at a little village near the frontier, between la Cupelle and Hirson, department of the Aisne. But if you wish to arrest him, I give you notice he is a fellow who has no cold in his eyes."

'"No;" said Court, "he is not easy to harness, and if you do not take care, he will give some wire to twist."

'"Oh, he is an awkward customer;" replied Raoul, "and you M. Jules, are not left-handed either, but ten such as you would not frighten him; in any case, you are warned: first of all, if it gets wind that you are on the look out for him, he will make off across the border, if you surprise him, he will resist. So, find means to catch him asleep."

'"Yes, but he never sleeps;" observed Court.

'I took all the information I could procure respecting the habits of Pons Gerard, and made them give me his description. The moment I obtained the instructions I thought necessary to insure his capture, I proposed to the prisoners to write to the magistrate who had received their confessions. Raoul put pen to paper, and when he finished it was finished, although it was nearly one o'clock in the morning. I carried the letter myself to the procureur du roi, and the magistrate hastened to the prison. Court as well as Raoul repeated to him all they had said of Pons Gerard. I had now to occupy myself with this person, and as it was necessary that he should not have time to learn

the accident that had happened to his friends, I immediately obtained an order of arrest.'

The capture of Pons is a little history worth recording itself, for the sake of its melodramatic interest; the length of this episode, however, necessarily confines us to the fate of the principal characters. We skip therefore the chapter containing the narrative of his capture, which called upon Vidocq to the whole extent of his resources. We will continue to track the course of Raoul and Court to the Scaffold.

'Before leaving Versailles, I was desirous of procuring some diversion for the two, by giving them a dinner. They accepted it with evident satisfaction, and all the time that I passed with them I never saw on their countenances the slightest shade of sadness; they were more than resigned, I should not have been surprised at their becoming honest men, their language at least indicated it.'

'"It must be allowed, my poor Raoul," said Court, "that we followed a sorry trade."

'"Oh, don't talk of it; every trade that hangs its master . . .

'"And then, that was not all—to be in continual trances, to have never a single instant of tranquillity, to tremble at the sight of every new face."

'"It is very true—I fancied I saw spies or gensdarmes in disguise wherever I looked; the least noise—my shadow sometimes would completely upset me."

'"And I, the moment a person I did not know looked at me, I imagined he was taking my description; and by the heat which I felt in my face, I well knew that in spite of myself I was blushing up to the white of my eyes."

'"Ah! one does not know what one does when one begins to go in the bye-ways: if it was to do over again, I would rather a thousand times blow my brains out."

'"I have two children, but if they go wrong I would pray of the mother to smother them directly."

'"If we had given ourselves as much trouble to do good as we have to do ill, we should not have been here; we should have been well off."

'"What would you have? it is our lot."

'"Don't tell me that—it is one's self that makes one's lot—destiny! it is all folly—there is no destiny without bad company; I am certain I was not born for a rogue. Do you remember how much *consolation* I took before every stroke we made? Because I had on my chest a weight of five hundred pounds, and if I had drank half a dozen gallons it would not have relieved it."

'"As for me," said the other, "my heart seemed burnt with hot iron; if I could get to sleep, by laying on my left side, then I had a hundred thousand devils at my heels; sometimes I fancied myself caught, with my clothes covered with blood, burying a corpse; some-

times I was carrying it on my back. When I would awake, I was steeped in perspiration like a sop; the water poured down my forehead, you might have taken it up with a spoon; after that I never could sleep a wink; my cap bound my head like an iron ring, turn and turn as I would, my head seemed bound with an iron ring which fastened into my temples with sharp points."

'"Ah! have you felt that too?—It is just like needles."

'"Perhaps it is what they call remorse."

'"Remorse or not, it is a dreadful suffering. Indeed, M. Jules, I could scarcely bear it any longer; it was time it should end. Others perhaps would owe you a grudge for what you have done for us, but I declare you have rendered us a service. What say you, Raoul?"

'"Since we have confessed all, I find myself in Paradise compared with what I was. I know very well we have a sad moment to pass, but what of that? they were not going to a wedding, the people we have put an end to; besides, it is the least we can do, to serve for an example."'

When Vidocq was about to separate from them, they both of them requested as a great favour that he would come to see them as soon as they were condemned. Two days after the sentence was pronounced, he visited them: when he entered, they shouted with joy, and cried out his name with such accents of delight, that it might have been thought he had come to deliver them. They were both chained down on an iron bedstead, and yet they insisted on embracing him, and he was obliged to climb on to the bed to perform the ceremony. Religion was the subject of the conversation; the priest who came to confess them had left the *Pensées Chretiennes* behind him for their edification. They appeared to have been reflecting on sacred subjects, but the amount of their progress seemed to be, that men were not born to die like dogs, and that religion was not so much *de la bamboche* as they had always thought it. After all, the idea which chiefly touched them was altogether of a worldly nature. They wished to die bravely, to gild their ignominy, if possible, by the story of a fearless death. They were exceedingly anxious to acquit themselves well on this head in the eyes of Vidocq, and prayed his attendance on the occasion. "As for dying," said Raoul, "I do not care a curse for it. I'll die as I would drink a glass of water. You shall see how I shall get on there."—"Oh, yes, M. Jules, you must come," said Court. "I promise you," replied Vidocq. "Yes, on your word of honour." The thief-taker gave his word of honour, and the engagement was made as to a ball.

'On the day fixed for the execution,' says Vidocq, 'I went to Versailles; it was ten o'clock in the morning when I entered the dungeon,

the two men about to suffer were conversing with their confessors. They no sooner caught sight of me than, rising precipitately, they came towards me.

'RAOUL [Taking me by the hands].—"You do not know the pleasure you do us, they were just greasing our boots for the road."

'VIDOCQ.—"Do not let me disturb you."

'COURT.—"You—you disturb us, M. Jules—you joke."

'RAOUL.—"If we had but ten minutes before us only, we must talk with you [turning to the confessors]: these gentlemen will excuse us."

'RAOUL'S CONFESSOR.—"Go on, my children, go on."

'COURT.—"It is because there are not many others like Monsieur Jules; and yet, such as you see him here, it was he that *packed us up*—but that is nothing."

'RAOUL.—"If he had not, somebody else would."—

'COURT.—"Who would not have treated us as well?"

'RAOUL.—"Ah! M. Jules, I shall never forget what you have done for us."

'COURT.—"A friend would not have done so much."

'RAOUL.—"And over and above the market, to come and see us try the last fall."

'VIDOCQ [Offering his snuff].—"Come, take a pinch."

'RAOUL [Taking a long inspiration].—"Not bad—[sneezing several times]—that is a pass-ticket, is it not, M. Jules?"

'VIDOCQ.—"It is so called."

* * * * * * *

They continue to gossip in a tone half sad, half merry, for some time in this style, till they are interrupted by

'COURT'S CONFESSOR.—"Come, my children, time slips away."

'RAOUL.—"Oh, it is useless; the MEG OF MEGS [the Supreme Being], if there is one, will never pardon us."

'COURT'S CONFESSOR.—"The mercy of God is infinite—Jesus Christ dying on the cross interceded with his father for the good thief."

'COURT.—"Oh, that he would intercede for us!"

'ONE OF THE CONFESSORS.—"Elevate your souls to God, my children, prostrate yourselves before him and pray."

'Here they looked at me, as if to consult me as to what they should do; they seemed to fear that I should accuse them of weakness.'

'VIDOCQ.—"There is no disgrace."

'RAOUL [To his comrade].—"My friend, let us recommend us to—"

'Raoul and Court knelt down: they remained fifteen minutes in this position; they were rather collected, than absorbed in their duty. The clock struck, it was half-past eleven o'clock; they looked at one another, and said at the same moment—"*In thirty minutes there will be an end of us!*" As they uttered these words they rose; I saw they wanted to speak to me, I had held myself apart, an instant and I approached them.

'" M. Jules," said Court to me, " if we may count upon your goodness, we would ask a last favour of you.

'" Our wives are in Paris; I love my wife—that breaks my heart—it is too much for me." His eyes filled with tears, his voice faltered, he could not finish.

'" Come, come, Court," said Raoul, " what is the matter with you, you are not going to play the child? that is not like yourself, my boy; are you a man or are you not? Because you have a wife—have not I mine too? Come—courage."

'" Its over;" answered Court, " what I had to say, Monsieur Jules, is, that we have our wives, and not meaning to require it of you, we would charge you with two or three little commissions for them."

'I promised to acquit myself of them, and when they had declared their intentions, I renewed my assurances, and they were religiously performed.

'RAOUL.—" I was sure you would not refuse us."

'COURT.—" With good hearts, one has always a resource.—Ah! M. Jules, how shall we show our gratitude?"

'RAOUL.—" If what the gentleman said who *new-capped* us [the confessor] is not sheer blarney, we shall see one another again one of these days."

'VIDOCQ.—" Let us hope; perhaps it will be sooner than we think."

'COURT.—" Ah! its a voyage we put off as long as we can. We are very near our departure."

'RAOUL.—" M. Jules, how goes your watch?"

'VIDOCQ.—" I think it is too fast" [I drew it].

'RAOUL.—" Look there—TWELVE O'CLOCK!"

'COURT.—" The *Carline*! [slang for *Death*] God! how he gallops."

'RAOUL.—" The big pointer just touches the little one. We don't grow weary in talking with you, M. Jules—but we must go. Stop, take these *chatterers*, we have no longer any need of them." [The *chatterers* were the two *Pensées Chretiennes*.]

'COURT.—" And these two *Johns of the Vine* [the crucifixes], take them also; they will at least make you think of us." [The noise of a carriage is heard; the two condemned changed colour.]

'RAOUL.—" It is right to repent, but am I going to play the poltroon? Oh, no! we will make no brag as some do, but let us be firm."

'COURT.—" Aye, that's it—firm and contrite."

'The Executioner arrives. At the instant they were mounting the car, they gave me the last adieus. " Nevertheless," said Raoul, " it is a couple of corpses that you are embracing."

'The cavalcade advances towards the place of punishment. Raoul and Court are attentive to the exhortations of the confessors; all of a sudden I saw them start—a voice struck their ear—it was that of *Fontaine!* Having recovered from his wounds, he had joined the crowd of spectators: animated with a spirit of vengeance, he gave

himself up to an atrocious joy. Raoul recognized him; with a glance of the eye to me he seemed to tell me that the presence of this man was painful. Fontaine was near me, and I ordered him to go to a distance. Raoul and his comrade, by a sign of the head, signified their gratitude.

'Court was executed first: when he had mounted the scaffold, he looked at me again, as if to ask me if I were satisfied. Raoul shewed the same firmness; he was in the prime of his existence; his head rebounded twice upon the fatal plank, and his blood sprung out with such force, that the spectators at the distance of twenty paces were covered with it.

'Such was the end of these two men, whose crimes were less the produce of any natural wickedness than of contact with the perverted beings who, in the bosom of society itself, form a distinct society, which has its principles, its virtues, and its vices. Raoul was not more than thirty-eight years of age; he was tall, thin, active, and vigorous: his eye-brows were elevated, his eye small but lively, and of a dazzling black; his forehead, without being depressed, inclined backwards rather, his ears were very wide apart, and a part ingrafted on two protuberances like those of the Italians, whose copper complexion he likewise had. Court had a face which was a perfect enigma; his look was not a squint, and yet it was overhung, and his features as a whole, expressed little or nothing, except perhaps his very high cheek bones and his protuberant eye-brows, which denoted an instinctive ferocity. It is possible that these indications of a sanguinary appetite might be developed by the practice of murder. Altogether, there was an ill-looking air about him that made one uneasy in his presence, and almost tremble. Court was forty-five years old, and from his youth had been engaged in a course of crime. In order to have enjoyed so long an impunity, he must have possessed a considerable share of cunning and artifice.

'The commissions which the two assassins gave me to execute, were of a nature to prove that they were not destitute of kind and respectable feelings. As to the presents they made me, I have preserved them, and they may now be seen at my house, the two *Pensées Chretiennes*, and the two crucifixes.'

Thus ends this Old Bailey history: we think, that in effect upon the hearts of the wicked, it may rival some sermons; we prefer it to George Barnwell, and perhaps the dramatic caterers for that part of the inhabitants of London who may possibly fall into the predicament of Court and Raoul, cannot do better than set some of their play-wrights upon it: the Memoirs themselves will furnish an abundant garnish of little crimes and adventures. We shall have lost our time however, if some of the points of the story cannot be turned even to a better use.

ART. XII.—*Herodotus, translated from the Greek, for the Use of General Readers; with short explanatory Notes.* By Isaac Taylor. London. 1829.

IT has been the fortune of the history of Herodotus, to attract the greatest attention at a period very far removed from that of his own age; every additional year brings fresh proof of the labour that is bestowed on the illustration of his writings. What were the opinions of contemporary Greeks on the merits of this traveller and historian, we can hardly now determine with precision; but we know that he did not escape the severe and unjust criticism of many subsequent Greek writers, whose works have descended to our days. With the revival of ancient learning, and its introduction into western Europe, the historical writings of Herodotus became known, and were read in the original language; his real value, however, was not understood either by the learned critic, or by those who received their notions through the medium of a translation.

The honoured appellation of Father of History, was blended with the less enviable title of lover of fiction, and those to whom his name only was known, regarded him as the very prince of liars. This vulgar and absurd prejudice (it cannot be called an opinion) still remains in the minds of the receivers of second-hand information, and it can only be destroyed by giving to them such a degree of real knowledge as will enable them to estimate the value of Herodotus.

Those physical and unchangeable circumstances, on which the true reputation of this ancient traveller may securely rest, were not till within the last half century sufficiently well known to qualify a modern reader for the task of criticizing him with due impartiality. The improvements in geographical knowledge present him to us in a new point of view: we consider him as an enterprising, inquisitive, and veracious traveller, whose personal researches, and well-directed inquiries laid open to him the whole world, as it was then bound together by commercial relations, and the interchange of useful commodities.

Every portion of Europe, Asia, and Africa, however remote, which had any communication either direct or distant, with the coasts of the Mediterranean, then the commercial centre of the world, we may detect and determine by the express words of the writer, or by his mention of those commodities which the merchants of Greece, Tyre, and Carthage, collected and distributed.

But this is not all his merit: with the exception of the sacred Scriptures, the nine books of Herodotus contain almost the

only materials for the history of man and political communities as far as the year B. C. 478. His unwearied diligence and honest purpose have furnished us with the means of exercising a proper criticism on the subsequent compilations of Greek and Roman historians. After all the ingenuity of modern readers has been wearied in attempting to detect errors, or expose improbabilities, with all the deductions that his most determined opponents require, and his most zealous admirers must consent to make, there remains a literary monument of industry to which it will not be easy to name a parallel, or to mention one in which is displayed so much personal and original research.

The latest geographical discoveries, and the extension of all branches of that science combine to prove the general accuracy of his information, and his diligence in obtaining it. The language in which his work is written, has become from a concurrent variety of circumstances, one which forms the subject of instruction for a large part of those who can afford to have a superior education; and the man of maturer years recurs with pleasure to the study of that, which possesses more enduring attractions, than more recent history.

The mental training of the present day is bound to the recollections and the acts of former times: on the labours and the monuments, which more than twenty centuries have contributed to strengthen, we still rest for encouragement and support. A few works of Greek and Roman authors furnish materials for the activity of literary and commercial industry, as well as for the studies of youth, and the more serious pursuits of manhood. This may seem a waste of labour, and it may be said that the energy thus employed, might be directed to more beneficial objects: undoubtedly, there has been great waste, and prodigious exertions have been made without any rational or definite object in view. But we hope that the perusal of these ancient writers will now be prosecuted in a more useful and agreeable manner, which without making them an exclusive or limited study, shall derive aid for their illustration from all the varied, and almost infinite sources of human knowledge. If we were to try to snap asunder the bond that unites us to the remembrance and the actions of the past, we should find the attempt as pernicious as it would be impracticable; to endeavour by the application of sound criticism to obtain more correct and enlarged views of the history of our species cannot be looked on with disapprobation by any real friend to social improvement.

The translation of Herodotus by Mr. Taylor has for its object a more general diffusion of ancient historical learning, by pre-

senting this writer in our own language, and in such a form as to be adapted for general and even for family use. It is the translator's opinion, that our knowledge of the important facts of antiquity may be obtained from modern compilations, but that a real and permanent interest in these events, and an accurate perception of all the attendant circumstances can only be acquired by a perusal of the original writers. In this opinion, it is impossible not to concur; and we could wish to see all the best ancient writers in our own language and in such a form as to be accessible to every reader. But if this were already done, and if every ancient writer of value could be procured in an English version, at a moderate expense, we think the expectations of those would be disappointed, who look for a much more general perusal of them. The Waverley novels, and the Life of Napoleon would be greater favourites than Herodotus, or Thucydides; and though it is not meant to insinuate that the labours of the moderns have received a higher reward than they merit, we do mean to assert that general readers, with the kind of education which at present they receive, will not be found numerous enough to encourage the translators and publishers of cheap versions of Greek and Roman authors.

The demand for translations among school boys and students would be a surer market to look to for encouragement.

There is an important difference in the capacity for comprehending and relishing Herodotus, between even an indifferent scholar, and the mere English reader: the former in the course of a tedious and painful education, collects a number of ideas, and forms certain associations, that assist him in understanding his author, but the ordinary and general reader will come to the perusal of Herodotus, so much unprepared, that we fear he will find that to be dull and uninviting, which is capable of giving to a Greek student real and unmingled pleasure. It is true that the ordinary course of instruction to which we have alluded, is but an imperfect preparation for a full understanding of an ancient writer, yet it has a value, and it gives the possessor of it the partial advantage just mentioned.—But very far, indeed, is it from our intention to assert that Herodotus has ever yet received in the schools or colleges of Great Britain the illustration which he requires; the learned who honour him with their commentaries or oral expositions, have left much for others to do, and it will be reserved even for future generations to make the interpretation complete.

There is nothing short of an improvement in the elementary and early instruction that can make the perusal of an ancient

himself up to an atrocious joy. Raoul recognized him; with a glance of the eye to me he seemed to tell me that the presence of this man was painful. Fontaine was near me, and I ordered him to go to a distance. Raoul and his comrade, by a sign of the head, signified their gratitude.

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given why Zeus, Hera,* Aphrodite, Athena, &c. should be called Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Minerva:" it was at first his intention to keep the genuine orthography of all the Greek names, and it is to be regretted that he has deviated from an original plan, which would contribute to a proper understanding of the differences between things that are not the same, and would have prevented some confusion in Geographical terms.

Thus he translates the sea of Erythra by the term Red Sea [p. 202], when the Persian gulf which was included in the ancient term is intended, and the general reader will not understand the passage, as there is no note to set him right.

Many inconveniences also would be avoided by retaining the Greek orthography complete in every part, even in the termination: the Hellenes would then preserve their genuine appellation instead of being denoted by a corrupted Latin term; and the Iones, the Magoi, Sakai, Druopes, and the Phokeës would not degenerate respectively into Ionians, Mages, Saces, Dryopians, and Phocidians. The names of cities in Mr. Taylor's translation suffer occasionally for want of some general guiding principle, such as, in fact, he approves, and wished to adopt; and partly also through errors of the press. In one instance [p. 69], we have the meaning of a passage very imperfectly given, and the obscurity is increased by national names being used without exactness, and, in a single case, with very great error. "These, therefore (the Milesians), separated themselves from the other Ionians, and for this reason, that they (the Ionians), were the feeblest of the *Hellenistic* people—a people then, of all others, the feeblest; for, excepting the Athenians, none of the Grecian states were at that time at all considerable." The "Hellenistic people" and the Grecians are intended apparently to signify the same people; now Mr. Taylor, perhaps, intended to adopt the genuine national name, "Hellenic," to which a scholar immediately assigns a definite meaning, but by a mistake he introduced the term "Hellenistic," which does not occur in Herodotus, and which has a very different signification.—In the latter part of this extract "Ionians" must be substituted for Grecians.

* If the genuine term Hera were preserved, the reader might have occasion to look in Lempriere for its meaning, a book which Mr. Taylor [Preface, p. xi] considers to be better adapted for communicating much explanatory matter, than such short notes as he has added. We differ from him entirely on this point. Let the reader refer to one of the latest editions of that work for the article Hera, and he will find what kind of information it gives; or, as an example of a Geographical term, to the article Æthiopia, by comparing which with what he may learn about the Æthiopians in Herodotus, he will be able to estimate the value of the compilation.

Mr. Taylor, in adapting a translation of Herodotus to family use, has found it necessary to modify some passages, and to omit others which could not with propriety be introduced within the family circle. With the particular object which the translator had in view, such a course might be consistent, and he has fairly informed the reader of these modifications and omissions, in his Preface [p. ix]. There are, however, passages omitted and modified, which might have been rendered in a manner sufficiently near the sense of the original, without any danger of incurring the charge of ministering to a prurient taste [*see* Preface, p. ix]. When Alyattes, the father of Crœsus died [Herod. i. 93], he was honoured by an enormous mound of earth erected at the expense of those who, we may presume, had good reasons for cherishing his memory. Sardis, the capital of the Lydian kings, was then the centre of an extensive commerce, which bound together the regions of Asia, between the Pontus and the Mediterranean, with the inhabitants of the western coast and the islands of the Archipelago.

As a commercial emporium, and the resort of merchants, it became like Corinthus in a latter age, a place of pleasure also, and a peculiar kind of morality arose, which is not to be estimated by the standard of another time and people. The young Lydian girls accumulated marriage portions by selling their favours to the wealthy visitors of Sardis, and then they married the husband of their choice. It was by the joint labours, or rather subscriptions of the tradesmen of Sardis, the artizans, and the young girls, that a monument was erected, second only to the great works of Egypt and Babylon.*

According to Mr. Taylor, "the work was performed by hucksters, labourers, and girls of the lower order" [p. 45]: this conveys no precise information, and the general reader will labour in vain to comprehend how the girls of Sardis helped to raise this monument to their sovereign, since the above-mentioned peculiarity of Lydian morality is not included in Mr. Taylor's version.

When Babylon was conquered by the Persian Cyrus, it lost its political and commercial importance, and the poverty, the misery, and degradation of a declining capital were exhibited in various ways. Among other things we learn that fathers prostituted their own daughters to gain the means of subsistence. The version of Mr. Taylor being enveloped in ambiguity leaves the reader to imagine whatever he pleases. "But, in fact, since the Babylonians have lost their liberties and wealth, they have,

* This mound undoubtedly remains, and ought to be looked for by some person who has nothing else to do.

under the pressure of want, resorted to nefarious practices in disposing of their daughters"—pp. 95, 96.

These objections are not so much directed against Mr. Taylor's version, it being part of his plan to alter such passages, as intended to show that much really curious and instructive matter is omitted or modified on the ground of not administering to pruriency. We think a translation might be made, which, without omitting any important fact, would be as free from all reasonable objections as even Mr. Taylor's. In page 203 we have the story of Cambyses marrying his own sister, followed by an account of her tragical death from the violence of her brother and her husband. A quarrel arose between this couple at table, when the enraged brother "gave her a kick; and she being then with child died of the blow." The whole story is more morally impure than any other in the book, though it may be less prurient than some; and instead of so coarse a phrase as "being with child," and that too by her own brother, it might have been represented as "a certain delicate or interesting situation" in which the lady then happened to be.

The character of Mr. Taylor's translation, cannot be fairly judged of, by presenting either a few short passages, or perhaps even a single one of moderate length, but this is all that can be done in a short notice. He has, as he tells us in his preface, "laboured to put the English reader as fully in possession of the sense and style of Herodotus, as the idioms of our language would admit [Preface, p. viii.]—"loose and paraphrastic renderings he discards, and would rather sometimes seem uncouth, than not retain the significant turns, and emphatic phrases of his author." As a specimen of his translation, we select a portion of the history of doctor Democedes.—p. 251, &c.

Darius had sprained his ancle, and the Egyptian doctors by their bungling treatment had made the matter worse; Democedes, who had been brought up to Susa with a quantity of baggage of various kinds, is sent for—

'As he stood in the midst, he was asked by Darius if he was versed in the art: he denied, fearing lest he should be recognized, and so his return to Greece should be for ever prevented; but Darius perceiving that he was in truth a man of skill, commanded whips and goads to be fetched. He then professed himself, saying that, though very far from being well acquainted with medicine, yet that having waited upon a certain physician, he had acquired some rude knowledge of the art. Upon this the king put himself under his care, and he, using the Grecian methods of cure, and adopting mild remedies after the violent means that had been employed, obtained sleep for his patient, and in a short time effected a perfect cure, when Darius had despaired of ever regaining the use of the foot. The king afterwards bestowed upon

Democedes two pairs of golden fetters. In receiving them, he asked if the king, in recompense for the cure, intended to assign to him a double ill. Darius pleased with this speech, sent him to his wives, who were informed by the officers of the palace, "that this was the man who had restored the king's life." Each of them dipped a goblet into a coffer of gold pieces, and presented it to Democedes; and so liberally did they do this, that the servant who followed him, named Scitus, collected a large sum, merely by picking up the pieces which fell from the goblets.

'This Democedes left Crotona, and came to attend on Polycrates, from the following circumstances: his father was a man of so irascible and difficult a temper, that at length he left him and came to Ægina; there he established himself, and though unfurnished with means, and destitute of the instruments of his profession, in the first year he outstripped the most eminent physicians of the island. In the second year, a talent was voted to him by the Æginetans, as a pension from the public purse. In the third year, the Athenians granted him one hundred pounds. In the fourth year, he was hired by Polycrates, at a salary of two talents: thus it was that he came to Samos.'

This is a fair specimen of the translation, which seems to be occasionally inelegant and aukward, when there is no particular difficulty to plead as an apology; there is occasionally "uncouthness" which is not justified by any necessity, or recompensed by the felicity of keeping the significant turns of the original; an exact scholar might also complain of several slight inaccuracies. When "the Athenians in the third year grant him one hundred pounds" (Mr. Taylor should have added *sterling*, to denote to the general reader the full force of one hundred pounds), it does not appear from the translation, as it ought to do, that he was engaged by that state at a salary of one hundred μναι for one year; just as in some towns of the Levant at the present day, there is a doctor general, who is supported at the public expense, or paid by a contribution of the citizens.

Mr. Taylor's translation is often deficient in accuracy: we shall select a few examples of this from various parts of the work. Herodotus [book i. chap. 146.] is arguing that the Iones of Asia have no superiority over others of that national stock; to prove this he gives an historical account of their origin, and enumerates the host of adventurers, who seized on the fertile lands of Asia, as the motley crew of Norman invaders displaced the Saxons of England. "To affirm that these (the Ionian states of Asia) were of nobler origin, or in any respect better than the other Ionians, is absurd. The Abantes of Eubœa are a considerable part of the race, and they do not even retain the name, or indeed any thing in common with the inhabitants of Ionia, and are mingled with many nations; as with the Minyan

Orchomenians, the Cadmeans, the Dryopians, the Phocidians, or a part of them, the Molossians, the Arcadian Pelasgians, the Dorians of Epidaurus, and others."

It is evident that there is here some confusion in the translation; the meaning of the original is clear; the Abantes of Eubœa have not a claim even on the name of Ionians; besides them, there are mingled with the original adventurers, others from many parts of Hellas; and then their names are given.

As to "the Phocidians, or a part of them" joining the expedition, there is nothing of the kind in Herodotus, who simply says, a number of Phokeës were included among them. The words Φωκεες αποδασμιοι, have not been explained by any commentator that we have seen, but a passage in the Roman antiquities of Dionysius [book i. chap. 94,] will assist in removing the difficulty. In the ancient communities of Hellas, as well as in the Italian peninsula, it was the practice to send out military colonies; the youthful warrior, for whom there was no room at home, went forth with his sword in his hand, and under the protection of the gods of his country. To return to the city of his fathers was forbidden; his fortune was to be made by dispossessing of their property some weaker people. Such a band of Phokeës joined the adventurers in their Asiatic expedition, and they won by their sword the fertile lands of Ionia; their predecessors in the occupation of the country must have been enslaved or expelled; or, as in the case of the Carians, near Miletus, the males were exterminated by the noblest born of all the adventurers, the Athenians, who came unprovided with wives. The same scenes have been repeated in more recent times; names are different, but the thing is the same.

Arion [p. 9], was the first "who composed dithyrambics, and taught them at Corinth." The technical meaning of διδαξαντα, is not correctly given: Arion was a professional singer and musician, who performed in public (εδιδαξε τον διθυραμβον), and it was by his exhibitions that he made his fortune. It is not improbable that he may have given private lessons also, but Herodotus has not informed us.

Herodotus gives a description of the Armenian boat, which "is directed by two men standing erect, each furnished with a long pole, with which the one pulls, while the other pushes" [p. 94]. The translator in this passage has hardly kept his promise of "putting the English reader in possession of the sense of Herodotus," for the English reader will with difficulty recognize in this description, a boat with a couple of men in it, each furnished with an oar by which the boat is directed.

A little further we have the picture of a Babylonian gentle

man, who according to the fashion of the place, never walked out without a handsome stick or cane, with an ornamented head. This walking-stick, an intelligible kind of thing, is converted into a "wrought staff," which is further explained in a note by a "manufactured sceptre."

There is a curious chapter in the second book of Herodotus [chap. 28] in which he records part of a conversation with a man at Saïs, concerning the sources of the Nile. This Ægyptian, who certainly intended to quiz Herodotus, is called by him γραμματιστης των ἱερων χρηματων της Αθηναιης, which is translated [p. 155] "a certain scribe, keeper of the archives of Minerva;" and in the note is added, "or interpreter of hieroglyphics."—The first meaning is rather indefinite, and the second we do not think can be fairly deduced from the words.—Larcher has translated it, *garde des tresors;* which seems to be nearer the meaning. The priests were the only caste, except the soldiers, who possessed lands, [See Genesis. 47. 22.—Herod. book i. chap. 168.] tax free. To each temple, or college of priests certain lands, or their revenues, were attached; a public table, free cost, was provided for the associate priests of each temple, and a steward, treasurer, or college bursar would be a very necessary officer to look after such an ample revenue.

Occasionally Mr. Taylor gives to a Greek word such a strange translation that neither the learned, nor general reader can infer what idea he attaches to it; in p. 122 he speaks of those "who occupy the Thebaïc mead." The word νομος means one of the political divisions of Ægypt, and this of which the historian is speaking was called Thebaïc from containing the great city Thebæ. In p. 504 the helmet of the Persians is described as "a consolidated bonnet, called a tiara:" it is true that the Greek expression πιλους αναγεας is obscure, but the English is more so.

In p. 145 we read that the "Colchians had woolly hair;" this is assuming the fact that the Ægyptians and Colchi were genuine negroes, which has not yet been proved; they were black, or dark, and their hair was curly, but curly hair is not woolly hair. In the army list of Xerxes [p. 506] the same Greek word ουλος is translated crisp; which therefore is synonymous with woolly.

In p. 146. Herodotus is describing an ancient relief in Ionia, which he supposes to be a representation of the Ægyptian conqueror Sesostris; and he adds that its height is four pekeës and a spithame, which is expressed by the phrase πεμπτης σπιθαμης. Mr. Taylor has translated this, "five spans," which is contrary to a well known usage of the ordinal numbers.

In the fifth book of Herodotus [p. 376. trans.] we have his opinion on the origin of the Hellenic characters, which, he says, are Phœnician; he adds also that the Ægyptian βιβλος was called διφθεραι by the Iones, because once when papyrus was scarce they had been compelled to use skins (διφθεραι) for writing materials, as "many barbarous nations still do." This word διφθεραι is translated parchments, which will lead the general reader into a mistake as to the antiquity of that manufactured skin, which we call a parchment: "indeed at the present day many barbarian nations write upon such parchments"—"on such skins" would be a more appropriate version, skins having been used for the purpose by "many barbarian nations" both of the old world, and in America.

These were passages to which we referred by mere chance; there may be others which are inaccurately translated, and in a work so extensive as that of Herodotus it would require no ordinary degree of knowledge and diligence to avoid error.—Mr. Taylor has not added many foot notes; there is one of the few, which he has given, that deserves notice. In p. 587 in a note on the κοιλα of Eubœa, which he translates "the recesses," he informs us that their position has been erroneously marked by some moderns on the western side of the island, they being on the eastern.

The words of Herodotus do not decide on which side they are, and Strabon places them on the west side, falling into the same error with some of our modern map-makers. Mr. Taylor has not mentioned his authority for placing them on the eastern coast.

Some general notices are prefixed to the notes at the end of the translation, which will be useful to the reader. On the religious opinions of Herodotus we cannot help differing from Mr. Taylor, who says, [p. 720] "he seems to have held the doctrine so common to travellers—that the religious systems of nations are all equally absurd, and yet should all be treated with decorous respect;" this opinion is hardly consistent with the note on page 6, on the belief of Herodotus in prophecy; and it is at open variance with many passages in his writings, and with the whole tenor of his opinions. He looked with awe and adoration on all the religious usages of every nation that he visited; their gods he mentions with profound veneration, and such were the prejudices with which he commenced his inquiries into Ægyptian and Asiatic history, that on subjects connected with religion he must have been a ready listener to every knavish priest. [See Schlosser, vol. ii. p. 136.] At the end of a long discussion about Hercules [p. 124, &c.] he concludes with a pious prayer

and ejaculation "that both gods and heroes will excuse him for saying so much."

There are several of Mr. Taylor's notes which contain matter for discussion, and we regret that the space which such discussions require to render them of any value, is an obstacle to our entering on them here. The translator has not apparently made any use of the latest German criticisms on Herodotus, and on the geographical and other facts, which present themselves in such profusion for our consideration; an acquaintance with them would have enabled him to add some useful information on several disputed points in the geography of this ancient writer.

Two maps are inserted in this translation; that which stands at the head of the book is intitled "A map of the Persian empire as described by Herodotus." It is to a certain extent useful for that purpose, and it may agree in some respects with the most generally received opinions of geographers, on the positions of the nations mentioned by Herodotus; but we cannot help remarking, as a curious fact, that in books where maps are introduced, for example, books of travels, it is very usual to find the description and the map at variance. Mr. Taylor's map is at variance with the title of it, and with the facts of Herodotus. In Asia Minor we see Galatia, a province never mentioned by Herodotus, and one which derived its name from an event several centuries posterior to his time. Margiana belongs to a period later than the age of Alexander; Babylon, which is described [p. 85] as lying on both sides of the Euphrates, is placed in the map a small distance west of that river; Palmyra, in the Syrian desert, is never mentioned by Herodotus under any name, and the term Palmyra belongs to the age of the Roman emperors; Persis, the small province which was the original seat of the Persæ, is omitted, and Persia, a name never used by Herodotus, appears put down as a general and comprehensive term. These are not all the errors in the map.

The second map is "a map of Greece adapted to the history of Herodotus." Since the publication of Wilde's and Lapie's maps, we can trace in the improved outline of all new maps of Greece, the effects of the useful labours of these geographers. But Mr. Taylor's map, through the blunders in the position of some places, the omission of others, and the mis-spelling of names can be of no use whatever. A few examples should always be given, when blame is so liberally bestowed; we learn [p. 375.] and from Mr. Taylor's index that Tanagra is in Bœotia; in his map it is in Attica and near Marathon, instead of being north of the Asopus: Mycenæ is placed near a small stream flowing into

the Corinthian gulf; it ought to be further south on a small rivulet that joins the Inachus, and flows into the gulf of Nauplia: Naupactus, on the Corinthian gulf, is inserted, which we complain of, because the map is specially intended for the age of Herodotus, and while a place not found in Herodotus is laid down, such a town as Sestos on the Hellespont, with the capture of which the history ends, is entirely omitted: in the northern part of the Thermaic gulf, we see Therma and Thessalonica as two distinct towns; the latter name is not found in Herodotus, and it does not denote a different place, but it is a new appellation which owing to an historical event was given to the old town.* This is only a small portion of the errors which this small and meagre map exhibits.

ART. XIII.—*Sir Thomas More; or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* By Robert Southey, LL. D., Poet Laureate, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1829.

SETTING aside the consideration due to Dr. Southey for his learning, talents, multifarious reading, and literary aptitude and industry, he claims no small share of respect for the honest openness with which he advocates the very extraordinary theories, he feels himself impelled to patronise and support. Nor ought this respect to be lessened, because the good quality referred to is an affair of temperament, rather than of feeling or principle; and may have been displayed in defence of opposing extremes. With the permission of the immortal Mantuan, man as well as woman, may be pronounced a versatile and variable animal; but however curious his changes, the value of the aforesaid ingenuous ardour remains the same. Indeed, there is reason to believe that individuals who have shewn themselves particularly liable to be "wiser to-day than they were yesterday," are more earnest in their temporary opinions than other people; a fact which has given rise to a proverbial allusion to that which is denominated the zeal of converts by one set of people, and the rancour of apostates by another. Whether this be the case or not, whatever position be assumed by Dr. Southey, he fiercely maintains it; and the more it partakes of the nature of a forlorn hope, the more perseveringly does he flourish his metaphorical sword, the pen. It is pitiable to think of the mind which he

* We refer Mr. Taylor for some account of this well known fact to the Epitomizer of Strabon, p. 330. ed. Casaub.—*μετα τον Αξιον ποταμον, η' Θεσσαλονικη εστιν πολις, η' προτερον Θερμη εκαλειτο.*

has thrown away, and the ink he has wasted, to convince Englishmen of the propriety of returning to the statesmanship of Strafford, and church-government of Laud; and that, too, the more determinately society sets its face the other way, and the more obdurately, in spite of all sorts of anticipated horrors and consequences, mutability, like the lady Baussiere, rides on. The volumes, the title of which heads this article, are to be regarded as another magnanimous attempt to convince the world, that it ought to stand stock still at the precise point, to which, if the gifted author can make it recede, he in his wisdom has deemed it just and fitting it should ever remain.

There is great reason to believe that the Colloquies of Dr. Southey are attributable to a spark of emulation produced by the "Imaginary Conversations" of Mr. Landor; with such a modification of the plan of the latter, as was rendered necessary by the different order of mind to be exhibited. The shade of Sir Thomas More suddenly appears to the author in his study in Cumberland, in the November of that year in which the princess Charlotte died; in order to arrange a series of interviews and conversations, "on the progress and prospects of society." Were it not evident from every thing which the Laureate has written, from "Wat Tyler" to the "Book of the Church," the use here made of Sir Thomas More would go far to prove that he cannot freely expatiate in any other character than his own. It is soon discoverable that the decapitated chancellor is only brought from the other world to out-Sternhold Sternhold; or in other words, to give the weight of his authority to the wildest paradoxes of the magician who has called him from the dead. So much is this the case, the doctor might be supposed just to change places with the apparition. In other respects, too, this part of the execution is infelicitous; and in fact, out of the regions of pure romance, Dr. Southey has always been peculiarly inexpert in his junction of the natural and supernatural. Of this truth, the unutterable "Vision of Judgment" supplies a remarkable proof; and the exits and entrances of Sir Thomas More in the present work exhibit a portion of the same defect. The opening or introductory chapter will be deemed very characteristic, when the reader is informed, that in the compass of a few pages, it contains a sentimental support of the vulgar theory of apparitions on the Johnsonian hypothesis; countenances the justice of executions for witchcraft, because some of the sufferers, like certain noble senators, would have been conjurers if they could; and contends for the actual interference of Providence in many of the trials by ordeal in days of yore. Some of these passages are so curious in them-

selves, and so pleasantly exemplify the diffusion of useful knowledge, on the Southey plan, that a brief extract or two will scarcely be deemed out of place :—

'That such things (apparitions) should be, is probable *à priori*; and I cannot refuse assent to the strong evidence that such things are, nor to the common consent which has prevailed among all people, every where, in all ages; a belief, indeed, which is truly Catholic, in the widest acceptation of the word. I am, by inquiry and conviction, as well as by inclination and feeling, a Christian; life would be intolerable to me if I were not so. But, says Saint-Evremont, "the most devout cannot always command their belief, nor the most impious their incredulity." I acknowledge with sir Thomas Brown, that "as in philosophy, so in divinity, there are sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us;" and I confess with him that these are to be conquered, "not in a martial posture, but on our knees." If then there are moments wherein I, who have satisfied my reason, and possess a firm and assured faith, feel that I have in this opinion a strong hold, —*I cannot but perceive that they who have endeavoured to dispossess the people of their old instinctive belief in such things, have done little service to individuals, and much injury to the community.*'—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

The sentence in italics supplies the pith of volumes, in respect to the religion and *morale* of a certain class of politicians. Physical phænomena are to remain uncanvassed, mental diseases to be left uninvestigated, and children brought up in the belief of ghosts, because fear and ignorance are docile; and the mind which gets rid of one species of delusion may be disposed to encounter another. It would be well in the disciples of this school to establish the difference between leaving the mind a prey to imaginary terrors, and superinducing them, for that appears to be all the difference between many of the monkish impostures so freely decried by Dr. Southey, and his non-molestation of a reverence for apparitions. But it is not sufficient that the vulgar ghost is to be left to the "instinctive belief of mankind," the agency of good and evil spirits is also advocated. The following being the reply which the author makes to Sir Thomas More's inquiry, as to his belief in such existences:

'If you happen, Sir, to have read some of those ballads which I threw off in the high spirits of youth, you may judge what my opinion then was of the grotesque demonology of the monks and middle ages, by the use there made of it. But in the scale of existences there may be as many orders above us, as below. We know there are creatures so minute, that without the aid of our glasses they could never have been discovered; and this fact, if it were not notorious as well as certain, would appear not less incredible to sceptical minds than that

there should be beings which are invisible to us because of their subtlety. That there are such, I am as little able to doubt, as I am to affirm any thing concerning them; but if there are such, why not evil spirits, as well as wicked men! Many travellers who have been conversant with savages have been fully persuaded that their jugglers actually possessed some means of communication with the invisible world, and exercised a supernatural power which they derived from it. And not missionaries only have believed this, and old travellers who lived in ages of credulity, but more recent observers, such as Carver and Bruce, whose testimony is of great weight, and who were neither ignorant, nor weak, nor credulous men. What I have read concerning ordeals, also staggers me; and I am sometimes inclined to think it more possible, that when there has been full faith on all sides, these appeals to divine justice may have been answered by him who sees the secrets of all hearts, than that modes of trial should have prevailed so long and so generally, from some of which no person could ever have escaped without an interposition of Providence. Thus it has appeared to me in my calm and unbiassed judgment. Yet I confess I should want faith to make the trial. May it not be, that by such means in dark ages, and among blind nations, the purpose is effected of preserving conscience and the belief of our immortality, without which the life of our life would be extinct? And with regard to the conjurers of the African and American savages, would it be unreasonable to suppose that, as the most elevated devotion brings us into fellowship with the Holy Spirit, a correspondent degree of wickedness may effect a communion with evil intelligences? These are mere speculations, which I advance for as little as they are worth. My serious belief amounts to this, that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes: and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves. —pp. 9, 10, 11.

Having by converse of this solid and satisfactory nature, broken the ice of communication, and prepared the way for more intimate discussion, Sir Thomas disappears, and repeats his visit the following evening to talk upon the "Improvement of the World." In respect to this important particular, the illustrious shade, who by the way disclaims the gift of prescience, is a veritable but eloquent Croker. Our author, in his own person, having somewhat hastily expressed an opinion in favour of probable improvement, is pertinently asked if he thinks that the world will *necessarily* improve; or whether such amendment will be the result of human actions. There is a class of heretics who might answer that the one must be conjunct with the other; but Dr. Southey being as strenuous for freewill as John Wesley himself, is obliged to make his election of human agency, on which his shadowy double breaks out following unghostly tirade:

'Is there a considerate man who can look at the signs of the times without apprehension, or a scoundrel connected with what is called the public press, who does not speculate upon them, and join with the anarchists as the strongest party? Deceive not yourself by the fallacious notion that truth is mightier than falsehood, and that good must prevail over evil! Good principles enable men to suffer, rather than to act. Think how the dog, fond and faithful creature as he is, from being the most docile and obedient of all animals, is made the most dangerous, if he becomes mad; so men acquire a frightful and not less monstrous power when they are in a state of moral insanity, and break loose from their social and religious obligations. Remember too how rapidly the plague of diseased opinions is communicated, and that if it once gain head, it is as difficult to be stopt as a conflagration or a flood. The prevailing opinions of this age go to the destruction of every thing which has hitherto been held sacred. They tend to arm the poor against the rich; the many against the few: worse than this—for it will also be a war of hope and enterprise against timidity, of youth against age.'—pp. 30, 31.

Such is the sanctimonious raving, to pronounce which, the shade of a headless chancellor is summoned from the world of spirits; and the remainder of the colloquy is taken up in canvassing, whether or not this consummation of all wickedness by an unlicensed press, is to be the advent of the wars, persecutions, and "Coming of Antichrist," foretold by the prophets, as preparatory to the reign of a thousand years of peace. Our author, in his own person, opines partly in the affirmative; or, dropping the Millennium, believes that good will ultimately prevail. Not so in his character of Sir Thomas, who shakes his visionary head, and expatiates learnedly on the prognostics of the French Revolution and its horrors; and, as usual with Tory statesmen, both ghostly and bodily, without the slightest advertence to the corruption and misrule which rendered it inevitable, or to any settlement of the question, whether, after all, France has not gained by the result. It may be doubted, if at this time of day, so much allusion to the said revolution is judicious: on the same principle that a certain northern preacher deemed it inexpedient to expatiate in cold weather on the warmth of a certain place, assigned to sinners, might it not occur to a logician less poetical than Dr. Southey, that after having proved every thing at present as bad as it can be, the horrors of revolution may be proportionably less appalling, at least to that large portion of the people, whom the doctor himself describes as much worse off, than the slaves, serfs, and vassals of the barbarous ages.

The succeeding colloquy is to prove, in the spirit of the foregoing remarks, that the mass of society was quite as happily situated under the government of the Druids, as at present;

and that it is the most presumptuous thing in the world, to think that war, pestilence, and famine, can be averted by human means. In a certain theological sense, this may be granted; but what then? are men to sit down quietly and use no endeavours to mitigate or prevent them. Not so, says Dr. Southey, that would be Mahometan fatality, yet he makes his ghost, a self *par excellence*, fall into a passion at the very supposition that science has abated the evil of all or any of these visitations. The warmth of the following passages is as amusing as the philosophy and the logic are rare.

'And touching pestilence, you fancy yourselves secure, because the plague has not appeared among you for the last hundred and fifty years; a portion of time, which, long as it may seem when compared with the brief term of mortal existence, is as nothing in the physical history of the globe. The importation of that scourge is as possible now as it was in former times: and were it once imported, do you suppose it would rage with less violence among the crowded population of your metropolis, than it did before the fire, or that it would not reach parts of the country which were never infected in any former visitation? On the contrary, its ravages would be more general and more tremendous, for it would inevitably be carried every where. Your provincial cities have doubled and trebled in size; and in London itself, great part of the population is as much crowded now as it was then, and the space which is covered with houses is increased at least fourfold. What if the sweating-sickness, emphatically called the English disease, were to show itself again? Can any cause be assigned why it is not as likely to break out in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth? What if your manufactures, according to the ominous opinion which your greatest physiologist has expressed, were to generate for you new physical plagues, as they have already produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages? What if the small-pox, which you vainly believed to be subdued, should have assumed a new and more formidable character; and (as there seems no trifling grounds for apprehending) instead of being protected by vaccination from its danger, you should ascertain that inoculation itself affords no certain security?—Visitations of this kind are in the order of nature and of Providence. Physically considered, the likelihood of their recurrence becomes every year more probable than the last; and looking to the moral government of the world, was there ever a time when the sins of this kingdom called more cryingly for chastisement?

Montesinos.—Μάντι κακῶν!

Sir Thomas More.—I denounce no judgements. But I am reminding you that there is as much cause for the prayer in your Litany against plague, pestilence, and famine, as for that which intreats God to deliver you from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy and schism. In this, as in all things, it behoves the Christian to live in a humble and grateful

sense of his continual dependence upon the Almighty—not to rest in a presumptuous confidence upon the improved state of human knowledge, or the altered course of natural visitations.—pp. 49—51.'

The foregoing passage is quoted, although upon a mere incidental topic, to evince the pervading spirit of the Southeyan doctrine, as respects science, to the cultivation and diffusion of which, it appears to be as inimical as even the Inquisition itself, and for precisely the same reason. In proportion as it clears the sight, and promotes an active degree of self-reliance in mankind, it renders them less tractable to assumed or perverted authority, and more investigative of what is due to, as well as from them. The passive obedience theory—that precious medium for one order of fools to conduct another to exile or the scaffold,—cannot tolerate this species of impertinence; and hence we are instructed in some places, that scientific truths may be too rapidly unfolded, and in others, as in the foregoing quotation, the practical benefit is denied altogether. Here, in the teeth of indisputable evidence to the contrary, it is contended, that human means have never materially alleviated the ravages of contagious diseases, or prevented natural visitations, by an attention to predisposing causes. The clearing, cleansing, ventilating, opening, and improving the unhealthy, dark, and dirty towns of the middle ages, have effected nothing at all, it is to be presumed, for the health of man, because epidemic disorders may occasionally prevail. Neither has vaccination saved myriads of lives, because the small-pox *may* assume a new and more unfavourable character. Moreover the doctor entertains hopes, or at least writes as if he indulged them, that the yellow fever of America and Spain is not to be prevented or alleviated by the hand of man. People thus assailed, are to be saved "by the mercy of God—only by the mercy of God!"* as if that mercy was not as signally displayed through the instrumentality of man, as by direct and special interference, which can never be proved, and when taken for granted, must involve a series of consequences far more dangerous to orthodoxy than successful science. Even Dr. Southey can allow the existence of something beneficial this way in times past; when, happily, pest houses flourished, and lepers were separated from general society. That few or no lepers at present exist, that pest is no longer prevalent, and that hospitals abound, seem never to occur to him in the way of encouraging comparison. This sickly and splenetic denial of manifest im-

* It may be half suspected that the Laureate deems vaccination a presumptuous interference with the divine will and pleasure.

provement—these wretched attempts to exalt ages of darkness, ignorance, and barbarity, into equality, or preference, simply because a larger portion of the mass of humanity lay mentally prostrate before power and priestcraft, would be truly disgusting, if the astonishing complacency with which the nonsense is submitted to the world did not merge anger at the sophistry, into amazement at the self-delusion.

The succeeding two Colloquies treat of the feudal system, and its decline; in the opening of which, as already intimated, vassalage, and even slavery, are deemed superior to the modern freedom of the labouring classes—the favourite West-Indian argument. Slavery is, however, given up, as inconsistent with Christian principles; but not so the feudal system, which, with both slavery and vassalage, was far superior in good fruits to the trading spirit, to which it gave way—when "profit and loss became the rule of conduct"—a principle, of course, altogether unknown to gallant peers and warlike barons—and "in came calculation, and out went feeling." When we peruse remarks of this very solid description, and recollect the eternal havoc, massacres, and spoliation, produced by the incessant turbulence and rapacity of these illustrious ruffians,—and the history of feudal Europe is a record of little else,—it is impossible to repress a melancholy smile at the perverted ingenuity which would render the state of the wretched victims of this state of disorder superior to that of the modern artisan. But were it even otherwise, in what manner would the Southey school have maintained the predominance of this renowned island, without that commercial spirit which it puts forward as the root of all evil. Trite questions of this nature no doubt are easily answered by gifted men, like the Laureate and Edward Irving. A few emphatic words about Providence, God's right-arm, and He who hath said this, and pronounced that, usually settle the dispute. Persons more modest, and less conversant with the deeds and intentions of infinite wisdom, will still, however, demand upon what other foundation, than maritime power,—the creation of commerce alone, the modern greatness of Britain is supported. But commerce partakes of the same mortal sin as science—that of fostering a spirit of independence, uncongenial with the *beau ideal* of Dr. Southey, which implies a nation governed like a flock of sheep, by a few crosiered pastors, and well-beneficed subordinates of a single creed. By jostling men into collision, and sharpening the intellects, trade has been conducive to freedom of thought in all countries; and in several, including our own, to toleration and freedom of government. That commercial ardour may degenerate into a grasping, and

sordid thirst for acquisition, or a gaming spirit of adventure, and unhappily has done so in this country, is undeniable; but is not every good liable to similar abuse—may not religion verge into superstition, devotion into fanaticism, and zeal into intolerance? Away, then, with this preposterous anxiety to magnify existing evils in comparison with the past; a process which no honest and unsophisticated examination of history, especially as regards this country, will bear out. The period from the Conquest to the accession of the House of Tudor—in a part of which interval lived Wat Tyler—was one of dire oppression to the lower classes of the commonalty; nor did the Reformation, even according to Dr. Southey, in a worldly sense, increase their well-being. When did that condition first conspicuously improve? in an age of commerce and maritime adventure, produced by the discovery of America, and of a seaward passage to India. "Here be truths," which volumes of sophistry cannot mistify, or of eloquent orthodoxy elude. The benefit would have been greater, if the foolish notion of making all men think alike, had not been retained and enforced by rulers and their satellites; although simply because they have not been able to succeed in that visionary consummation, the blessing is to be denominated a curse. But enough upon matter of fact so incontrovertible; and be it with pleasure acknowledged, that setting aside his Church of Englandism, and his logic, these conversations upon the feudal times are eloquent and amusing. Nobody can more pleasantly describe and narrate facts than the Laureate. So long as he abstains from drawing an inference, he is quite at home; but the instant he begins to dabble with premises and conclusions, his beloved Martin's fall out with Peter and John, inflames his imagination, and his anxiety to place the second brother in exclusive possession, produces an explosion of *non sequiturs*, to the amazement of all persons but the no small number who, by this time, are fully acquainted with the monomania under which he labours.

Having in the preceding observations, sufficiently adverted to the complexional aspect of the present work, it will be unnecessary to attend to the other colloquies, in order. The manufacturing system, of course, claims attention; and is treated with even greater disfavour than general commerce. This is not wonderful, for its attendant difficulties and evils are conspicuously on the surface. It is scarcely necessary to add, that we are not illumined by any disquisition, savouring of the vanity termed political economy; of which Dr. Southey somewhat proudly, and quite unnecessarily professes his ignorance. The

strictures chiefly turn upon the slavery and immorality of the artisans, who are pent up in certain prisons denominated manufactories, where they work from morning to night to make fortunes for other people; nothing of which evil can be predicated of the peasantry, who only work the same number of hours in the open air, for the tenants and rents of country gentlemen; and not being congregated in large bodies, are free agents as a matter of course. Why compare the operative manufacturer alone, with the West Indian negro? look to the British peasant; than which except the said negro, a more restricted and dependent being exists not on the face of the earth. Neither in respect to morals, can we discover his superiority to the poor weavers, except so far as a condensed population engenders greater corruption than a scattered one. Looking to the matter of fact, the artisan from greater combination with his fellow man, is more intellectual, and except as before excepted, quite as moral as his agricultural counterpart; while his approximation to an improved condition, is a thousand times more promising. A certain portion of information, conducive to better habits and greater moral self restraint, is reaching the latter from a variety of directions; and even at present, hundreds of this class exist, from whom the squirarchy might profitably take lessons. It is admitted, that as this knowledge will not encounter them exclusively through the church catechism, it will be undervalued by Dr. Southey; but it is knowledge, nevertheless, and another generation will prove it so. There is reason to believe, indeed, that their mode of getting at it, renders this description of his labouring fellow-subjects so particularly distasteful to the doctor, who can prescribe no feasible remedy for the nuisance, except communities upon Owen's plan conducted upon a religious principle. Upon these and similar specifics, being all that is administered, in the way of antidote to the inherent evils of the manufacturing system, it is of course unnecessary to say anything. With similar felicity, the doctor expatiates upon national wealth, the national debt, the paper system, and kindred curiosities; that is to say, much in the way that Hotspur's fop treats of battle. In respect to the public debt, in particular, Sir Thomas More is brought from the shades to prove socratically that its redemption is an evil because the interest is regularly expended; forgetting that the tax-gatherer must collect it from one set of people before he can pay it to another, and that if left in the hands of the untaxed A. it would be spent as freely as if paid to the annuitant B. to say nothing of the immensely greater diffusion of benefit;—but then a simile about evaporation and dew is so novel and poetical! In a word, these are not themes for Dr. Southey;

there is not a syllable concerning them in the thirty-nine articles, nor is it probable that bishop Jewel, Dr. Barrow, Dr. South, or any of the able divines of "wiser times" have laid down any precise doctrines in relation thereto.

A colloquy on steam, war, and the prospects of Europe, is rendered extremely amusing by the curious and various reading displayed in it. On the subject of steam, in particular, the Laureate is enabled to gratify his peculiar humour, by plucking a sprig from the wreath of modern discovery. A quotation from Agathias clearly establishes a knowledge of the applicability of steam to mechanical purposes so early as the reign of the emperor Justinian, when the philosopher Anthemius most unphilosophically employed its powerful agency at Constantinople to shake the house of a litigious neighbour. It is also recorded, that Pope Sylvester II constructed an organ, that was worked by steam. As compared with recent ingenuity, however, these applications may fairly bring to mind the Frenchman's boast of his countrymen's invention of the frill and the ruffle; while his English opponent claimed for his native land, the honour of suggesting the addition of the shirt. Dr. Southey seems to think that, sooner or later, steam, like gunpowder, will modify the whole art of war; and in expatiating on this probability, as usual, broaches some of those sentimental heresies which render the whole tenor of his reasoning so peculiarly his own. In the first place, it is insinuated that our chemical and mechanical discoveries advance faster than is consistent with the real welfare of society; because our moral culture keeps not pace with them. As a proof of the operation of a conviction of this nature on the mind of a great man, he instances the praiseworthy conduct of Roger Bacon, who disguised his knowledge of the composition of gunpowder, in an anagram; to elude the consequences of so dangerous a discovery to the well-being of mankind. Now, without denying for a moment the respect due to the motive of that enlightened Franciscan, the event proved that the concealment was of no service at all, the employment of gunpowder having rather mitigated the evils of war than otherwise, not to mention the eternal barrier it has placed between civilized men and the barbarian. Thus it will ever prove with scientific discovery from first to last; and to assail the Laureate with his own favourite weapon, it is difficult, without impeaching the general scheme of Providence, to conjecture how it could be otherwise. The doctor's common-place book has supplied much entertaining matter on the subject of war, and its progressive history in modern Europe; which matter is set off, as might be expected, with an admix-

ture of the usual paradox. For example, it is half insinuated that religious warfare exalts and purifies the "better spirits" engaged in it; our own more unfortunate reading, on the contrary, has convinced us that it has been the most bloody, the most ferocious, and most debased by personal animosity of all war. As regards the prospects of society, the doctor again puts on Sir Thomas More, and the Croker; in which character he makes the astonishing discovery that social order and well-being will be put off *sine die*—by what, think you, gentle reader? by the supremacy of public opinion!—but of this more anon. It is next intimated, that a deadly religious struggle is about to be renewed, which it must be confessed is a strange sort of apprehension for the nineteenth century. But a Cromwellian campaign in Ireland was probably under contemplation when this remark was hazarded; which conflict, strange to say, has been rendered nugatory, simply by the "atrocious" policy of leaving five or six millions of people nothing to fight for. It is impossible to reflect on the nature of the reliance and conviction under which this chapter was probably written, and very likely not more than six months ago; and look to the subsequent consummation, without a disposition to smile.

A succeeding colloquy, which deals more directly with Catholic emancipation, expatiates largely on a certain conspiracy between the Roman Catholics, the Dissenters and the Unbelievers to pull down the Church.* Now, so far as applies

* Dr. Southey is so fond of this notion, he gave it both in poetry and prose. In the way of quotation, we prefer the former.

Nor when the war is waged
With Error, and the brood
Of Darkness, will your aid
Be wanting in the cause of Light and Love,
Ye ministers of that most holy Church
Whose firm foundation on the rock
Of Scripture rest secure!
What though the Romanist, in numbers strong,
In misdirected zeal
And bigotry's blind force,
Assail your Fortress; though the sons of Schism
Join in insane alliance with that old
Inveterate enemy,
Weening thereby to wreak
Their covenanted hatred, and effect
Your utter overthrow:
What tho' the unbelieving crew,
For fouler purpose aid the unnatural league;
And Faction's wolfish pack
Set up their fiercest yell, to augment
The uproar of assault;

to a determination in the members of each of these "Satanic" combinations, to propagate their own opinions, to the utmost of their power, we fear that the doctor is correct; nor would it be eligible either for zealots of this or any other description, to have precisely their own way. But taking Dr. Southey's *ipse dixit*, for granted, he ought to recollect that it is a predominance against which they unite; and that they would combine against that of each other, as much as against a church government administered in the spirit of a Laud, could such a portentous phenomenon ever exist again—and hence, and hence only, the safety and liberty of every denomination of belief. One of the most pleasant things in the world, is the determination of our author not to believe that the Catholic spirit of persecution has abated, neither in deference to assertion or matter of fact. In vain do Catholic prelates declare; in vain are Catholic countries referred to; some reason or other exists everywhere to prevent their bloody intentions, other than the improved humanity and philosophy of the age. In France, and possibly in Spain and Italy, it is prevented, it seems, by infidelity; but for the qualifying properties of which the torch would again be kindled. Is this a panegyric upon unbelief? Can Dr. Southey call to mind no other church, the bigots of which, in these days, like those of the church of Rome, are only prevented from cruelty and persecution, by their want of power? Who, could they do so, would cut ears to the quick; and be as anxious for the use of the rack, as his great saint "the murdered archbishop?" God help the world, if that which certain tempers of every denomination *would*, were to be substituted for what they *can*, do. In that case, to parody a similar anti-Catholic oath on the part of Dr. Southey—by the penal laws of Ireland; by the bloody attempts to establish prelacy in Scotland; and by the pillories and whip-

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Clad in your panoply will ye be found,
Wielding the spear of Reason; with the sword
Of Scripture girt; and from your shield of Truth
Such radiance shall go forth,
As when, unable to sustain its beams
On Arthur's arm unveiled,
Earth-born Orgoglio reel'd, as if with wine;
And from her many-headed beast cast down
Duessa fell, her cup of sorcery spilt,
Her three-crown'd mitre in the dust devolved,
And all her secret filthiness exposed.

The calm unconscious manner in which the doctor imputes intentional malignity and wickedness to every one who differs from him and the Church, is edifying in the extreme. This was the order of mind of the man who, a century or two ago, burnt Servetus.

pings in England; the religious wars, "which purify better spirits," would soon make a Golgotha of Europe again, and dragonades, forfeitures and extermination, be once more the order ofthe day from one end of Christendom to the other.

As it is impossible in treating of Catholic Emancipation to avoid advertence to Irish history, Dr. Southey alludes to it in course, but in a manner so utterly uninvestigative of the genuine sources of discontent and disorder in that unhappy island, it would be loss of time to follow him. Suffice it to say, that centuries of the most infamous policy that was ever lastingly adopted by one country against another, is generalized into little more than an unfortunate state of things; and instead of any expressions of regret at the iniquitous and tortuous manner in which the two races were kept in a state of incessant animosity and separation, regret is expressed that the planting system of James 1st, in other words dispossession and extermination, was not carried farther. Now, in what did this planting originate? A systematised series of goading annoyances to the native race, and more especially to its chieftains, until resistance became unavoidable, the object and reward of the sinister policy being uniformly forfeiture and dispossession. So dishonestly were these practices pursued, that the holders of land in Connaught, after purchasing their titles two or three times over, from those models of good faith, the first two monarchs of the house of Stuart, were for the most part ejected, by the tyranny and chicanery of Strafford at last. It is a coarse and partial misrepresentation to describe the Irish massacre as originating in religious hatred merely. It was the deleterious fruit of a deep-seated sense of injury, arising from the impossibility of preserving property and possessions against the combination of fraud and oppression, employed to obtain them; until in the sequel the word protestant, becoming identical with that of oppressor, the kind of war "which purifies better spirits" began in murder and devastation. How extremely ashamed the better class of catholics were of this commencement of what they deemed in other respects a justifiable resistance, was soon evinced by their discountenance of the leaders, under whom the first excesses were committed. That this attempt and the confederacy to which it led aimed at the establishment of the ancient religion is undeniable, but what other road to safety and protection then remained to Catholics. Let their treatment by Cromwell answer the question*—let the penal laws which so rapidly succeeded the

* That leader finding himself unable to extirpate the Catholic population, allowed from thirty to forty thousand men to engage in Catholic foreign

Treaty of Limerick—those ineffaceable records of Protestant rapacity and intolerance—reply for them. And here, by the bye, intervenes one of those surprising flights, in which with his remarkable singleness of vision, Dr. Southey will often so very curiously indulge. It is contained in the laudatory quotation of a passage from bishop Berkeley, in which that well-meaning prelate, calls on the Catholic priesthood to exercise their influence over their flocks, to render them calm, peaceable, loyal, and well disposed. This was at a period when the penal laws existed to their most odious extent; at which time a priesthood which was scarcely allowed to exist, was calmly requested to inculcate loyalty, devotion, and submission to people deprived of the power of acquiring and almost of succeeding to land; of duly educating their own children; of being guardians to those of one another; of holding the meanest office in the land; whose offspring were bribed to deprive them of their property, by real or pretended conversion; whose gentry were driven into foreign exile, and whose peasantry were treated with less consideration than the beasts of the field! Heaven be praised that priests to give such advice and people to follow it, are not to be found in the universe. By attending to bishop Berkeley's counsel, the doctor somewhat inopportunely intimates, their deliverance might be hastened; by doing no such thing, it may be quietly replied, they have effected it. What, in fact, was ever otherwise gained by Ireland? Her volunteers gave her free trade; her Catholic Association, religious liberty; and how but by the manifestation of strength, is any thing to be got by the many in this world, which the few find an interest in retaining. Something more than enough on this theme, were it not that these volumes which fairly claim perusal and will be widely read, contain much that is of a nature to keep alive a state of feeling which cannot too soon subside. A little honest warmth too is excusable, when the mischief is effected by that sort of dandling with Irish history, which even as party writing could not pass muster for a day, but for the detestation shewn to the due investigation of a mass of historical evidence so discreditable to the national character, by the majority of even inquiring Eng-

service. Being then embarrassed with their wives and children; six thousand boys, and women according to Petty, "were sent away;" or according to Lynch, "sent in bondage to the plantations." It also appears from Thurloe's Papers, that a thousand boys and a thousand girls were formally voted for Jamaica, taken by force and sent there accordingly. Yet these people have multiplied and are finally free. There is nothing on record, like it, except the treatment of the Israelites, and their increase in the land of Goshen. The Laureate is fond of tracing the hand of Providence—can he see nothing of it here?

lishmen; whose more than half-willing ignorance forms at once their disgrace and their apology.

We must necessarily be brief in what follows, but we cannot help recommending for perusal the second part of the tenth colloquy, treating of the "Reformation, and of Methodists and Dissenters," which dialogue exhibits a number of the peculiar views of the author with characteristic felicity. It is not the less in the manner of Dr. Southey for betraying in the midst of the most vehement anti-catholic animosity, no small latent liking to monastic institutions, ceremonial devotion, religious fraternities, and mendicant orders, only that the latter if adopted, are to be quartered on the people under the name of Church Methodists. In this conversion we are gravely informed, that of all the countries in the world, America is most exposed to the danger of fanaticism. Were any one to ask why —the reply would be for want of an establishment—as if in respect to this species of delusion the United States could much exceed ourselves, or that either in the one country or the other, anything can make these extravagancies dangerous, but violence and persecution. As regards Dissenters, the world is briefly informed that people have chiefly become such in the spirit of trade, Dissent being extremely favourable to the acquirement of orders. Another never-to-be-forgiven offence of the majority of persons thus denominated, is their descent from the Puritans, after whose defeat the church never recovered "its proper power." People will be more disposed to agree in a succeeding observation, that the church feels a want of "unworldly, devout, and devoted men, while many such are to be found;" although it might possibly be more correct to say, that the want exists without being *felt* by the church. We are also gravely informed that the establishment suffers both from its riches and its poverty; its riches producing apathy and neglect in the minister, and its poverty contempt from the world. Why then not equalize its emoluments, and abound neither in riches nor poverty? The poverty of any useful member of a church, the revenue of which is equal to that of the priesthood of all the rest of Christendom put together,* is an opprobrium to those who acquire most of it. The doctor also expatiates in this

* The author of a pamphlet "On the Consumption of Wealth by the Clergy," makes the expenditure for the clergy of the Church of England and Ireland 8,896,000*l.*, for 6,400,000 hearers; for 14,600,000 of all other denominations, 1,024,000*l.*; total for 21,000,000 of hearers, 9,920,000*l.* Total for the expenditure on the clergy of all the rest of Christendom, amounting to nearly 220,000,000 of hearers, 18,762,000*l.* Data are given for these estimates, but if only within half-way of the truth, they supply a strange illustration of the poverty of the Church of England and Ireland.

colloquy on universities, poor scholars, theological learning, infidelity, &c. quite characteristically. With respect to unbelievers, he goes near to hint the necessity of direct persecution. The want of zeal for proselytism being usually deemed the chief obstacle to their becoming an open sect, the Laureate, it seems, would supply it them.

Among other evils in respect to which Dr. Southey proves himself a good hater, is republicanism, and all sorts of arguments are adopted to prove the unfortunate situation of the United States, denuded of tithes and an establishment, exposed to the danger of separation, and the most likely of all communities upon earth, to surrender their liberties to an "ambitious soldier." Having no deep-rooted institutions they have nothing to care for; not even the difficulty of getting rid of them. A corollary flows from this demonstration, the same which has been before alluded to—the danger which attends the supremacy of public opinion, and the active irrepressible and unlicensed press to which it owes its irresistibility. So opposed, indeed, is the Laureate to the opinion, that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, he falls out with the construction of both Houses of Parliament for being too numerous, and quotes a certain governor Johnstone, to prove that all deliberative assemblies are mobs, which consist of more than a hundred persons;—the possibility of their becoming a junto, or a mere faction, in the other case, seeming never to occur to him. The doctor's scheme of government, both civil and ecclesiastical, is for authority to rest in a few, and that few to do every thing for every body, including the exercise of thought and reflection for them into the bargain. Nothing, therefore, can exceed the spleen and petulance with which he alludes to persons or parties, who directly or indirectly interfere with the close views of that special portion of existing power which has been so fortunate as to secure his approbation. Not an idea seems to be entertained by the doctor, that out of the numerous retainers of the periodical press, who differ from him in opinion, any can be otherwise than dishonest and dishonourable. That the greater portion of these writers act as conscientiously as the world will allow, and that by far the most corrupt and profligate of them affect that zeal for the church which the doctor really feels, are facts to which he never for a moment alludes.* As to

* The ignorance and shallow acquirement of these writers are much dwelt upon by Dr. Southey, who extends the censure to modern learning in general. His enmity to or disregard of science accounts for something of this censure; but more of it appertains to a forgetfulness, that it is the diffusion of useful truths, rather than a wide cultivation of profound ones,

the effective operation of public opinion, woe to the nations in which, under certain modifications, and fairly looking to its prospective tendencies, it is not regarded, for disorder and anarchy will be sooner or later the certain result. The doctor should recollect, that his martyr, Charles 1st, lost his head, and that revolution is making the tour of the world, chiefly from inattention to this truth. It may be deemed astonishing at this time of day, and with the history of the two last centuries before their eyes, that politicians can be found who would divest a tremendous responsible power of its safety valve, and rest authority on the narrowest possible basis in a fortuitous reliance upon certain mystic doctrines of passive obedience and christianly submission. The Laureate, in particular, seems to have a hankering after schemes of government, founded on the principle of a sort of priestly directive despotism. Why was he not born some centuries ago, like St. Bernard to get up Crusades, or to found "wise orders" in the fashion of Ignatius Loyola. Or is it only the poetry and enthusiasm of his temperament, which delights in a sort of speculation, which the slightest step towards action would reduce to sobriety and prose.

In addition to the several points which have been alluded to, various subjects are incidentally touched upon, which, if space would allow, might be profitably adverted to. Having already trespassed largely upon convenience it will be only necessary to add, that these volumes will supply considerable entertainment to every order of thinkers, who like to have their faculties called into exercise by powers and accomplishments of no common description, however singularly exhibited. To a fine display of copious and commanding eloquence, supported by much felicity of expression, and adorned by most of the graces which attend on practised composition, is united a variety of illustration and allusion, which a reading experience like that of Dr. Southey's could alone supply. It was said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, that a man might read in it for five minutes to supply thought for five hours. The Colloquies of Dr. Southey possess a portion of this stimulative property, but almost uniformly to terminate in wonder how the gifts of nature and education can be so curiously accompanied and combined. Moreover there is a sort of charm in the evident sincerity of the Laureate, which takes away from the disgust excitable by his intolerance. To modify, in a slight degree, the dry remark of

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which marks the intellectual progress of the many; and that two thirds of the press is employed in extending the lighter operation. What matters it while there are Southeys to compose for the gifted few?

Figaro on count Almaviva, he obviously "thinks that he thinks so." This ought and always will have its effect upon a generous opponent, so long as intolerance can be displayed only in pen and ink. Could it be deemed possible for any set of statesmen to act at this time of day upon the absurd religious and political theories of the Laureate, it would be another affair; but the present session of parliament has set that question at rest, by shewing not only the order of mind which discountenances, but that which supports them—they might withstand their enemies, but never their friends. To conclude: in a purely literary sense Dr. Southey may be deemed one of the most accomplished, wrong-headed men in England—the most astounding churchman, the most indescribable politician, the weakest logician, the wildest theorist, and the poorest philosopher, in Christendom. Yet his books are worth reading, and should be read accordingly.

Art. XIV.—*Anne of Geierstein; or the Maiden of the Mist.* By the Author of Waverley, &c. 3 vols. Cadell & Co., Edinburgh. 1829.

THE supply of pleasure from the Romances of Sir Walter Scott, is considered so sure, that the inquiry of the public on the arrival of the Leith smack, freighted with his inventions relates rather to its comparative than to its actual merits. The author of Waverley has the distinction of affording himself his own standard of measurement: his height is not compared with that of other literary giants: the world is satisfied if simply the component parts of his noble frame are in proportion. If Anne of Geierstein is maintained to be in its kind as interesting or as able as Rob Roy or Quentin Durward, the question is supposed to be answered. As to ourselves the truth is, that the author of these admirable productions possesses so extraordinary a talent at reconceiving and reanimating the dry bones of history, that be his subject only historical, we do not stop to demand information as to the merits of a particular performance: the subject may be more or less capable, the author may be more or less happy, but as sure as the work comes from his fashioning hands, there is a stirring life, a truth of conception, a brilliancy of painting and a vigour of expression pervading it, which will amply reward the labour bestowed on its perusal. It is very probable, for instance, that the majority of readers will, on the whole, be disappointed in this last romance: they will find a want of individual character, there is

scarcely one personage to whom sufficient thought has been applied for the full development of his qualities; the author passes over nearly them all with the even hand of history: there is not one in whom he takes much interest beyond the interest he feels in the event in which he is engaged. This we have no doubt will be found a grievous deficiency, for if the general affection for these works were analysed it would probably appear that the firmest hold had been taken on the popular imagination, by such characters as Baillie Jarvie, Dugald Dalgetty, Claverhouse, &c. whose peculiarities, excellencies, and distinguishing marks, are within the reach of every one. The talent which makes a whole age to live over again, is less understood or felt than that which calls into existence an original individual. This has been the tendency of the change in Sir Walter Scott's romances, and perhaps it may account for some decline in the public estimation. Be this as it may, it is true, that in no preceding novel has he so entirely depended upon the general interest of history; in no former work has he adhered so closely to the accredited narratives of historians; and, as in prior romances, where he has wished to place a personage in bolder relief than the rest on his canvas, that person is invariably historical. It may be objected to this, that the Swiss family, who are put in the fore-ground of the work, are exceptions to this remark; but, in fact, the worthy landamman of Unterwalden, Arnold Biederman, and his fair daughter, the Maid of the Mist, play no prominent part in the drama, and may be said to be virtually dropped when the author has arrived fairly at his subject. And not only they but every other character is invented in opposition to historical persons; and the piece may be considered as devised for mere scene-shifters, who are moved about at the author's pleasure, in order to give him an opportunity of describing the scenes in which he places them, and in which they are the least important objects.

The machinery of Anne of Geierstein is almost entirely carried on by two Englishmen, travelling from Italy into Burgundy under the assumed names of Philipson: they are really however intended to represent John de Vere, earl of Oxford, and his son Arthur, the banished adherents of the house of Lancaster in the wars of the Roses. The elder Philipson is invested with a secret mission, the object of which is, to induce Charles the Bold to aid the remnant of the Lancasterians, in an attempt upon the throne of England. On whose part this mission is sent, we are at a loss to guess; it would appear that Margaret of Anjou who is here represented as not having lost all hopes, was its moving spring; al [illegible] however, not in Italy,

for Philipson found her at Strasburg, hanging upon the neighbourhood of the duke of Burgundy's court. Still, however, it is she who has invested Philipson with his credentials, which are no other than a diamond necklace of great value; this necklace plays an important rôle in the history, it not only gives rise to the seizure and execution of De Hagenbach, the lord and oppressor of la Ferette, but, after many strange fortunes and mishaps, it is placed before Charles, both as the proof of the ambassador's authority to treat with him, and the pledge of the repayment of the loan demanded of him. This embassy, beginning and ending in nothing, as it does, gives the author an excuse for taking his readers through Switzerland, wandering with them along the Rhine, loitering about the camp and court of the duke of Burgundy, and finally of describing the three eventful battles in which Charles lost his armies, his treasure, and his life. The younger Philipson has also his mission, but it is from the court of Venus; he gets enamoured *en passant*, with the maid of Geierstein, and the course of the true love of this pair is also somewhat troubled in order to answer the purposes of the author. The Maid of the Mist, after saving the life of her lover (the description of whose dangers, by the way, is exaggerated and improbable), then an unknown voyager trembling and tumbling on the top of a precipice, by her activity and her familiarity with the mountain-passes, pursues their fortunes, not exactly in company, but in different conditions and at different distances, under various excuses, we mean, of course, excuses on the part of the author, and not of the lady, although, indeed, her attachment is of the class of those which are broadly pronounced. This Swiss Diana Vernon enables the author to give us some scenes on the right bank of the Rhine, while the elder Philipson traversing the left bank of the same river (the father and the son having separated for no better reason that we know of), affords an opportunity of describing his adventures of another kind. The author has involved him very unnecessarily with the secret tribunals of the time, the Carbonari of the fifteenth century, called the Vehme, in order as it would seem to introduce us to one of the subterranean meetings of the Vehmegericht. We perceive that this is an elaborate effort of the author's, a piece of diabolism prepense, which, in our opinion, is far from producing the result calculated upon by the writer. Perhaps it may be, that we are grown too old for these fantastic horrors, but it is true, that we should have laughed outright at all the machinery of pullies and springs by which poor Mr. Philipson is let down among the incantations of the illuminati, and the subsequent mock solemnity of the interrogations, had we not been restrained by our respect for

the author, and his general power of affecting us. There is a novel, the whole mystery of which turns upon certain moveable pipes, which could be placed in any given chamber, and which from time to time discourse, by mortal aid, most divine and apparently supernatural music. When the pipes are exhibited, the romance ends: Sir Walter's is a mere romance of pulleys and ropes. If Sir Walter meant this part of his story for mere effect, he has made an unlucky mistake. He has, however, sacrificed a great deal to the traditions respecting the secret societies of Germany at this time. In order to display their power, and strike the reader with a decent dismay of their inquisitorial ubiquity, he has made the only gross departure from the truth of history that we have been able to detect in the three volumes.

The black priest of St. Paul's, who plays the Schedoni in Anne of Geierstein, certainly with far inferior effect to the Monk of Mrs. Radcliffe's Italian, is the ostensible agent of the secret societies: it is by his means that the execution of count de Hagenbach is suddenly brought about: the landvogt of the duke of Burgundy is seized, and without trial put to death, in the novel, as the consequence of an unexpected fray with some Swiss troops. The annals of these times give a very different colour to this event. In the first place, the author has mistaken the name of a district for that of a town; he constantly names de Hagenbach (Peter by the way, and not Archibald as he calls him) as governor of the town of la Ferette, in which he was surprised and executed. It was, however, the Pays de Ferette which was seized by his authority, and in the town of Brisach, a part of his government, where, in an insurrection of the people, backed by the archduke Sigismund, he was seized and imprisoned, and, at length, after a full trial by the deputies of all the neighbouring authorities, who had been injured and aggrieved, he was sentenced to death, and deliberately executed. The two stories are widely different, and the difference appears to have been made for the sake of alarming the reader with rumours of these secret societies. This we regret, not so much because this secret society is a failure, but because the real story as it is told in a very accessible book, the History of the Dukes of Burgundy by De Barante, is much more striking, and better adapted, according to our notions, to the purposes of producing a romantic effect. But it is the way with genius, it loves to build a splendid palace of rubbish; of marble any mason can build, and it either rejects the undertaking altogether, or growing disgusted with the work, throws it aside. We will translate a small portion of this episode of De Hagenbach, that the readers

of the novel may estimate how far Sir Walter has improved his fiction by altogether deserting his original.

'The archduke Sigismond did not stop at menaces, he marched to Brisach and ventured into full possession of his territory. His first care was to satisfy the public clamour, and deliver Peter de Hagenbach into the hands of justice: his crimes had been the real motive of this war, and of the insurrection of the people. The former governor, after having been some days kept in custody of the burgomaster, was transferred to the tower of the Rhinegate, and loaded with chains. Every town had some complaint to make against him, and demanded his punishment. In order that every one might be assured of full justice, the archduke ordained that he should be tried by grave and wise judges, deputed by all the towns, Strasburg, Colmar, Schalestadt, Friburg in Brisgau, Brisach, and Bâle, together with sixteen knights of the order of nobility. Berne and Soleure, as well as the Swiss towns sent also their deputies to take part in the judgment.

'Thousands from all parts flocked to be present at the trial of this cruel governor, so great was the hatred against him. In his prison, he heard the sound of horses feet echo on the bridge and under the arches of the gate, and inquired of his gaoler who they were who were arriving, whether it was for his judgment, or to be present at his suffering, "I'faith," said the gaoler "they are strangers to me, I know them not."—"Are they not," said the prisoner "people very ill clad, of great height, looking stout, and riding on horses with short ears?" And as the gaoler answered "Yes!"—"They are Switzers, then," cried De Hagenbach, "God have pity upon me:" and he recollected all the insults he had inflicted upon them, all his insolence towards them: he reflected, but too late, that it was their alliance with the house of Austria that had caused his destruction.

'The 4th May, 1474, after having been put to the question, he was, by the diligence of Hermann of Eptingen, governor for the archduke, led before his judges on the public place of Brisach. His countenance was firm, and that of a man who does not fear death. Henry Iselin of Bâle took up the word for Hermann of Eptingen, acting for the lord and the country. He spoke pretty nearly in these terms:

'"Peter de Hagenbach, knight, maître d'hotel of my lord the duke of Burgundy, and his governor in the county of Ferette, and High Alsace, was bound to respect the privileges provided for in the act of engagement: but he has no less trampled under foot the laws of God and of men, than the rights sworn and guaranteed to the land. He has caused four honest citizens of Thann to be put to death without trial; he has plundered the town of Brisach in his jurisdiction, and has there established judges and consuls of his own choosing: he has broken and dispersed the companies of citizenship and trades: he has raised imposts by his own proper will: he has, against all law, quartered on the people soldiers of all countries, Lombards, French, Picards, or Flemings, and has favoured their disorders and plundering. He has even ordered them to cut the throats of their hosts in the night, and

had prepared for the women and children boats which were to be sunk in the Rhine with their burthen. Lastly, if he should throw the blame of so many cruelties on the orders he received, how can he excuse the violence and the dishonour done to so many girls and women, and even upon holy nuns."

'Other accusations were alleged in the interrogatories, and witnesses attested the violence committed upon the people of Mulhausen and the merchants of Bâle.

'In order to follow all the forms of justice, an advocate was given to the accused: [whose efforts were entirely directed to proving that Hagenbach was an agent to a sovereign prince in all he did, and could consequently not be brought to trial for his acts.]

'The judges sat a long time in tribunal; twelve entire hours were passed before the business was finished. The Sire de Hagenbach, always firm and calm, brought forward no other defences, no other excuses, than those given already under the torture: the order and the wish of his master, who was his only judge, and the sole person who could bring him to account.

'At last at seven in the evening, by the light of torches, the judges, having first declared that they were competent to pronounce sentence for the crimes imputed, caused him to be called, and delivered to him the sentence which condemned him to death. He was not in the least moved, and demanded, as the only favour, that he might be beheaded. Eight executioners of different towns offered themselves to do the deed. He, of Colmar who passed for the most skilful, was preferred.

'Before he was conducted to the scaffold, sixteen knights who formed a part of his judges, required that the Sire de Hagenbach should be degraded from his dignity of knighthood, and from all his honours. For this purpose came forward Gaspar Hurter, herald of the emperor, and said; "Peter de Hagenbach, I am much mortified that you have thus employed your mortal life, so that it is fit that you should not only lose your dignity and the order of knighthood, but also your life. Your duty was to render justice, to protect the widow and orphan, to respect women and children, to honour the holy priests, to oppose all violent injustice; and, on the contrary, you have committed all that you ought to have prevented. Having thus offended the noble order of knighthood, and broken the oaths you have sworn, the knights here present have enjoined me to take from you the ensigns of knighthood. Not seeing them upon you at this moment, I proclaim you an unworthy chevalier of the order of St. George, false to the name and to the honour with which formerly you were honoured by the baldrick of knighthood.

'Then Hermann of Eptingen came forward: "Since," said he, "that thou art degraded from knighthood, I strip thee of thy collar, thy golden chain, ring, poignard, spur, and gauntlet." He took them from him and struck him in the face, adding "Knights, and you who desire to become so, I hope that this public punishment will serve you for an example, and that you will live in the fear of God,

nobly and bravely, according to the dignity of knighthood and the honour of your name." Lastly, Thomas Schatz, provost of Einsisheim and marshal of this commission of judges, rose up and addressing himself to the executioners, he said "do according to justice."

'All the judges mounted on horseback as well as Hermann of Eptingen. In the midst of them marched Peter de Hagenbach, between two priests. It was in the night time, and they marched by torch-light. An immense crowd pressed upon this sad procession. The prisoner communicated with his confessor with a pious and serious air, yet firm, also recommending himself to the prayers of all those who surrounded him. When they were arrived in a meadow before the gate of the town, he mounted the scaffold with a steady foot, then raising his voice, he said, "I have no fear of death, still I did not look for it in this sort, but with arms in my hand. What I grieve for, is all the blood which mine will cause to flow. My master will not fail to take vengeance for this day. I regret neither my life nor my body: I only pray to God to pardon me for having merited such a sentence and even one more cruel. Do you also, whose governor I have been for four years, pardon me that I have done either through fault of wisdom or by evil intention: I was a man—pray for me." He then requested that the archduke Sigismond should be prevailed upon to ratify his will, by which he left to the church of Brisach his chain of gold and his sixteen horses. He communed once more an instant with his confessor, presented his head, and received the stroke.'

This really fine and simple scene would have been adopted by an inferior writer. Sir Walter, however, had put it aside for the mummeries of Steinernherz and the conjurations of the Black Priest. The character and humour of Steinernherz in the novel, is of a very peculiar kind, and was probably suggested by the concurrence of the eight executioners, and the readiness he shewed to undertake an odious task. If the author had not already painted this singular pride in a degrading and revolting profession, we should have fancied he had taken the ambitious self-satisfaction that is displayed by Steinernherz in the discharge of his horrid duty, from the clever and original character of Orugix, in the "Han d' Islande" of Victor Hugo, a romance which the author of Waverly has probably honoured by perusal. But a very short time previous to the moment of retribution arriving to De Hagenbach, we are introduced to his eccentric executioner, who maintains with his master a characteristic dialogue on the subject of his nobility in expectancy: we shall quote it for the sake of a rare talent, by which it is made to shadow forth the coming event by means of the accidental allusions and the ominous superstitions of the executioner, which again contrast strangely with the apathy and blindness of De Hagenbach himself. We can pardon in an

obscure matter, a departure from the letter of history for the sake of one of Sir Walter's touches of genius. It must be premised that the two Philipsons have been arrested in passing through De Hagenbach's town, and are about to appear before the ruthless governor.

'"Let them be admitted," said the Governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, "and bring them into the folter-kammer of the toll-house."

'So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gate-way, in which were deposited the rack, with various other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious Governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly-lighted, and had a lofty gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while nooses and cords hanging down from thence, announced a fearful connexion with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls, or lay scattered on the floor.

'A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone-floor with a heavy clash.

'"Ha! Scharfrichter," said the knight, as he entered the folter-kammer, "thou art preparing for thy duty?"

'"It would ill become your excellency's servant," answered the man, in a harsh deep tone, "to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge."

'"The prisoners are at hand, Francis," replied the Governor; "but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood."

'The worse for Francis Steinernherz," replied the official in scarlet; "I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble."

'"Noble!" said the Governor; "thou art mad—thou noble!"

'"And wherefore not, sir Archibald de Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz *von* Blutacker will suit nobility, being

fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?"

'"So says the law," said sir Archibald—"but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it."

'"The prouder boast for him," said the functionary, "that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have despatched one more knight of the empire."

'"Thou hast been ever in my service, hast thou not?" demanded De Hagenbach.

"Under what other master," replied the executioner, "could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Eschelles, are novices compared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field-practice with bow-string and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility."

'"Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it,' replied De Hagenbach. "But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled."

'"I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title," said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on—"There was count William of Elvershoe—he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian."

'"I remember—he courted my mistress," said sir Archibald.

'"He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455," said the executioner.

'"Go on—but name no dates," said the Governor.

'"Sir Miles of Stockenborg———"

'"He drove off my cattle," observed his excellency.

'"Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt—" continued the executioner.

'"He made love to my wife," commented the Governor.

'"The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the count, childless in one day."

'"And he made me landless," said sir Archibald, "so that account is settled.—Thou needest read no farther," he continued, "I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution."

'"You did me the greater wrong," said Francis; "they cost three good blows of this good sword."

'"Be it so, and God be with their souls," said Hagenbach. "But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfrichter, for the stuff that came hither to day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappadoe—there is no honour to win on them."

'"The worse luck mine," said the executioner. "I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble;—and then the fall of my sword!"

'"Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries."

'"With your honour's permission, no," said the executioner; "to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand."

'"Be silent, then, and mind your duty," said De Hagenbach.

'Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood leaning with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.'—vol. ii. pp. 32—39.

Having thus introduced these interesting personages to our readers, we might as well at once present them with the last scene these two worthies enact together, when they will be enabled to make an immediate comparison between the execution of De Hagenbach, according to history, and according to romance: we are not favoured with his trial; and the death of the governor is represented as hastily got up at the end of a fray between his men and the citizens of La Ferette, assisted by some friends from Bâle.

'As they spoke thus they ascended the narrow stairs, and issued from the door of the Gate-house tower, where a singular spectacle awaited them. The Swiss deputies, and their escort, still remained standing fast and firm on the very spot where Hagenbach had proposed to assail them. A few of the late governor's soldiers, disarmed, and cowering from the rage of a multitude of the citizens, who now filled the streets, stood with downcast looks behind the phalanx of the mountaineers, as their safest place of retreat. But this was not all.

'The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man, with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armour. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognised the hard-hearted governor, sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the priest of St. Paul's muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword, which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Biederman appeared, and before the Landamman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped forward, the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim's head rolled on the scaffold. A general

acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the saw-dust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude greeted him with cheers of approbation.

'"Nobles, knights, gentlemen of free-born blood, and good citizens," he said, "who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated."

'The acclamations were reiterated.

'"Long live our Scharfrichter Steinernherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on!"

'"Noble friends," said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, "I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one.—God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honour. Eight steps have I made towards freedom and nobility on the heads of free-born knights and nobles, who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which, but an hour since, he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Ferette has lost a nobleman and gained one. Our lady be gracious to the departed knight, sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen Steinernherz von Blutsacker, now free and noble of right!"

'With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his own official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation.

'Arnold Biederman at length found breath, which the extremity of surprise had at first denied him. Indeed, the whole execution had passed much too rapidly for the possibility of his interference.

'"Who has dared to act this tragedy?" he said indignantly; "And by what right has it taken place?"

'A cavalier, richly dressed in blue, replied to the question—

'"The free citizens of Bâle have acted for themselves, as the fathers of Swiss liberty set them an example; and the tyrant, De Hagenbach, has fallen by the same right which put to death the tyrant Geysler. We bore with him till his cup was brimming over, and then we bear no longer."

'"I say not but that he deserved death," replied the Landamman; but for your own sake and for ours, you should have forborne him till the duke's pleasure was known."

'"What tell you us of the duke?" answered Laurence Neipperg,

the same blue cavalier whom Arthur had seen at the secret rendezvous of the Bâlese youth, in company with Rudolf. "Why talk you of Burgundy to us, who are none of his subjects? The emperor, our only rightful lord, had no title to pawn the town and fortifications of La Ferette, being, as it is, a dependency of Bâle, to the prejudice of our free city. He might have pledged the revenue indeed; and supposing him to have done so, the debt has been paid twice over by the exactions levied by yonder oppressor, who has now received his due. But pass on, Landamman of Unterwalden. If our actions displease you, adjure them at the footstool of the duke of Burgundy; but, in doing so, adjure the memory of William Tell, and Stauffacher, of Furst, and Melchtal, the fathers of Swiss freedom.'—vol.ii.p.116-121.

But let us pass on to more agreeable things. Sir Walter is pre-eminently fortunate in the subject of his present work, in that both sides of the story are susceptible of a high degree of interest. The stubborn love of independence, and the cool and noble valour of the soldier-peasantry of Switzerland, warmly excite our best sympathies, while the impetuous character of their great enemy, the duke of Burgundy, is admirably adapted to display the talents of a historical painter. His headlong passions, his mixture of coarseness and splendor, his cruelty occasionally dashed with a generous impulse; his power and his talents are well set off by the strange and mixed characters of those who surround him, the leaders of his Italian mercenaries, his various subjects, allies, and hirelings, together with the very striking manners of military life, at that time balancing between the chivalry of the crusades and the discipline of a later epoch. This altogether forms a moving scene, and when we find the battle is not to the strong, but that fortune inclines to the right in all the contest, our amusement at contemplating the varied groups of Charles's mercenaries is not checked by the reflexion that their efforts in the destruction of freedom and the propagation of their own riotous slavery proved successful. The success with which Sir Walter has drawn the portrait of Charles is great: the scenes in which he is introduced are full of spirit: it is difficult to detach one from the context, but we may perhaps select the following, as tolerably isolate from other matter. The earl of Oxford, otherwise Philipson, has proposed to induce the *bon roi René*, king of Provence, and the father of the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, to resign his kingdom in favour of Charles, provided he consents to assist that queen in the recovery of her English dominions: with a view to forward this scheme, the earl of Oxford is about despatching his son to Margaret of Anjou, when the following scene takes place:—

'"And now, Arthur," said the elder Philipson, "we must part once more. I dare give thee, in this land of danger, no written com-

munication to my mistress, Queen Margaret; but say to her, that I have found the duke of Burgundy wedded to his own views of interest, but not averse to combine them with hers. Say, that I have little doubt that he will grant us the required aid, but not without the expected resignation in his favour by herself and king René. Say, I would never have recommended such a sacrifice for the precarious chance of overthrowing the House of York, but that I am satisfied that France and Burgundy are hanging like vultures over Provence, and that the one or other, or both princes, are ready, on her father's demise, to pounce on such possessions as they have reluctantly spared to him during his life. An accommodation with Burgundy may, therefore, on the one hand, ensure his active co-operation in the attempt on England; and, on the other, if our high-spirited princess complies not with the duke's request, the justice of her cause will give no additional security to her hereditary claims on her father's dominions. Bid Queen Margaret, therefore, unless she should have changed her views, obtain king René's formal deed of cession, conveying his estates to the duke of Burgundy, with her majesty's consent. The necessary provisions to the king and to herself may be filled up at her grace's pleasure, or they may be left blank. I can trust to the duke's generosity for their being suitably arranged. All that I fear is, that Charles may embroil himself"——

'"In some silly exploit, necessary for his own honour and the safety of his dominions," answered a voice behind the lining of the tent; "and, by doing so, attend to his own affairs more than to ours? Ha, sir earl!"

'At the same time the curtain was drawn aside, and a person entered, in whom, though clothed with the jerkin and bonnet of a private soldier of the Walloon guard, Oxford instantly recognised the duke of Burgundy's harsh features and fierce eyes, as they sparkled from under the fur and feather with which the cap was ornamented.

'Arthur, who knew not the prince's person, started at the intrusion, and laid his hand on his dagger; but his father made a signal which staid his hand, and he gazed with wonder on the solemn respect with which the earl received the intrusive soldier. The first word informed him of the cause.

'"If this masking be done in proof of my faith, noble duke, permit me to say it is superfluous."

'"Nay, Oxford," answered the duke, "I was a courteous spy; for I ceased to play the eaves-dropper, at the very moment when I had reason to expect you were about to say something to anger me."

'"As I am a true knight, my lord duke, if you had remained behind the arras, you would only have heard the same truths which I am ready to tell in your Grace's presence, though it may have chanced they might have been more bluntly expressed."

'"Well, speak them then, in whatever phrase thou wilt—they lie in their throats that say Charles of Burgundy was ever offended by advice from a well-meaning friend."

'"I would then have said," replied the English earl, "that all which Margaret of Anjou had to apprehend was, that the duke of Burgundy, when buckling on his armour to win Provence for himself, and to afford to her his powerful assistance to assert her rights in England, was likely to be withdrawn from such high objects by an imprudently eager desire to avenge himself of imaginary affronts, offered to him, as he supposes, by certain confederacies of Alpine mountaineers, over whom it is impossible to gain any important advantage, or acquire reputation, while, on the contrary, there is a risk of losing both. These men dwell amongst rocks and deserts which are almost inaccessible, and subsist in a manner so rude, that the poorest of your subjects would starve if subjected to such diet. They are formed by nature to be the garrison of the mountain-fortresses in which she has placed them;—for Heaven's sake meddle not with them, but follow forth your own nobler and more important objects, without stirring a nest of hornets, which, once in motion, may sting you into madness."

'The duke had promised patience, and endeavoured to keep his word; but the swoln muscles of his face, and his flashing eyes, showed how painful to him it was to suppress his resentment.

'"You are misinformed, my lord," he said; "these men are not the inoffensive herdsmen and peasants you are pleased to suppose them. If they were, I might afford to despise them. But, flushed with some victories over the sluggish Austrians, they have shaken off all reverence for authority, assume airs of independence, form leagues, make inroads, storm towns, doom and execute men of noble birth at their pleasure.—Thou art dull, and look'st as if thou dost not apprehend me. To rouse thy English blood, and make thee sympathise with my feelings to these mountaineers, know that these Swiss are very Scots to my dominions in their neighbourhood; poor, proud, ferocious; easily offended, because they gain by war; ill to be appeased, because they nourish deep revenge; ever ready to seize the moment of advantage, and attack a neighbour when he is engaged in other affairs. The same unquiet, perfidious, and inveterate enemies that the Scots are to England, are the Swiss to Burgundy and to my allies. What say you? Can I undertake any thing of consequence till I have crushed the pride of such a people? It will be but a few days' work. I will grasp the mountain-hedge-hog, prickles and all, with my steel-gauntlet."

'"Your Grace will then have shorter work with them," replied the disguised nobleman, "than our English kings have had with Scotland. The wars there have lasted so long, and proved so bloody, that wise men regret we ever began them."

'"Nay," said the duke, "I will not dishonour the Scots by comparing them in all respects to these mountain-churls of the Cantons. The Scots have blood and gentry among them, and we have seen many examples of both; these Swiss are a mere brood of peasants, and the few gentlemen of birth they can boast must hide their distinction in the dress and manners of clowns. They will, I think, scarce stand against a charge of Hainaulters."

'"Not if the Hainaulters find ground to ride upon. But———"

'"Nay, to silence your scruples," said the duke, interrupting him, "know, that these people encourage, by their countenance and aid, the formation of the most dangerous conspiracies in my dominions. Look here—I told you that my officer, sir Archibald de Hagenbach, was murdered when the town of La Ferette was treacherously taken by these harmless Switzers of yours. And here is a scroll of parchment, which announces that my servant was murdered by doom of the Vehmegericht, a band of secret assassins, whom I will not permit to meet in any part of my dominions. Oh, could I but catch them above ground as they are found lurking below, they should know what the life of a nobleman is worth! Then, look at the insolence of their attestation."

'The scroll bore, with the day and date adjected, that judgment had been done on Archibald de Hagenbach, for tyranny, violence, and oppression, by order of the Holy Vehme, and that it was executed by their officials, who were responsible for the same to their tribunal alone. It was countersigned in red ink, with the badges of the Secret Society, a coil of ropes and a drawn dagger.

'"This document I found stuck to my toilette with a knife," said the duke; "another trick by which they give mystery to their murderous jugglery."

'The thought of what he had undergone in John Mengs's house, and reflections upon the extent and omnipresence of these secret associations, struck even the brave Englishman with an involuntary shudder.

'"For the sake of every saint in heaven," he said, "forbear, my lord, to speak of these tremendous societies, whose creatures are above, beneath, and around us. No man is secure of his life, however guarded, if it be sought by a man who is careless of his own. You are surrounded by Germans, Italians, and other strangers. — How many amongst these may be bound by the secret ties which withdraw men from every other social bond, to unite them together in one inextricable, though secret compact? Beware, noble prince, of the situation, on which your throne is placed, though it still exhibits all the splendor of power, and all the solidity of foundation that belongs to so august a structure. I—the friend of thy house—were it with my dying breath, must needs tell thee, that the Swiss hang like an avalanche over thy head; and the secret associations work beneath thee like the first throes of the coming earthquake. Provoke not the contest, and the snow will rest undisturbed on the mountain-side—the agitation of the subterranean vapours will be hushed to rest; but a single word of defiance, or one flash of indignant scorn, may call their terrors into instant action."

'"You speak," said the duke, "with more awe of a pack of naked churls, and a band of midnight assassins, than I have seen you show for real danger. Yet I will not scorn your counsel—I will hear the Swiss envoys patiently, and I will not, if I can help it, show the contempt with which I cannot but regard their pretensions to treat as indepen-

dent states. On the secret associations I will be silent, till time gives me the means of acting in combination with the emperor, the Diet, and the princes of the empire, that they may be driven from all their burrows at once.—Ha, sir Earl, said I well?"

'"It is well thought, my lord, but it may be unhappily spoken. You are in a position where one word overheard by a traitor, might produce death and ruin."

'"I keep no traitors about me," said Charles, "if I thought there were such in my camp, I would rather die by them at once, than live in perpetual terror and suspicion."

'"Your highness's ancient followers and servants," said the earl, "speak unfavourably of the count of Campo-basso who holds so high a rank in your confidence."

'"Ay," replied the duke, with composure, "it is easy to decry the most faithful servant in a court by the unanimous hatred of all the others. I warrant me your bull-headed countryman, Colvin, has been railing against the count like the rest of them, for Campo-basso sees nothing amiss in any department but he reports it to me without fear or favour. And then his opinions are cast so much in the same mould with my own, that I can hardly get him to enlarge upon what he best understands, if it seems in any respect different from my sentiments. Add to this, a noble person, grace, gaiety, skill in the exercises of war, and in the courtly arts of peace—such is Campo-basso; and being such, is he not a gem for a prince's cabinet?"

'"The very materials out of which a favourite is formed," answered the earl of Oxford, "but something less adapted for making a faithful counsellor."

'"Why thou mistrustful fool," said the duke, "must I tell thee the very inmost secret respecting this man, Campo-basso, and will nothing short of it stay these imaginary suspicions, which thy new trade of an itinerant merchant hath led thee to entertain so rashly?"

'"If your majesty honours me with your confidence," said the earl of Oxford, "I can only say that my fidelity shall deserve it."

'"Know, then, thou misbelieving mortal, that my good friend and brother, Louis of France, sent me private information through no less a person than his famous barber, Oliver le Diable, that Campo-basso had for a certain sum offered to put my person into his hands, alive or dead.—You start?"

'"I do indeed—recollecting your highness's practice of riding out lightly armed, and with a very small attendance, to reconnoitre the ground and visit the out-posts, and therefore how easily such a treacherous device might be carried into execution."

'"Pshaw!" answered the duke."—"Thou seest the danger as if it were real, whereas nothing can be more certain than that, if my cousin of France had ever received such an offer, he would have been the last person to have put me on my guard against the attempt. No—he knows the value I set on Campo-basso's services, and forged the accusation to deprive me of them."

'"And yet, my lord," replied the English earl, "your highness, by my counsel, will not unnecessarily or impatiently fling aside your armour of proof, or ride without the escort of some score of your trusty Walloons."

'"Tush, man, thou would'st make a carbonado of a fever-stirred wretch like myself, betwixt the bright iron and the burning sun. But I will be cautious though I jest thus—and you, young man, may assure my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, that I will consider her affairs as my own. And remember, youth, that the secrets of princes are fatal gifts, if he to whom they are imparted blaze them abroad; but if duly treasured up, they enrich the bearer. And thou shalt have cause to say so, if thou canst bring back with thee from Nancy the deed of resignation, of which thy father has spoken—Good night—good night!"

'He left the apartment.'—vol. iii. pp.73–86.

It may be supposed that the three great battles, all fought within not many months of each other, and which were so important in their consequences, afford our author a fine opportunity for the exercise of his power of rapid narrative. It is true that the noble fields of Granson, and Morat, and the melancholy rout of Nancy are spiritedly described, and yet we prefer the plain and simple story of the chronicles of the time. In one point indeed the histories far exceed the romances, and that too in a point of interest: we mean the treachery of Campo-basso, and the subsequent melancholy death in battle of the duke himself, and all the circumstances connected with his supposed assassination, and the difficulty in finding his remains. The story of the Swiss, as told in De Barante, who copies almost verbatim the passages he selects from the chroniclers, is not much longer than Sir Walter Scott's, while it is certainly clearer, and, what is more, throws a deeper and holier interest upon the motives and characters of the sterling leaders of the valiant Swiss. A man cannot do every thing in three volumes; but we should have been glad to have had this part of the story placed in bolder relief. As we are finding fault, we may add to the small catalogue of errors, that, in Sir Walter Scott's narrative of the movements of the two armies, there is an indistinctness which is not warranted by his original. When Napoleon,* on his return from his great Italian campaign, visited the field of Morat, he very justly censured the duke's want of generalship, and pointed out his error. It is much easier to understand his remark from the narrative of De Barante, than the description of Sir Walter Scott. But these are small matters, and will not essentially detract from the praise which, on the whole, we feel

* De Bourrienne.

happy in bestowing on Sir Walter's last effort. We can easily select our passages for laudation and blame, yet who but himself could paint, as he has done, the beautiful scenery of Switzerland, or describe with like felicity the court and character of the amiable but eccentric *bon roi René*. Had we not said and quoted enough of a work that will soon be in every body's hands, we should undoubtedly have pleased ourselves with a transcription of some of the passages relative to this prince, and his happy kingdom of Provence, which we are disposed to place among Sir Walter's most felicitous sketches of the kind.

ART. XV.—*A Prospectus of the Quipola, or an Explanation of the Quipoes, now open for Public Opinion.* London. Printed by J. Phair, 69 Great Peter Street, Westminster. 1827. 64to. pp. 18.

'THE *Quipos*, or knots on cords of different colours, which are celebrated by authors fond of the marvellous, as if they had been regular annals of the [Peruvian] empire, imperfectly supplied the place of writing. According to the obscure description of them by Acosta, which Garcilasso de la Vega has adopted with little variation and no improvement, the quipos seem to have been a device for rendering calculation more expeditious and accurate. By the various colours different objects were denoted, and by each knot a distinct number. Thus an account was taken, and a kind of register kept, of the inhabitants in each province, or of the several productions collected there for public use. But as by these knots, however varied or combined, no moral or abstract idea, no operation or quality of the mind could be represented, they contributed little towards preserving the memory of ancient events and institutions. By the Mexican paintings and symbols, rude as they were, more knowledge of remote transactions seems to have been conveyed, than the Peruvians could derive from their boasted quipos. Had the latter been even of more extensive use, and better adapted to supply the place of written records, they perished so generally, together with other monuments of Peruvian ingenuity, in the wreck occasioned by the Spanish conquest, and the civil wars subsequent to it, that no accession of light or knowledge comes from them.'—*Robertson's History of America.*—BOOK vii.

It is difficult to say how a writer of ordinary caution can have fallen into a statement so much at variance with the authorities from which it professes to be derived. It is clear from the accounts of the original historians, that the quipos were not only 'adapted to supply the place of written records,' but that they *were* records. Since the subject involves a reference to transactions of singular curiosity, as being without parallel in any other portion of the history of mankind, occasion will be taken by the appearance of what professes to be a genuine set

of Peruvian quipos, to bring forward the proofs. What may be the authenticity of the specimen produced, or the value of the matter it professes to record, is a separate question. Even if it is nothing, it does not remove the interest that attaches to the contemplation of a new exertion of human intellect, in remote regions and an unknown age. If Cadmus is in Elysium, the inventor of knot-writing must have some place of honour in the land of souls; and if spirits in that dreamy country are capable of satisfaction from what passes in this grosser world, some feather-cinctured sage may be rejoicing in the chain of accidents which at this distant period brings his creations once more before the thoughts of living men.

First hear Acosta, in the quaint dress bestowed on him by Purchas.

'Besides this diligence [in observing Traditions], they supplied the want of Letters and Writings, partly by painting, as those of *Mexico* (although they of *Peru* were very grosse and blockish), and partly, and most commonly by *Quippos*. These *Quippos* are Memorials or Registers, made of Bowes [*hechos de ramales*], in the which there are diuers knots and colours, which doe signifie diuers things, and it is strange to see what they haue expressed and represented by this meanes: for their *Quippos* serue them insteed of *Bookes of Histories, of Lawes, Ceremonies, and accounts of their affaires.* There were officers appointed to keep these *Quippos*, the which at this day they call *Quipocamayos*, the which were bound to giue an account of euery thing, as *Notaries and Registers* doe heere. Therefore they fully beleeued them in all things, for according to the varietie of businesse, as Warres, Policies, Tributes, Ceremonies, and Lands, there were sundry *Quippos* or branches [*ramales*], in euery one of the which there were so many knots little and great, and strings tyed vnto them, some Red, some Greene, some Blue, some White, and finally, such diuersitie, that euen as wee deriue an infinite number of words from the foure and twentie Letters, applying them in diuers sorts, so doe they draw innumerable words from their knots, and diuersitie of colours.'—*Purchas his Pilgrimes. Part III, p.* 1053. *Translated from* Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias. Por el Padre Ioseph de Acosta. A. D. 1608. *L.* 6. *p.* 410.

This is neither an obscure description, nor a description of a device for rendering calculation more expeditious and accurate. Next listen to the 'Ynca Garcilasso de la Vega, Captain in the service of his Majesty, &c.;' whose account, as containing a report of the most extraordinary act of diplomacy ever committed by any of Heaven's creatures, is worth presenting in the original words. It is, however, but fair to add, that the Ynca Garcilasso frequently contradicts the current of his own history, by what he is pleased to deliver as his formal summary; and

he does so in the present instance. But the truth ought to have been sifted by further examination.*

* When Hernando Pizarro and Hernando de Soto had the first audience of the Inca,

Con la gente y cortesanos que en la sala acompañauan al Inca, estauan dos contadores é historiadores que asentaron en sus historias añales por sus ñudos, señales, y cifras, como mejor pudieron, la embaxada de Hernando de Soto (aunque mal declarada) y la respuesta del Inca.—*Historia General del Peru, escrita por el Ynca Garcilasso de la Vega, Capitan de su magestad, &c. Cordoua.* 1617. *Parte II. C.* 20.

'With the people and courtiers that accompanied the Inca in the hall of audience, were two story-tellers or historiographers, who set down in their historical annals by means of their knots, marks, and cyphers, in the best way they were able, the contents of the embassy of Hernando de Soto (although badly delivered by the interpreter), and the answer of the Inca.'

This embassy was in due time followed by another; which introduces a new character into the scene.

Entonces llegó al Inca un religioso Dominico llamado Fray Vicente de Valuerde, con vna cruz en la mano á hablarle de parte del Emperador.

'Then there advanced to the Inca a Dominican monk, named Friar Vicente de Valverde, with a cross in his hand, to address him on the part of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.'

El Inca se admiró grandemente de ver la forma del frayle Dominico, de la barua y corona rayda, como la traen los religiosos, y del habito largo, y de la cruz de Palma; que en las manos lleuaua y vn libro, que era la suma de Siluestre, otros dizen que era el Breuiario, otros que la Biulia; tome cada vno lo que mas le agradare. El Rey, para saber como auia de tratar aquel hombre, preguntó á vno de tres Indios principales, que por su mandado, los quatro dias antes, auian hecho dar todo lo necesario á los Españoles, y le dixo, este Español de que calidad y condicion es? por ventura es superior á los demas, ó inferior á ellos, ó es ygual con todos? El Indio respondio, no pude saber otra cosa, Inca, mas de que este es capitan, y guia de palabra, (quiso dezir predicador) y

'The Inca marvelled much to see the figure of the Dominican friar, with his beard and shaven crown, as monks have, and his long dress and cross of palm-tree that he carried in his hands, and a book which was the Summary of St. Silvester, or as some say the Breviary, and others the Bible, so that every body may chuse which he likes best. The king, to know how he was to behave to such a person, asked one of the three principal Indians who by his command had four days before directed the furnishing the Spaniards with all that was necessary for them, and said to him, "What condition is this Spaniard of? May he chance to be the superior of those others, or their inferior, or are they all alike?" The Indian replied, "I can tell no more, Inca, than that he is a great officer, and *Director of Talk* (he meant to say *Preacher*), and the minister of the supreme God Pachacamac, and his messenger; the rest are not like *him*." Then the Father Friar Vicente advanced, and after making a reverence and act of humiliation

It is undeniably very pleasant to be certain. It would be desirable to have no *lacunae* in the evidence, and to possess a

ministro del Dios supremo Pachacamac, y mensajero suyo: los demas no son como el. Entonces llegó el Padre fray Vicente, y auiendole hecho reuerencia, y veneracion conforme al vso de los religiosos; y con licencia del Rey le hizo la oracion siguiente.

Conviene que sepas famosissimo y poderosissimo rey como es necessario, que á vuestra alteza, y á todos vuestros vassallos se les enseñe, no solamente la verdadera Fé Catholica; mas tambien que oygas y creas las que se siguen.

Primeramente que Dios trino y vno crió el Cielo y la tierra, y todas las cosas que ay en el mundo. El qual dá los premios dela vida eterna á los buenos, y castiga á los malos con pena perpetua. Este Dios al principio del mundo crió al hombre del poluo dela tierra, y le dió espiritu de vida, que nosotros llamamos ánima; la qual hizo Dios á su imagen y semejança. Por lo qual todo hombre consta de cuerpo y anima racional.

Deste primer hombre aquien Dios llamó Adan, descendemos todos los hombres que ay en el mundo, y del tomamos el principio y origen de nuestra naturaleza. Este hombre Adan pecó quebrantando el mandamiento de su criador, y en el pecaron todos los hombres que hasta oy han nacido, y los que naceran hasta la fin del mundo: ningun hombre ni muger ay libre desta mancha, ni lo abra, sacando á nuestro señor Iesu Christo. El qual siendo hijo de Dios verdadero, descendio delos cielos, y nascio de la Virgen Maria, para redimir y librar de la sujecion del pecado á

conformably to the usage of the monks, with permission from the king he made the following oration.'

"It is fit you should know, most famous and most powerful king, how needful it is that Your Highness and all your subjects should not only be taught the true Catholic faith, but also hear and believe the things which follow."

"First that God, trine and one, created the heaven and the earth, and all the things that are in the world. Who moreover gives the rewards of eternal life to the good, and chastises the wicked with perpetual punishment. This God at the beginning of the world created man of the dust of the earth, and gave him a spirit of life, which we call soul; the which, God made after his own image and likeness. From whence it follows that every man consists of body and rational soul."

"From this first man whom God called Adam, we all of us descend who are in the world, and take from him the principle and origin of our nature. This man Adam sinned by breaking the commandment of his creator, and in him sinned all the men who have been born to this day, and those who shall be born to the end of the world; there is neither man nor woman free from this stain, nor ever will be, saving our Lord Jesus Christ. Who being truly son of God, came down from the heavens, and was born of the Virgin Mary, to redeem and free from subjection to sin the whole human race, and at last died for our salvation on a cross of wood like what I hold in my hands; which is the reason that we who are Christians adore

set of Quipos authenticated by the mark of the Peruvian who composed them, and witnessed by a number of respectable

todo el genero humano, finalmente murio por nuestra salud en vna Cruz de palo semejante á esta, que tengo en las manos; por lo qual los que somos Christianos la adoramos y reuerenciamos.

and reverence it."

Este Iesu Christo por su propria virtud rescuscitó de entre los muertos, y á los quarenta dias subio á los cielos, y está assentado á la diestra de Dios Padre todo poderoso. Dexó en la tierra á sus Apostoles, y á los sucessores dellos, para que con palabras y amonestaciones, y otros caminos muy santos atraxessen á los hombres al conoscimiento y culto de Dios; y á la guarda de su ley.

"This Jesus Christ by his own proper power rose again from the dead, and after forty days went up into the heavens, and is now sitting at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. And he left in the earth his Apostles, and the successors of the same, that with words and admonitions and other most holy methods they should bring mankind to the knowledge and worship of God, and to the observation of his law."

Quiso tambien, que san Pedro su Apostol fuesse principe, assi delos demas Apostoles y de los sucessores dellos, como de todos los demas Christianos; y vicario de Dios; y que despues de el, todos los Pontifices Romanos sucessores de san Pedro (á los quales los Christianos llamamos Papas) tuuiessen la misma suprema autoridad que Dios le dió. Los quales todos entonces, y aora, y siempre tuuieron y tienen cuydado de exercitarse con mucha santidad en predicar, y enseñar á los hombres la palabra de Dios.

"He moreover thought fit that St. Peter his Apostle should be chief both of the rest of the Apostles and their successors and of all other Christians, and the vicar of God; and that after him all the Roman Pontiffs successors of St. Peter (whom we Christians call Popes) should have the same supreme authority which God gave to him. The which and all of them, then, now, and ever, have applied and do apply to the exercising of themselves with all holiness in preaching and teaching to mankind the word of God."

Por tanto el Papa Romano Pontifice, que oy viue en la tierra, entendiendo que todas las gentes y naciones destos reynos, dexando á vn Dios verdadero hazedor de todos ellos, adoran torpisimamente los Idolos, y semejanças del demonio: Queriendo traerlas al verdadero conoscimiento de Dios; concedio la conquista destas partes á Carlos quinto Emperador de los Romanos, P sissimo de las

"Wherefore the Pope or Roman Pontiff at this present living upon earth, hearing that all the peoples and nations of these kingdoms, forsaking the worship of a true God the maker of them all, do most stupidly adore idols and likenesses of the devil,—and desiring to bring them to the true knowledge of God,—did make over the conquest of these countries to Charles the Fifth, Emperor of the Romans, most powerful Sovereign of the two Spains, and Monarch of all the earth, with intent that after having subjected these peoples, and their

housekeepers his contemporaries. But as there is no hope of this at present, it remains only to examine such specimens

Españas, y Monarca de toda la tierra: para que auiendo sujetado estas gentes, y á sus Reyes y señores, y auiendo echado de entre ellos los rebeldes y pertinazes, reyne el solo y rixa y gouierne estas naciones, y las trayga al conoscimiento de Dios, y á la obediencia de la Yglesia. Nuestro poderosissimo Rey aunque estaua muy bien ocupado, ó impedido en el gouierno de sus grandes Reynos y prouincias, admitio la concession del Papa, y no la rehusó por la salud de estas gentes, y embió sus capitanes y soldados á la execucion della, como lo hizo para conquistar las grandes Islas, y las tierras de Mexico sus vezinas: y auiendo las sujetado con sus armas y potencia las han reduzido á la verdadera religion de Iesu Christo: porque esse mismo Dios dixo, que los compeliessen á entrar.

Por lo qual el gran Emperador Carlos Quinto eligio por su lugar teniente y embaxador á don Francisco Piçarro (que está aqui) para que tambien estos reynos de vuestra Alteza reciban el mismo beneficio, y para assentar confederacion y aliença de perpetua amistad entre su Magestad y vuestra alteza: de manera que vuestra Alteza y todo su reyno le sea tributario, este es, que pagando tributo al Emperador seas su subdito y de todo punto le entregues el reyno, y renuncies la administracion y gouierno del, assi como lo han hecho otros Reyes, y señores. Esto es lo primero, lo segundo es, que hecha esta paz y amistad, y auiendote sujetado de grado ó por fuerça, has de dar verdadera obediencia al

kings and lords, and driven from among them the rebellious and obstinate, he do reign sole, and rule and govern the said nations, and bring them to the knowledge of God and the obedience of the Church. And our most powerful king, albeit much occupied and engaged in the government of his extensive kingdoms and provinces, has allowed the concession of the Pope, and for the sake of the salvation of the said nations has been unwilling to decline it; and has sent his captains and soldiers for the execution of the same, as he did for the conquest of the great Islands, and the countries of Mexico their neighbours, which, being subjected by their arms and power, they have reduced to the true religion of Jesus Christ; for as much as the same God hath said, that they should 'compel them to come in.'

"Whereupon the great Emperor Charles the Fifth has chosen for his Lieutenant and Ambassador Don Francisco Pizarro here present, with intent that as well these kingdoms of Your Highness should receive the same benefit, as to conclude a confederation and alliance of perpetual amity between His Majesty and Your Highness; in such sort that Your Highness and all your kingdom shall be tributary to him, to wit, that paying a tribute to the Emperor you shall be his subject, and shall in all and every point make over to him the kingdom, and renounce the administration and government thereof, as has been done by other Kings and Sovereigns. And thereafter, Secondly, That after making such peace and amity, and after having submitted yourself either by voluntary consent or through the force of arms, you are to pay true obedience to the Pope the First Pontif, and receive and believe the faith of Jesus Christ

as happen to be offered. It would be unwise to reject what may be known partially, because it cannot at present be known entirely, or to decline the chance of an augmentation of knowledge, because it cannot be deprived of liability to error.

Papa Sumo pontifice, y recebir y creer la Fé de Iesu Christo nuestro Dios, y menos preciar y echar de ti totalmente la abominable supersticion de los idolos, que el mismo hecho te dira quan santa es nuestra ley, y quan falsa la tuya, y que la inventó el Diablo. Todo lo qual o Rey si me crees deues otorgar de buena gana, porque á ti y á todos los tuyos conuiene muy mucho: y si lo negares sabete que seras apremiado con guerra á fuego y á sangre, y todos tus idolos seran derribados por tierra y te constriñiremos con la espada á que, dexando tu falsa religion, que quieras que no quieras, reebas nuestra Fé catholica, y pagues tributo á nuestro Emperador, entregandole el Reyno. Si procurares porfiar lo, y resistir con animo obstinado, tendras por muy cierto permitira Dios, que como antiguamente Pharaon, y todo su exercito perecio en el mar bermejo; assi tu y todos tus Yndios seais destruidos por nuestras armas.

our God, and contemn and put away from you altogether the abominable superstition of idols, the doing of which shall be a voucher to you, how holy is our law, and how false your own, and that it was invented of the Devil. All of which, O King, if you will take my word, you ought to concede with a willing mind, for as much as it is greatly for the advantage of you and all who belong to you. And if you refuse it, know that you shall be repaid with war, with fire, and sword, and all your idols shall be thrown to the ground, and we will constrain you by the sword to leave your false religion whether you will or no, and receive our Catholic faith, and pay tribute to our Emperor, and make over to him the kingdom. And if you attempt to oppose him, and to resist with an obstinate spirit, hold for certain that God will permit, that as of old time Pharaoh and all his host perished in the Red Sea, so you and all your Indians shall perish by our arms."

This oration was interpreted to king Atahuallpa by an Indian, whom the Spanish author calls Phelipe and sometimes *Philipillo* (which is a contemptuous familiarity like *Johnny* for John), a native of the island of Puna, who had been born a slave among the Spaniards, and spoke no language at all except a dialect of Indian 'like the wood negroes' [como los negros bocales], and though baptized, had no knowledge of the Christian religion, 'not so much as to know who Christ was, or be acquainted with the Apostles creed.' The difficulties into which this interpreter fell, are worth recording in the words of the author.

Tal y tan auentajado fue el primer interprete que tuuo el Peru, y llegando á su interpretacion es de saber que la hizo mala y de contrario sentido; no porque lo quisiesse hazer maliciosamente sino porque no en-

"Such and of so much luck was the first interpreter Peru had. And touching his interpretation, it is to be stated, that he made it badly and quite beside the mark; not that he intended to do so out of malice, but because he did not understand what he was interpreting, but spoke it like a parrot,—

Wherever there is uncertainty, there is the possibility of being wrong; yet the greatest part of human prudence is exerted in judging of what is neither certain, nor reducible to inviolable rules.

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tendia lo que interpretaua y que lo dezia como vn papagayo: y por dezir Dios trino y uno dixo, Dios tres y uno son quatro, sumando los numeros por darse á entender. Consta esto por la tradicion de los Quipus, que son los ñudos añales de Cassamarca, donde passó el hecho, y no pudo dezirlo de otra manera porque para declarar muchas cosas de la Religion Christiana, no ay vocablos ni manera de dezir en aquel lenguage del Peru, como dezir Trinidad, trino y uno, persona, Spiritu Sancto, Fé, gracia, Yglesia, Sacramentos, y otras palabras semejantes, porque totalmente las inoran aquellos gentiles, como palabras que no tuuieron en su lenguage, ni oy las tienen.

and instead of saying 'God trine and one' he said, 'Three Gods and one are four,' adding the numbers together by way of making himself understood. This is ascertained by the testimony of the Quipus, which are the knots containing the history of Casamarca, where the fact took place; and he could not say it in any other manner, because to express many things in the Christian religion, there are neither words nor ways in that language of Peru,—as for instance Trinity, Trine and One, Person, Holy Spirit, Faith, Grace, Church, Sacraments, and other words of the like kind, in as much as those gentiles are entirely ignorant of them, as being words which they never had in their language, and have not to this day."

—es assi que el Yndio Phelipe dixo otras muchas cosas semejantes á la passada: que de la generacion de Adan dió á entender, que huuo tiempo en que estuuieron juntos todos los hombres del mundo nascidos y por nascer, y dixo que todos amontonaron sus pecados en Adan, por dezir que todos pecaron en Adan, nascidos y por nascer, y de la diuinidad de Christo nuestro señor, no no dixo nada, mas de que fue un gran varon que murio por los hombres, y de la virginidad, limpieza, y santidad de nuestra Señora la Virgen Maria dixo mucho menos.

"In the same manner it was, that the Indian Philip said many other things like to the preceding. For instance, concerning the generation of Adam he gave it to be understood, that there was a time when all the men in the world, born and to be born, were assembled in one place; and then, he said, they all heaped up their sins upon Adam, instead of saying that all the men born and to be born sinned in Adam. And of the divinity of Christ our Lord, all he said was, that he was a tall man who died for the rest; and of the virginity, purity, and sanctity of our Lady the Virgin Mary, he said less still."

The answer of king Atahuallpa is given with the same simplicity as the rest.

El Rey Atahuallpa auiendo oydo lo vltimo de la oracion, que era renunciar

'When King Atahuallpa had heard the conclusion of the oration, which was that he was to

The account given of the mode in which the specimens in question were brought into their present situation, though extraordinary, is not impossible. There is nothing in it that

sus reynos de grado ó por fuerça, y quedar por tributario, y que lo mandaua el Papa, y que el Emperador lo queria: y las amenaças que le hizieron con las armas á fuego y á sangre, y la destruycion que por el y por los suyos auia de venir como la de Pharaon, y de todo su exercito, se entristecio, imaginando que aquellos aquien el y sus Indios llamauan Viraçochas, creyendo que eran dioses, se le convertian y hazian enemigos mortales, pidiendole cosas tan asperas; y dió un gemido con esta voz Atac, que quiere dezir ay dolor, y con esta interjection dió á entender la gran pena que auia sentido de auer oydo la vltima parte del razonamiento, y templando su passion respondio lo siguiente:

Gran contento fuera para mi, que ya que me negauedes todas las otras cosas que á vuestros mensajeros pedí, á lo menos me concedierades sola una, y era que dierades lugar á hablarme por interprete mas sabio y esperimentado, y mas fiel, porque la vrbanidad y vida politica de los hombres mas ayna se sabe, y aprende por la habla que no por las mismas costumbres: que aunque seays dotado de muy grandes virtudes, sino me las declarays por palabras, no podré por la vista y esperiencia entenderlas con facilidad, y si esta necesidad ay entre todas las gentes y naciones mucho mayor la deue de auer entre los que son de tan alejadas regiones como nosotros; por lo qual, si estos tales, si quieren tratar y hablar por mensajeros, é interpretes inorantes dela

renounce his kingdoms by consent or force, and remain a tributary, and that the Pope ordered it and the Emperor desired it, and the threats they made against him with weapons of fire and blood, and the destruction which was to come on him and his, like that of Pharaoh and all his host,—he became sorrowful, imagining that what he and his Indians called Viracochas and believed were gods, had turned against him and become his mortal enemies, from making such ruthless demands. And he gave a groan and uttered the word '*Atac*,' which means 'Woe's me;' and by this interjection he gave to be understood the great pain he had felt at hearing the concluding part of the discourse; and retraining his feelings he answered as follows.

"It would have been a great satisfaction to me, if after denying me every thing else I requested of your messengers, you would at least have granted me one thing, which was, that you would have contrived to speak to me through a wiser and more skilful interpreter, and more faithful. Because the intelligence and political habits of a man are more easily known and discovered by his language, than even by his manners in general. And though you may be gifted with very great virtues,—if you do not explain them to me by words, I shall never be able by mere sight and experiment to comprehend them with readiness; and if this necessity exists among all people and nations, much more must it take place between those who are of such remote parts of the world as we are. From which it is clear, that if such as they are, undertake to treat and converse with each other by means of messengers or interpreters who neither know one language nor the other, it will

may not very well have been; which is more than can be said of many accounts, that pass currently for veritable history.

A ship-carpenter named Alexander Strong, in the employ-

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vna lengua y dela otra, será tanto como hablarse por bestias domesticas, digo esto, varon de Dios, porque no dexo de entender que significa otra cosa las palabras que has hablado que lo que este faraute me ha dicho: porque el mismo negocio lo requiere, porque auiendo de tratar de paz y amistad, y de hermandad perpetua, y aun de parentesco como me dixeron los otros mensageros que fueron á hablarme, suena aora en contrario todo lo que este Indio me ha dicho, que nos amenazas con guerra y muerte á fuego y á sangre, y con destierro y destruycion de los Incas, y de su parentela, y que por fuerça ó de grado he de renunciar mi reyno, y hazerme vassallo tributario de otro. De lo qual colixo vna de dos, ó que vuestro Principe y todos vosotros soys tiranos que andays destruyendo el mundo, quitando Reynos agenos, matando y robando á los que no os han hecho injuria, ni os deuen nada; ó que soys ministros de Dios á quien nosotros llamamos Pachacamac, que os ha elegido para castigo y destruycion nuestra. Y si es assi, mis vassallos y yo nos ofrecemos á la muerte, y á todo lo que de nosotros quisieredes hazer, no por temor que tengamos de vuestras armas y amenazas, sino por cumplir lo que mi padre Huaynacapac dexó mandado á la hora de su muerte, que siruiessemos, y honrasemos vna gente barbuda como vosotros, que auia de venir despues de sus dias; dela qual tuuo noticia años antes, que andauan por la costa de su imperio, dixonos que auian de ser hombres de mejor ley,

be all the same as trying to speak to one other by some kind of domestic brute animals. I say this, O man of God, because I cannot fail to be aware that there must be a difference between the meaning of the words which you have spoken, and what this interpreter has told to me. For the subject itself points out, that having to treat of peace and amity, and perpetual brotherhood, and even of relationship as I was told by the other messengers that came to speak to me, all that this Indian has said to me sounds now directly the contrary, about your threatening us with war and death by fire and sword, and the banishment and destruction of the Incas and their families, and that by force or consent I am to renounce my kingdom and make myself a tributary subject to somebody else. From which I gather one of two things; either that your Prince and all of you are tyrants that go about destroying the world, killing and robbing those who never did you any harm, nor owe you any thing; or else that you are the ministers of the god that we call Pachacamac, who has chosen you for our punishment and destruction. And if it is the last, then my subjects and myself offer ourselves to death, and to any thing you may please to do with us; not through any fear we have of your arms and threats, but to fulfil what my father Huaynacapac left in charge at the hour of his death, that we should serve and honour a bearded nation like you, which was to come after his days, of whom he had information many years before, when they were on their passage by the coast of his empire; and told us that they were to be men of a better law, better customs, more wise and more courageous than ourselves. For which reason, in compliance with the decree and last will of my father, we have named you Viracochas; meaning that you are the messengers of the great god Viracocha, whose will and just indignation no arms or power can resist, but who still has com-

ment of Messrs. Bennett and Hunt of Wapping, declares that in June 1823 he purchased the Quipos and box in question from the mate of a merchant-brig, who was named Robert

mejores costumbres, mas sabios, mas valerosos que nosotros. Por lo qual cumpliendo el decreto y testamento de mi padre, os enuios llamado Viracochas, entendiendo que soys mensajeros del gran Dios Viracocha cuya voluntad y justa indignacion armas y potencia no se puede resistir: pero tambien tiene piedad y misericordia. Por tanto deueys hazer como mensajeros y ministros diuinos, y no permitir que passe adelante las muertes, robos y crueldades, que en Tumpiz y su comarca se han hecho.

Demas deste me ha dicho vuestro farsante que me proponeys cinco varones señalados, que deuo conocer. El primero es el Dios tres y vno que son quatro, á quien llamays criador del vniverso, por ventura es el mismo que nosotros llamamos Pachacamac, y Viracocha. El segundo es el que dizes que es padre de todos los otros hombres, en quien todos ellos amontonaron sus pecados. Al tercero llamays Iesu Christo, solo el qual no echó sus pecados en aquel primer hombre: pero que fue muerto. Al quarto nombrays Papa. El quinto es Carlos aquien sin hazer cuenta de los otros, llamays poderqsissimo y monarca del vniuerso, y supremo á todos. Pues si este Carlos es principe y señor de todo el mundo, que necesidad tenia de que el Papa le hiziera nueua concession y donacion para hazerme guerra y vsurpar estos Reynos? y si la tenia luego el Papa es mayor señor que no el, y mas poderoso, y principe de todo el mundo? Tambien me admiro que digais que

passion and mercy. You ought therefore to act as messengers and ministers of the divinity, and not allow any more of the slaughters, robberies, and cruelties, which have been committed in Tumpiz and its border

'Besides this, your interpreter told me, that you mention five particular persons whom I ought to be acquainted with. The first is God three and one which makes four, whom you call creator of the universe; possibly it is the same that we call Pachacamac and Viracocha. The second is the one who you say is father of all the other men, on whom they all heaped up their sins. The third you call Jesus Christ, who was the only one that did not put his sins upon that first man; because he was dead. The fourth you name Pope. The fifth is Carlos, whom without reckoning any of the rest, you call the most powerful, and monarch of the universe, and supreme of all. Now if this Carlos is prince and sovereign of all the world, what necessity was there for the Pope's making him a fresh concession and donation to make war upon me and usurp these kingdoms? And if there was, it follows that the Pope is a greater sovereign than he, and more powerful, and prince of all the world. I do also wonder why you say that I am bound to pay tribute to Carlos, and not to the rest; for you give me no reason for the tribute, nor do I see why I should be obliged to pay it at all. For if by right there was a tribute and service to be given, it seems to me that it ought to be given to

Baker, for the sum of £10. sterling. He says that Baker was endeavouring to dispose of them at the curiosity-shops; and that he (Strong) was induced to purchase them, from an idea that

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estoy obligado á pagar tributo á Carlos y no á los otros, porque no days ninguna razon para el tributo, ni yo me hallo obligado á darlo por ninguna via. Porque si de derecho huuiesse de dar tributo y seruicio paresceme, que se auia de dar aquel Dios que dizes que nos crió á todos, y á aquel primer hombre que fue padre de todos los hombres, y aquel Iesu Christo que nunca amontanó sus pecados, finalmente se auian de dar al Papa, que puede dar y conceder mis reynos y mi persona á otros. Pero si dizes que á estos no deuo nada, menos deuo á Carlos, que nunca fue señor destas regiones, ni las a visto. Y si despues de aquella concession tiene algun derecho sobre mi, fuera justo y puesto en razon, me lo declararades antes de hazerme las amenazas con guerra, fuego, sangre, y muerte; para que yo obedesciera la voluntad del Papa, que no soy tan falto de juyzio, que no obedezca aquien puede mandar con razon, justicia, y derecho.

Demas desto desseo saber de aquel bonissimo varon Iesu Christo que nunca echó sus pecados, que dizes que murio, si murio de enfermedad, ó á manos de sus enemigos? Si fue puesto entre los dioses antes de su muerte, ó despues della? Tambien desseo saber si teneis por dioses á estos cinco que me aueys propuesto pues los honrays tanto, porque si es ansi teneys mas dioses que nosotros, que no adoramos mas de al Pachacamac por supremo Dios, y al Sol por su inferior, y á la

that God who you say created us all, and to that first man who was father of all men, and that Jesus Christ who never heaped up his sins, and lastly to the Pope who can give away and grant my kingdom and person to other people. But if you say that I owe nothing to these, still less do I owe any thing to Carlos, who never was sovereign of these countries, nor ever saw them. And if through this concession of the Pope's he puts forwards any claim over me, it would be but just and reasonable that you should tell me of it, before you make me these threats of war, fire, blood, and death; that I might yield obedience to the wish of the Pope, because I am not so void of sense as not to obey any person who makes a demand with reason, justice, and right."

"Besides this, I want to know about that very good man Jesus Christ, who never put his sins with the others, and who you say died;—whether he died of sickness, or by the hands of his enemies? and whether he was placed among the gods before his death or after? I also wish to know whether you count as gods those five that you have mentioned to me; since you honour them so much. Because if you do, you have more gods than we have, who worship no more than Pachacamac for supreme god, and the sun for his under god, and the moon for his sister and wife. For the whole of which I should be exceedingly delighted, if you would give me to

they contained something extraordinary, and that he might obtain both reputation and profit by explaining them. That the account given by Baker was, that the box and its contents were disco-

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Luna por hermana y muger suya. Per todo lo qual holgara en estremo, que me dierades á entender estas cosas por otro mejor faraute, para que yo las supiera y obedesciera vuestra voluntad. — *Historia General del Peru: escrita por el Yuca Garcilasso de la Vega. Cordoua* 1617.—*Parte II. Cap.* 21—24.

Por la esperiencia que el Inca tenia de la torpeza del interprete, tuuo cuydado de acomodarse con ella en su respuesta en dos cosas. La vna en dezirla á pedaços para que el faraute la entendiera mejor y la declarara por partes: y dicha vna parte, le dezia otra, y assi todas las demas hasta la fin. La otra aduertencia fue que habló en el language de Chinchaysuyu, el qual entendia mejor el faraute, por ser mas comun en aquellas prouincias, que no el del Cozco: y por esta causa pudo Phelipe entender mejor la intencion y las razones del Inca, y declararlas aunque barbaramente. Luego que las huuo dicho mandaron á los contadores que son los que tienen cargo de los nudos que las assentassen y pusiessen en su tradicion.

A este tiempo los Españoles no pudiendo sufrir la prolixidad del razonamiento, salieron de sus puestos y arremetieron con los Indios para pelear con ellos, y quitarles las muchas joyas de oro y plata, y piedras preciosas que (como gente que venia á oyr la embaxada del Monarca del vniuerso) auian echada sobre sus personas, para mas solenizar el mensage; y otros Españoles subieron á vna torrezilla, á despojar vn idolo que alli

understand these matters by another better herald, that I might know them and comply with your desire."

'From the trial the Inca had had of the stupidity of the interpreter, he took care to accommodate himself to it in his reply in two respects. The first was, that he spoke it by a little at a time, that the interpreter might understand it better, and translate it piece-meal; and when he had spoken one part, he spoke the next, and so on to the end. And the other precaution was, that he spoke in the language of Chinchaysuyu, which the interpreter better understood, as being more common in those provinces than that of Cozco; and for this reason Philip could better understand the meaning and intentions of the Inca, and interpret them, however badly it might be. As soon as he had uttered these, *the story-tellers, who are the people who have charge of the knots, were ordered to set them down, and put them in their account.*'

'By this time the Spaniards being unable to endure the lengthiness of the discourse, moved forward from their posts and closed with the Indians to fight with them, and to take from them their numerous ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones, which, as people who had come to hear the embassy of the monarch of the universe, they had put upon their persons by way of doing more honour to its receipt. Some other Spaniards also went up to a tower, to plunder an idol which stood there, adorned with many plates of gold and silver, and precious stones; upon which the

vered by a native of Lyons, named Rosenberg Vestus, who by a succession of accidents had become domiciliated in the family of a chief in Chili, of the tribe of Guarcos, who considered

auia, adornado con muchas planchas de oro y plata, y piedras preciosas: con lo qual se alborotaron los Indios, y leuantaron grandissimo ruydo. El Inca viendo lo que passaua mandó á los suyos á grandes vozes, que no hiriessen, ni ofendiessen á los Españoles, aunque prendiessen ó matassen al mismo Rey. Aqui dize el padre Blas Valera, que como Dios nuestro Señor con la presencia de la Reyna Esther trocó en mansedumbre el animo enojado del Rey Asuero, assi con la presencia de la Santa Cruz, que el buen fray Vicente de Valuerde tenia en las manos, trocó el animo ayrado, y belicoso del Rey Atahuallpa; no solamente en mansedumbre y blandura, sino en grandissima sumission y humildad: pues mandó á los suyos, que no peleassen aunque lo matassen ó prendiessen.—*Id.* c. 25.

Indians rose in confusion, and raised a prodigious noise. The Inca seeing what was going on, ordered his people aloud not to strike or hurt the Spaniards, even though they seized or killed the king himself. And here the Father Blas Valera saith, that as God our Lord by the presence of Queen Esther changed into mildness the enraged spirit of King Ahasuerus, so by the presence of the holy cross which the good Friar Vicente de Valverde held in his hands, he changed the proud and warlike spirit of King Atahuallpa, not only into mildness and gentleness, but into the greatest submission and humility, even to the ordering his people not to fight though the Spaniards should kill him or make him prisoner.'

Garcilasso says, that many false accounts were framed of the transaction, and forwarded to the Emperor.

El general Español, y sus capitanes escriuieron al Emperador la relacion, que los historiadores escriuen; y en contrario con grandissimo recato, y diligencia prohibieron entonces, que nadie escriuiesse la verdad de lo que passó; que es la que se ha dicho, la qual sin la tradicion de los ñudos historiales de aquella prouincia Casamarca, la oy á muchos conquistadores que se hallaron en aquella jornada: y El Padre Blas Valera dize, que vno dellos fue su padre Alonso Valera, aquien se la oyo contar muchas vezes. En suma dezimos, que passaron de cinco

'The Spanish general and his officers wrote to the Emperor the account which is given by historians; and on the other hand with the greatest care and diligence forbad at the time, that any body should write the truth of what had happened, —which, nevertheless, is as has been said, and what, *besides the testimony of the historical knots of this province of Casamarca*, I have heard from many of the 'Conquistadores', who were present at that day's transactions; and Father Blas Valera says, that one of them was his father Alonso Valera, whom he has heard tell it many times. On the whole we assert, that there were more than five thousand Indians that died on that day. Three thousand five hundred of these were

himself as a descendant of the Incas who fled from Peru before the Spaniards. That the said Vestus lived many years in the family of the chief, and (as the manner of such strangers is) married his daughter. That the chief took great delight in teaching his son-in-law the mysteries of the Quipos; and was induced by his proficiency, to leave them to him at his death, in preference to his own son. That after the death of the old chief, his son began to persecute Mr. Vestus; as has often happened in Chili and elsewhere in like cases. Upon which Mr. Vestus mounted a horse, and made his way through many perils to Buenos Ayres, carrying the Quipos before him on his saddle-bow. That arriving in Buenos Ayres in a state bordering on nudity, he sold the box and Quipos there to Baker for certain suits of European clothes; turning over to him at the same time all the information in his power, by way of enhancing the value of the bargain. Such is the story; for the truth of which Mr. Strong is evidently no further answerable, than for having received it from Baker. Other circumstances collected from the same kind of darkling and traditionary testimony, are, that the writer of the key

mil Indios los que murieron aquel dia. Los tres mil y quinientos fueron á hierro, y los demas fueron viejos inutiles, mugeres, muchachos, y niños, porque de ambos sexos, y de todas edades hauia venido inumerable gente á oyr, y solenizar la embaxada de los que tenian por dioses. Destos perecieron mas de mil y quinientos, que los ahogó la muchedumbre y tropel de su propria gente, y la de los cauallos.—*Id.* c. 25.

by the sword, and the rest were useless old men, women, boys, and children; because there had come innumerable people of both sexes and of all ages, to hear and do honour to the embassy of what they accounted to be gods. Of these there perished upwards of fifteen hundred, who were trampled to death by the numbers and crowding of their own people, and of the horses.'

This was religion, in the days when its professors had it all to themselves, and philosophy was no where. And this is the condition from which philosophy—which means the exercise of the common sense given to man antecedently to all religions—has raised the world; and to which, or something of the same kind, men would revert if it was possible for philosophy to cease to operate. It is good to know the nature of Quipos; but it is good to know something of the other too. And this is not the sarcastic account of an adversary; but comes into the world with the full permission of the most Holy Inquisition, and license of the Archbishop of Cordova. It would appear that in those days of simplicity, it had not entered into the heads of the supporters of the dominant faith, that it could possibly be ridiculous. It may suit men to cry out against the application of ridicule as a test of religions;—but see what the religious made of themselves, when nobody had thought of it.

was a Spanish missionary or ecclesiastic, who lived, nobody can tell when; that the figures of buildings on the box, represent the temple of the sun and the temple of the moon, as they stood at some time equally unknown; that Vestus obtained great favour in the eyes of the old cacique, by undertaking to re-gild the box, an operation of which something like the vestiges may be traced on one of its sides; and that he revived the colours on the knots, after the manner of English church-wardens, by painting them with their present pigments in imitation of the old.

When Mr. Strong got possession of the box, he applied himself to decypher its contents. He knew no Latin—which is the language in which the accessible part of the key is written; but he says he purchased a Latin dictionary, and proceeded to make out the Latin words—a work in itself of no small difficulty, in consequence of their being written in a hand which does not readily strike the eye as being intended for any character at all,—and to write down their meaning from his dictionary. He next compared the knots on the Quipos with those on the key, and noted down, *tant bien que mal*, the several roots or meanings at which he thus arrived; and he produces three thin folios containing the results of his labours in this direction. Finally from the succession of words or ideas thus obtained, he has endeavoured—by dint of considerable liberty of paraphrase, and, as far as can be judged, with varying success—to elicit a continuous meaning or history.

Of the correctness of his account of his own proceedings, there appears no valid reason to doubt. He produces the best confirmatory evidence—that of his own studies and exercitations. And a very curious instance they present, of the intense desire of knowledge implanted in the human breast, and the degree in which this desire is participated by individuals in the most laborious classes of European society. Peter, working as a ship-carpenter in the dock-yard at Zaardam, is scarcely a more remarkable object, than a ship-carpenter undertaking to teach himself Latin, for the purpose of extracting a history of Peru from a cable's length of cat-gut. The individual does not disguise that the hope of profit was one part of his incentive; any more than Mr. Brougham or Mr. Abernethy disguises his intention of growing rich by his profession. But in one case as in the other, the mere hope of gain does certainly seem inadequate to the effect produced. The love of money makes diligent workmen, careful shop-keepers, and every now and then a lord mayor; but it does not make ship-carpenters spend laborious hours on such a barren

lottery as *Knot* learning, or give £.10 for a library of small cords to begin their studies.

The Quipos or what purport to be such, consist of seven bunches, which may by analogy be called volumes. Each volume is composed of a ring, of from three to six inches diameter in different specimens, formed apparently from the sinew of some large animal, but so covered with lacquer and pigments as to make it difficult to be certain of the precise substance. The ring is in most cases made by tying the two ends of the sinew together, and the protuberance thus formed may reasonably be supposed to mark the beginning and end of the volume. As the mode of tying seems to be in no two cases exactly alike, it is possible that some distinction may be intended by this circumstance; and in one or two of the smallest volumes, there is an approach to concealing the junction altogether, the place of beginning being however indicated by a gap in the strings which form the lines. The assertion of the interpreter is, that he finds the history to commence with the smallest volume, and to proceed in the order of magnitudes to the largest, without any division or interruption of the sense at the conclusion of a volume.

From the circumference of each ring proceed from thirty to a hundred strings, of what looks like cat-gut, of the thickness of the smallest string of a violin; each string being between twelve and fifteen inches long, and united at both ends to the ring, so as to form what in a ribband would be called a bow. These bows extend themselves in a direction nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ring, and on one side of it; so as to produce a degree of resemblance to a crown or head-dress. On each string are from ten to thirty knots, of different degrees of complexity, from a simple *thorough-put*, to a complication of loops and twists of three quarters of an inch in diameter which might put a trout-fisher in mind of an artificial fly. The knots and intervening portions of the string are covered with a substance which gives them the appearance of having been dipped in sealing-wax; the colour being for the most part green, but in some of the knots yellow, and in others red.

On this construction it is clear, that it is only necessary for the reader to know in which direction he is to pursue the succession of words and lines, to proceed with as much regularity as in a European book. And the assertion of the interpreter is, that he finds the way to read is to hold the ring in the left hand, with the bows towards the right,—pursuing the knots from that end of the bow which is furthest from the centre of

the ring, towards the other—and following the bows in the direction which leads *from* the body of the reader, and not towards it.

What is produced as the key, consists of five strips of leather or skin, of from five to eleven inches broad in different specimens, and from twelve to forty inches long. The skins are covered on both sides, with what might pass for unintelligible scrawls, but on examination prove to be Latin words, written in an antique and very regular hand, with a brownish ink without body, like the ink used by the Foulahs and other nations of the interior of Africa, which is more like a dye than an ink, and is understood to be the juice of a plant. The intervals between the lines are occupied by a succession of dots, made with the same materials as the colouring of the knots, and which are consequently the daubing of Vestus. The vacant spaces at the ends of the lines are occupied by figures of warriors, utensils, and animals, done in the manner of *silhouettes* with the same ink as the writing,—and sometimes by unmeaning flourishes. At the bottom of one skin is a representation of a combat, by ten or twelve warriors on a side, armed with bows and hatchets, and some of them bearing banners upon poles. The Latin frequently presents the genitive of nouns along with the nominative, and the perfect and supine of verbs with the infinitive, as *pes pedis, spoliare avi atum.* Sometimes two or more words are given, with the intention, apparently, of explaining one by the other, as *probo faveo*; and, in some instances, there are still longer strings of words forming a kind of sentence. But in all these cases the words and syllables are joined together as if they formed one word; which considerably increases the difficulty of deciphering. On the side next the heads of the words, the skin is doubled backward, for about the breadth of half an inch, and retained in this position by being what sempstresses would call *run* with a piece of the catgut. From the edge formed by this doubling, proceed a row of knots, each placed with great accuracy opposite to the beginning of a word; and of course the knots on the left hand are those which refer to the side of the skin which happens to be uppermost. On most of the skins the knots have a turn of the string close to the skin, which is intended only to fix the whole in its place, and consequently counts for nothing as a symbol; and from this to the symbolic part, there is an interval of about a quarter of an inch. In one of the skins, the knots are all painted yellow; and it is evident on inspection of the Latin words adjoined, that they are the numerals. In another the knots are red; and from the uncouthness of the words assigned to them, they may be presumed to

be proper names. In the three remaining skins the knots are green, and the Latin words assigned to them are composed of all the parts of speech not included in the other two classes. The knots in the Quipos themselves are coloured according to their classes. As far therefore as the leathern key can be trusted to, the meaning of the different colours is explained.

On examining the numerical system of knot-writing, it is evident that what algebraists call the *local value*, is *three*. For example, *unus*, one, is typified by the simplest of all possible knots, or what a sempstress makes on a thread previously to taking the first stitch. *Duo*, two, is expressed by putting the end through once more before drawing tight; as a sempstress does when it is desired to increase the magnitude of the knot. And *tres*, three, is expressed by performing the same operation an additional time. But *quatuor*, four, assumes a new conformation, for it is expressed by a *loop*, of the simplest kind, such as is made, in nautical language, by taking a bend on the bight of the rope; and *five* is expressed by the same kind of loop, with an additional twist in the *clinch*, or part where the whole is drawn tight; and *six*, has another twist still. *Seven* is another kind of loop, which is manifestly different from *four*, though it would probably puzzle a forecastle-man to define the difference in words. *Eight* is the same with the addition of another twist in the clinch, and *nine* with another. *Ten* is no loop at all, but a portentous kind of a knot, such as might be made in a cat-o'-nine-tails where the object was to kill. *Eleven* is the same with an additional twist in the *clinch*; and *twelve* with another. *Thirteen* is the same kind of knot as *ten*, only with a loop sprouting out on one side; and fourteen and fifteen distinguish themselves by their twists as before. In this manner the system goes on to a hundred—for so far the unknown apocalypst has chosen to carry his operations;—exhibiting a new knot at every third numeral, and expressing the two next by additions at the clinch. The knots, as may readily be imagined, in time grow exceedingly complicated and artificial; but they invariably adhere to the *ternary* system described. It may occur as not impossible, that some such circumstance may have been at the bottom of the assertion made with respect to certain American nations, *that they could count no further than three;* though this would be as manifestly untrue, as that the Europeans can count no further than ten.

The inditer of the Latin version is evidently a man attached counting by fifties and by hundreds; for he stops at fifty one side of his skin, and at a hundred on the other. But the le in which the numerals are expressed in Latin, can only

be accounted for by supposing him to have had a very limited knowledge of the tongue. Up to three-and-thirty he proceeds with success in the ordinary way, except that he generally omits the *t* in *quatuor*; but for thirty-four he chuses to say *bis septemdecim;* for thirty-five, *unus et bis-septemdecim;* for thirty-six *bis octodecim;* and so on. Sixty-nine is *ter tres-et-viginti;* and seventy is expressed by *unus et ter tres-et-viginti.* Ninety is expressed by *ter trinta,* which looks like the blunder of a Spaniard, accustomed to express thirty by *trenta.* That it is not meant for a contraction, is proved by the vacant space at the end of the line being filled up by a long flourish; while in the next line *triginta* is written at full length, though at the expense of crowding its final letters against the margin. The author appears not to have known the Latin for any of the tens between thirty and a hundred. A remarkable instance of accuracy occurs in one part of his catalogue. The writer has omitted *ninety-three* in his column of words; and there was therefore nothing to be done but to insert it at the end, after *centum* a hundred. This presents an opportunity of trying the accuracy of his knots. For ninety-one, as will be perceived by any person who has attended to the system as described, ought to commence a new *triad* of knots; ninety-two should be the same, with one twist in the clinch; but ninety-four, which, in consequence of the error, stands next, should be a new kind of knot altogether; while ninety-three, which is to be looked for at the bottom of the column, should be the same as ninety-two, only with one more twist. The whole of which is found to be the case with perfect exactness.

The number of knots in the skin of proper names is 102; and in the three collections of green knots, 231; so that with the addition of the hundred numerals, the whole number of knots or ideographic symbols is 433.

The box in which the keys and Quipos are contained is cut out of a solid block, and covered with figures, and gilt. Its length is eighteen inches, and its breadth and height each eight inches and a half. The lid fastens with a secret bolt, which moves upon turning the figure of a woman among the ornaments at one end; and a good deal of curious and not very explicable carpentry is displayed both in this and in the mode in which the lid is made to slide. On the lid of the box, the principal figure represents a feather-cinctured warrior, armed with a bow and arrows, mounted on a four-footed animal with wings and a fish's tail. In line with one of the wings is represented a bird in full flight, intended probably to indicate that the beast was keeping up with its motion; and near the tail of the four-footed animal

is a miniature representation of a curled snake, which may be intended to represent the quality of destructiveness, as the other represents velocity. The interpreter Mr. Strong declares, that he finds this figure alluded to in the *text*, and that it is there intimated to be the representation of a figure seen in a dream by one of the Incas, previously to the arrival of the bearded centaurs who struck such terror into the Peruvian state. The only anachronism suggested by the representation, is perhaps, that the rider sits too well for the produce of a dream; but it does not appear essential to the genuineness, that the carver should never have seen an individual on horseback. An instance of connection between the box and its contents, is that the bow of the riding figure is represented with a superfluity consisting in about one-fourth of the wooden part projecting beyond the insertion of the string, and that the same peculiarity is observable in the representations of bows which appear upon the key. The spaces round this principal figure are occupied by representations of animals, in which and in other parts of the box, may be recognized the lynx, long-tailed lemur, ostrich, gymnotus electricus, opossum, sloth, cameleon, alligator, coati-mondi, monkey, toucan, turkey, ant-bear, rat, spermaceti whale, tortoise, llama, shark, racoon, wild boar, besides birds of the genus *passer;* the whole interwoven with a multitude of snakes, and the edges occupied by something like an eternity-border of the same reptiles.

Of the two long sides, one represents a building in the shape of a crescent, forming a sort of piazza, of which thirty-three arches or pillars are distinctly pourtrayed; the whole number, including those which are concealed by their position, being probably forty. The drawing is a kind of bird's eye view, displaying some knowledge of perspective. The other side, which is what appears to have been re-gilt, represents a building—which heaven send be not the palace of the viceroy of the Indies—but it is certainly not the Escurial, nor the convent of St. Domingo at Buenos Ayres. It consists of three stories, and in some parts more; and has a circular dome, apparently with an opening in the top to let in the light. One peculiarity about it is, that, with the exception of the dome, all the *arches* (if the word may be allowed) are formed by compositions of straight lines, and not of curved. Over the three doors are three figures; of which the extreme one in the direction of the spectator's left hand, represents a sheaf of arrows with a circular shield in the middle, an object which occurs in the Mexican representations of Purchas (vol. iii. p. 1113). The extreme one on the right, is a female figure, drest like that

which constitutes the lock, and like another represented in the moon. The figure over the middle and principal entrance—exceedingly resembling a sign-post lion, with his tail over his back and two tobacco leaves on his head for a crown,—is discoverable among the figures on the skins which form the key; and the tobacco crown, though not the wild beast, is discernible in the engravings to the "Description of the Ruins of an Antient City, discovered near Palenque, by Captain Don Antonio del Rio," published by Berthoud, 65 Regent's Quadrant, in 1822.

This temple or whatever it is, is avowedly a staggering object. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that the sculptor had not, in some way or other, had communication with Gothic or European architecture. It will be seen, however, on comparison with the text of Garcilasso de la Vega, that the representation is by no means so remote from that of some of the early Peruvian buildings as might be imagined.* It is remarkable, that neither this nor any part of the whole collection, contains any vestige of Catholicity,—not so much as a crucifix or a St. Iago, nor a saint, male, female, or epicene,—unless the lady of the lock, instead of being a Virgin of the Sun, is assumed

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* Account of the reception of Hernando Pizarro and Hernando de Soto, the two Spaniards who first arrived at Cozco.

"These two Companions proceeding on their Journey towards *Cozco*, arrived on the high Promontory of *Carmenca*, from whence they took a survey of the Imperial City, and much admired the neighbouring Towns and Villages which encompassed, or were adjoining to it. The people coming forth to meet them, received them with joy and mirth, with Musick and Dances, erecting Triumphal Arches in the ways, crowned with Flowers and Garlands, and strowing the streets with Rushes, and lodged them in those Royal apartments, which were called *Amarucancha*, belonging to *Huayna Capac*; for being in their estimation persons of Divine Race, they allotted those Chambers for them, which appertained to their greatest and most beloved King. At the entrance thereunto was a very fair Tower, being four Stories high, each of which had a cieling of Timber, in such manner as covered the Royal Chambers, and which were so lofty, that to speak in compass, the Turret above was as high as any Spire in *Spain*, unless that of *Seville*. The top thereof was in form of a Globe, as were all the Chambers; and above all, in the place of a Weather-cock or Vayne (which the Indians did not understand), they had erected a Ball [the original says, *tenia una pica muy alta, y gruessa*, 'it had a very high and stout spire'] which added much to the height, and was so large, that the hollow of it contained above sixty Foot in compass, called by them *Sunturhuaci*, which signifies as much as the rare piece of Architecture, there being no other building adjoyning thereunto to support or hide it. In my time it was thrown down or demolished, to make the Market-place more large and airy; though the truth is, it took not up much place, and now in lieu thereof the Jesuits have erected a high *Coloseo* or Pyramid, as was mentioned in the first part of this History."—*History of Garcilasso de la Vega. Translated by Sir Paul Rycaut.*—Part II. c. 33.

to be one of the Eleven Thousand. On the whole perhaps a fair conclusion would be, that the representation in question was really intended for one of the anicent Peruvian buildings—possibly the very one into which Pizarro and de Soto were put at Cozco;—but strained through the imagination of some Indian of a few generations afterwards, who could not help having seen the edifices of the Spaniards, though he detested their mythology.

The two smaller ends of the box contain representations of a woman in the sun, and a woman in the moon; of whom the last has apparently a basket in her hand, and a vessel of a different form upon her head—and the other, by turning round, serves, as already mentioned, for a lock. At the four corners of the box are figures of men in different Peruvian habits, unarmed, and standing in the posture of what are called *cariatides*. The bottom of the box is only a convolution of snakes, hastily executed, but gilt like the rest.

Thus far the evidence in general appears to have been on the side of the authenticity of the whole. But here begins the '*Audi alteram partem*;' which it must be confessed presents things of difficult digestion, and hard to reconcile with truth. On examining the skin which contains the proper names, it is evident that it has been written by an inhabitant of the British islands. No other being could have framed four such compositions of letters as *Kennith, Sunland, Pickland, Holyland.* At first sight this might appear to be as clear evidence of collusion, as if mention had been found of Holiland's hotel in the Strand. But on consideration, there may possibly be ways in which it may be accounted for. There is no absolute impossibility in the lexicographer having been a Briton. It is quite clear, in the first place, that he was somebody; secondly, that he wrote a European hand; thirdly, that he knew Latin and not much; fourthly, that if he was a true man at all, he wrote from the oral interpretation of some Indian or other person acquainted with the meaning of the knots; all which qualities may, by possibility, have centered in a Briton. And in that case it is natural enough, that he should be found mingling some specimens of his own language, both in sound and in sense. *Sunland* and *Holyland* may well enough be interpretations of some proper names, which his Indian authorities explained to him as bearing the corresponding senses in the tongue of Cozco or Chinchaysuyu; and his consciousness that they were proper names, may have been what led him to set them down as he did, instead of employing a Latin periphrasis. For example, if an early navigator in the Arctic regions had

received from a Greenland wizard the native name of the country, with an explanation that it meant the *land* that was *green*, —it appears quite as likely that it should have slipped into his lexicon under its present familiar form, as have appeared under the phrase of *viridis terra*. The other words may have been misrepresentations of sounds which only resembled them; a practice very accordant with the habits of unlearned Britons, and probably of unlearned persons of all other nations upon earth.

A more serious difficulty occurs on the subject of numbers. How come a people whose numerary system advances by threes, to reckon by hundreds, and say 'king Args lived twelve hundred moons and died sixty hundred moons after the battle between the Sun and Moon?' But even this, perhaps, may be answered by saying, that this identical collection of knots was not edited, till the editors had been enlightened on the subject of decimal arithmetic by the Spaniards. Perhaps in an earlier edition it might have been read, that Args lived thirteen times ninety-nine moons. There is no necessity for supposing any part of the present compositions to be of earlier date than the arrival of the Spaniards. The only question is, whether they may not have been the performance of some person in possession of the knowledge of the knot-records, and consequently be objects of considerable curiosity both for their construction and their contents.

A number of names presenting an ominous approximation to European sounds, are possibly capable of explanation on the same principles. Such are *Barbara, Columba, Gothlan, Roma, Salterdo, Mantuz, Gameldevow, Exode, Tradener, Elemendor, Thomas, Febor, Lune, Kros.* On the subject of *Thomas*, it may be worth mentioning, that a certain mysterious chief-priest of Tula, if he was not the apostle Thomas, was at all events determined by the Spaniards and their descendants to have been so.*

* La cosmogonie des Mexicains, leurs traditions sur la mère des hommes, déchue de son premier état de bonheur et d' innocence; l'idée d'une grande inondation, dans laquelle une seule famille s'est échappée sur un radeau; l'histoire d'un édifice pyramidal élevé par l'orgueil des hommes et détruit par la colère des Dieux; les cérémonies d' ablution pratiquées à la naissance des enfans; ces idoles faites avec la farine de maïs pétrie, et distribuées en parcelles au peuple rassemblé dans l'enceinte des temples; ces déclarations de péchés faites par les pénitens; ces associations religieuses ressemblant à nos couvens d'hommes et de femmes; cette croyance universellement répandue, que des hommes blancs à longue barbe, et d'une grande sainteté de mœurs, avoient changé le système religieux et politique des peuples: toutes ces circonstances avoient fait croire aux religieux qui accompagnoient l'armée des Espagnols lors de la

So that the appearance of the name Thomas, is rather favourable to authenticity than the contrary; at all events the case would have been much worse, if the person mentioned had been John.

But a more alarming thing still, is that the interpreter in his ignorance falls foul of what may be called the *synonymes*, and writes *levis* for *light*, where there is manifestly intended the *light* of the sun. And what is worse, he is found writing *diu* and *dum* in distinct places in his key, while the use made of them in the text manifestly implies that *diu dum* is intended to stand for *a long while*. This last blunder is certainly a strong trial of

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conquête, qu'à une époque très-reculée le christianisme avoit été prêché dans le nouveau continent. Des savans Mexicains (*) crurent reconnoître l'apôtre Saint Thomas dans ce personnage mystérieux, grand-prêtre de Tula, que les Cholulains connoissoient sous le nom de Quetzalcoatl. Il n'est pas douteux que le Nestorianisme, mêlé aux dogmes des Bouddhistes et des Chamans, (†) ne se soit répandu, par la Tartarie des Mantchoux, dans le nord-est de l'Asie; on pourroit donc supposer, avec quelque apparence de raison, que des idées chrétiennes ont été communiquées, par la même voie, aux peuples Mexicains, surtout aux habitans de cette région boréale de laquelle sortirent les Toltèques, et que nous devons considérer comme l'*officina virorum* du nouveau monde.'—*Voyage de Humboldt et Bonpland, I ère partie. Rélation Historique*, p. 84.

'The cosmogony of the Mexicans,—their traditions on the subject of the mother of mankind, falling from her first estate of happiness and innocence,—the notion of a great inundation, in which a solitary family escaped upon a raft,—the account of a building like a pyramid, raised by the pride of mankind and destroyed by the anger of the gods,—the ceremonies of ablution practised at the birth of children,—their idols made of maize flour kneaded into paste, and distributed in portions to the people collected in the inclosure of the temples,—their confessions of sin made by penitents,—their religious associations like our convents of men and of women,—the belief universally extended, that white men with long beards, and of great sanctity of manners, had changed the religious and political system of their countrymen,—all these circumstances together, had led the ecclesiastics who accompanied the army of the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, to believe that at some very remote period Christianity had been preached in the newly found continent. Some learned Mexicans (*) thought they discovered the apostle St. Thomas, in the mysterious personage, high-priest of Tula, whom the Cholulans knew under the name of Quetzalcoatl. There is no doubt that the doctrines of the Nestorians, mixed with the opinions of the Buddhists and the Chamans, (†) found their way through Mantchou Tartary into the north-east of Asia. It is possible, therefore, to suppose with some appearance of reason, that ideas connected with Christianity may have been communicated by the same road to the Mexican races, and particularly to the inhabitants of that northern region from which the Tolteques migrated, and which may be considered as the great manufactory of men *(officina virorum)* in the new world.'—*Voyage of Humboldt and Bonpland. Part I. Historical Account*, p. 84.

(*) Siguenza, *Opera ined.* Eguiara, *Bibl. Mexicana*, p. 78.

(†) Langlès, *Rituel des Tartares-Mantchoux*, p. 9 et 14. Georgi, *Alphab. tibetanum*, p. 298.

endurance; for it is not only English in word, but in thought and in deed. On the preceding instance of mistake, the answer is at hand, that the same ignorance which led an Englishman to translate the *light* of the sun by *levis*, would make him set down *levis* in his key, and the authenticity of the text is not affected by it. But the other is incomparably more perilous; and there seems to be nothing for it but the remote possibility, that a man receiving from an Indian interpreter the idea of 'a long interval of time' expressed by two terms or knots, may have set them down separately in his *dog*-Latin, in such a manner as on their junction to present the apparition of this portentous *diu dum*.

The positive contents of the knots as presented by the key, are in the main very analogous to the account given in the preceding extract from Humboldt and Bonpland. There are battles between the Sun and Moon, ending in a deluge; various white men appearing at different times upon the east shore of America, and thence very naturally concluded to have come from the sun; a great traveller called Thomas, coming from the cold regions, apparently in a sledge-diligence by way of Behring's Straits. These "besides a great many other interesting objects and remarkable events, &c. &c." are the contents of the book; which, as it may be had for almost the lowest imaginable price from the author at 17, Crown Court, Pall Mall, it would be injustice to forestall.

On the general authenticity of the knots, it is not intended to give any decided opinion. There are great difficulties in believing, and great difficulties in rejecting. As the liberal Mohammed says on a different subject, "Let there be no forcing in religion;"—all people are quite welcome to chuse their own opinion. It is however but fair to say, that the knots, as compared with the key, do really and truly represent the matter attributed to them. If they are a forgery, they are almost as great a curiosity in that view, as the productions of Chatterton and Psalmanazar. If they are authentic, it would have been lamentable to consign them to oblivion for the sake of a few difficulties. The box may perhaps be concluded without hesitation, to be a specimen of Peruvian sculpture; at a period most probably subsequent to the arrival of the Spaniards, and with some slight reservation touching the possibility of the Temple of the Sun, if it is one, being the addition of a later hand. The touchstone of the authenticity of the remainder, will be the discovery of similar productions in other places; and, as it is improbable that this specimen, if genuine, should long continue to be unique, there may have been some utility in endeavouring to fix and extend the knowledge of its existence.

ART. XVI.—*Edinburgh Review, No. XCVII: Article on Mill's Essays on Government, &c.*

A GOOD enemy is sometimes worth a host of friends. In such a position the Edinburgh Review is placed, by the assault of arms made nominally against the author of the Essays, but announced at the top of the alternate pages as directed against what are there denominated Utilitarian logic and politics. If the author in question has been attacked where he was right and let alone where he was wrong, and an opening made for advancing the opinions intended to be opposed,—it may be said in courtly language (which means the language of law courts), that the learned brother has taken little by his motion.

The pith of the charge against the author of the Essays is, that he has written 'an elaborate treatise on government,' and 'deduced the whole science from the assumption of certain propensities of human nature.' Now in the name of Sir Richard Birnie and all saints, from what else *should* it be deduced? What did ever any body imagine to be the end, object, and design of government *as it ought to be*, but the same operation on an extended scale, which that meritorious chief magistrate conducts on a limited one at Bow-street; to wit, the preventing one man from injuring another? Imagine then, that the whiggery of Bow-street were to rise up against the proposition that their science was to be deduced from 'certain propensities of human nature,' and thereon were to ratiocinate as follows.

'How then are we to arrive at just conclusions on a subject so important to the happiness of mankind? Surely by that method, which, in every experimental science to which it has been applied, has signally increased the power and knowledge of our species,—by that method for which our new philosophers would substitute quibbles scarcely worthy of the barbarous respondents and opponents of the middle ages,—by the method of Induction;—by observing the present state of the world,—by assiduously studying the history of past ages,—by sifting the evidence of facts,—by carefully combining and contrasting those which are authentic,—by generalizing with judgment and diffidence,—by perpetually bringing the theory which we have constructed to the test of new facts,—by correcting, or altogether abandoning it, according as those new facts prove it to be partially or fundamentally unsound. Proceeding thus,—patiently,—diligently,—candidly,—we may hope to form a system as far inferior in pretension to that which we have been examining, and as far superior to it in real utility, as the prescriptions of a great physician, varying with every stage of every malady, and with the constitution of every patient, to the pill of the advertising quack, which is to cure all human beings, in all climates, of all diseases.'

Fancy now,—only fancy,—the delivery of these wise words at Bow-street; and think how speedily the practical catch-poles would reply, that all this might be very fine, but as far as they had studied history, the naked story was after all, that numbers of men had a propensity to thieving, and their business was to catch them; that they too had been sifters of facts; and, to say the truth, their simple opinion was, that their brethren of the red waistcoat (though they should be sorry to think ill of any man), had some how contracted a leaning to the other side, and were more bent on puzzling the case for the benefit of the defendants, than on doing the duty of good officers and true. Such would beyond all doubt be the sentence passed on such trimmers in the microcosm of Bow-street. It might not absolutely follow that they were in a plot to rob the goldsmiths shops, or to set fire to the House of Commons; but it would be quite clear that they had got *a feeling*,—that they were in process of siding with the thieves,—and that it was not to them that any man must look, who was anxious that pantries should be safe.

If indeed it could be proved, that Bow-street at large had been mistaken in its men;—that the flash gentlemen to whom it had been in the habit of much directing its surveillance, were in reality meritorious persons filled with zeal for the public good, and in short the best and only representatives and guardians of the public interests;—then indeed, the opinion of the ancient and venerable thief-takers would fall down before the new discovery. And this it is, the Whigs essay to prove.

And first, 'that it is not true that all despots govern ill;'—whereon the world is in a mistake, and the Whigs have the true light. And for proof, principally,—that the king of Denmark is not Caligula. To which the answer is, that the king of Denmark is not a despot. He was put in his present situation, by the people turning the scale in his favour in a balanced contest between himself and the nobility. And it is quite clear that the same power would turn the scale the other way, the moment a king of Denmark should take into his head to be Caligula. It is of little consequence by what congeries of letters the majesty of Denmark is typified in the royal press of Copenhagen, while the real fact is that the sword of the people is suspended over his head in case of ill behaviour, as effectually as in other countries where more noise is made upon the subject. Every body believes the sovereign of Denmark to be a good and virtuous gentleman; but there is no more superhuman merit in his being so, than in the case of a rural squire who does not shoot his land-steward, or quarter his wife with his yeomanry sabre.

It is true that there are partial exceptions to the rule, that all must use power as badly as they dare. There may have been such things as amiable negro-drivers and sentimental masters of press-gangs: and here and there, among the odd freaks of human nature, there may have been specimens of men who were 'No tyrants, though born to tyranny.' But it would be as wise to recommend wives for nurses at the Foundling, on the credit of Romulus and Remus, as to substitute the exception for the general fact, and advise mankind to take to trusting to arbitrary power on the credit of these specimens.

Secondly, that a government not under the control of the community (for there is no question upon any other) 'may soon be saturated.' Tell it not in Bow-street, whisper it not in Hatton-garden,—that there is a plan for preventing injustice by "saturation." With what peals of unearthly merriment, would Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus be aroused upon their benches, if the 'light wings of saffron and of blue' should bear this theory into their grim domains. Why do not the owners of pocket-handkerchiefs try to 'saturate?' Why does not the cheated publican beg leave to check the roguery of his defrauder with a *repetatur haustus*, and the pummelled plaintiff neutralize the malice of his adversary by requesting to have the rest of the beating in presence of the court,—if it is not that such conduct would run counter to all the conclusions of experience, and be the procreation of the mischief it affected to destroy. Woeful is the man, whose wealth depends on his having more than somebody else can be persuaded to take from him; and woeful also is the people that is in such a case.

Thirdly, that 'though there may be some tastes and propensities that have no point of saturation, there exists a sufficient check in the desire of the good opinion of others.' The misfortune of this argument is, that no man cares for the good opinion of those he has been accustomed to wrong. If oysters have opinions, it is probable they think very ill of those who eat them in August; but small is the effect upon the autumnal glutton that engulphs their gentle substances within his own. The planter and the slave-driver care just as much about negro opinion, as the epicure about the sentiments of oysters. M. Ude throwing live eels into the fire as a kindly method of divesting them of the unsavoury oil that lodges beneath their skins, is not more convinced of the immense aggregate of good which arises to the lordlier parts of the creation, than is the gentle peer who strips his fellow man of country and of family for a wild-fowl slain. The goodly land-owner, who lives by morsels squeezed indiscriminately from the waxy hands of the

cobbler and the polluted ones of the nightman, is in no small degree the object of both hatred and contempt; but it is to be feared that he is a long way from feeling them to be intolerable. The principle of '*At mihi plaudo, Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ,*' is sufficient to make a wide interval between the opinions of the plaintiff and defendant in such cases. In short, to banish law and leave all plaintiffs to trust to the desire of reputation on the opposite side, would only be transporting the theory of the Whigs, from the House of Commons to Westminster Hall.

Fourthly, the Edinburgh Reviewers are of opinion, that

'it might, with no small plausibility, be maintained, that, in many countries, there are two classes which, in some degree, answer to this description;' [viz.] 'that the poor compose the class which government is established to restrain; and the people of some property the class to which the powers of government may without danger be confided.'

They take great pains, it is true, to say this and not to say it. They shuffle and creep about, to secure a hole to escape at, if 'what they do not assert' should be found in any degree inconvenient. A man might waste his life in trying to find out whether the Misses of the Edinburgh mean to say Yes or No in their political coquetry. But whichever way the lovely spinsters may decide, it is diametrically opposed to history and the evidence of facts, that the poor *are* the class whom there is any difficulty in restraining. It is not the poor but the rich, that have a propensity to take the property of other people. There is no instance upon earth, of the poor having combined to take away the property of the rich; and all the instances habitually brought forward as examples of it, are gross misrepresentations, founded upon the most necessary acts of self-defence on the part of the most numerous classes. Such a misrepresentation is the common one of the Agrarian law; which was nothing but an attempt on the part of the Roman people to get back some part of what had been taken from them by undisguised robbery. Such another is the stock example of the French Revolution, appealed to by the Edinburgh Review in the actual case. It is utterly untrue that the French Revolution took place because 'the poor began to compare their cottages and sallads with the hotels and banquets of the rich;' it took place because they were robbed of their cottages and sallads to support the hotels and banquets of their oppressors. It is utterly untrue that there was either a scramble for property or a general confiscation; the classes who took part with the foreign invader lost their property, as they would have done here,

and ought to do every where. All these are the vulgar errors of the man on the lion's back,—which the lion will set to rights when he can tell his own story. History is nothing but the relation of the sufferings of the poor from the rich; except precisely so far as the numerous classes of the community have contrived to keep the virtual power in their hands, or in other words, to establish free governments. If a poor man injures the rich, the law is instantly at his heels; the injuries of the rich towards the poor are always inflicted *by* the law. And to enable the rich to do this to any extent that may be practicable or prudent, there is clearly only one postulate required, which is, that the rich shall make the law.

This appears to be sufficient, for the Edinburgh Review, in this place. A more useful and agreeable office remains, in endeavouring to give the history of the common-sense principle of morals and politics, and to promote its diffusion.

The first time the phrase of 'the principle of utility' was brought decidedly into notice, was in the 'Essays, by David Hume,' published about the year 1742. In that work it is mentioned as the name of a principle which might be made the foundation of a system of morals, in opposition to a system then in vogue, which was founded on what was called the 'moral sense.' The ideas, however, there attached to it, are vague, and defective in practical application.

Nearly at the same time appeared in French the celebrated work of Helvetius '*Sur l'Esprit*.' In this a commencement was made, of the application of the principle to practical use. A connection was established between the ideas attached to the word 'happiness,' and those attached to the words 'pleasure' and 'pain;' by which a great advance was made in the developement of the meaning of the terms 'utility' and 'principle of utility.'

In 1749 appeared the work of David Hartley known by the title of 'Hartley on Man.' It at first consisted of two volumes octavo; which by the abridgements of Dr. Priestley were afterwards reduced to one. In this a greater number of species were ranked under the two heads of pleasure and pain, than in the work of Helvetius; but the collection was still exceedingly defective.

In the year 1768 appeared a pamphlet of Dr. Priestley's, written, as was his custom, in a hasty manner, and with little precise method; but containing in one of its pages the express phrase 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' And this was represented as a principle containing the only rational foundation of rules for human conduct.

In the same year this pamphlet fell into the hands of Mr.

Bentham at Oxford; he being at that time not quite twenty-one years of age. Like Archimedes on the discovery of the principle of hydrostatics, he exclaimed Εὕρηκα, and from that page of that pamphlet, was drawn the phrase, the import of which it has been the object of his subsequent writings to diffuse.

In 1776 came out Mr. Bentham's first publication, entitled 'A Fragment on Government.' In this he employed the phrase of Priestley's which had made so strong an impression on his mind; and endeavoured to enforce its reception as the radical principle of government, in preference to the fiction of Locke denominated 'the original contract.' In 1781 was begun the printing of his 'Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation;' but it was not till 1789 that it was brought into the state in which it now appears. In this was seen the first inventory that had been attempted, of the different forms of stimulus to human action called 'motives;' each motive being accompanied by a reference to the corresponding pleasure or pain, in the prospect of which it has its origin.

In 1817 appeared his tract entitled 'Springs of Action;' which is composed of a pretty extensive Table, elucidated by notes. In this was added for the first time a list of 'interests;' each interest being referred to its corresponding motive, as the motives were to pleasures or to pains.

In the course of the construction of this Table, occasion was given for observing the expression of approbation or the contrary, which in the case of almost every species of motive, is introduced into its designation, according to the colouring desired to be given to it by the speaker. Hence in most cases there were found to be three sorts of designations; one in which the expression of approbation was superadded; another, in which there was the expression of disapprobation; and a third, which presented the original idea without either. The extent to which these kinds of adjuncts were employed as instruments of deception, induced the author of the Table to mark the difference between the classes by appropriate denominations. The terms chosen by him for the two classes which depart in opposite directions from the unadulterated idea, were *eulogistic*, or if preferred, approbative,—and its Greek opposite *dyslogistic*, or if preferred, disapprobative. All new terms have a portion of stiffness; but the proof of their goodness, is the degree in which they finally wind themselves into the practice of mankind. On this ground, there are appearances, that the Greek terms here mentioned, possess a force and spirit, at least to Grecian ears, that will confer on them the durability the Roman emperor complained of being unable to bestow.

On his entrance upon the *moral* (including the *political*) branch of science as it then existed, it appeared to him to be in nearly the same condition as that in which Lord Bacon found the *physical.* The matter of what was called the science, was composed of a more or less copious assemblage of words; and the instruction attempted, consisted principally in conveying information of the relation borne by the import of one of these words to the import of another,—but with an almost total absence of any endeavour to trace the relations of the things typified to each other in the way of cause and effect. Hence, as '*Fiat experimentum*' was the aphorism of Bacon, so '*Fiat observatio*' seemed to be the aphorism demanded in the present case. An Imperial dilettante, or a Colonial Secretary, may be able to pursue his studies by making original experiments upon mankind. But unofficial philosophers must be content to classify appearances as they arise; without attempting to direct the course of their succession.

In proceeding to make trial of the application of the new principle, it was in the first instance very open to observation, that by far the greatest part of what is done in the way of legislation, is done by making a choice of evils. No government can be without coercion; and the degree in which its ends can be obtained by reward, is so comparatively small, that it may almost be left out of consideration altogether. But if the object of government is to effect an end by means of pains, there appeared strong *primâ facie* reason for believing, that the object of a *good* government must be to prevent a greater evil at the expense of a less; and this led rapidly to a vague surmise,—a wandering suspicion mixed with hope, like 'love's youngest dream,'—that the object of good government might possibly be the carrying the diminution of evil, or the increase of happiness, to its *maximum.* This was the vision of which the prophet caught a glance from his Pisgah, and straightway girded himself to enter on the promised land.

And here was to be encountered in the outset the perplexing question, of *why* the production of the maximum of happiness ought to be the object of government. One possible response was, that it is the production of good. But why ought a government to follow after the production of good?—for to say that it cannot be a good government without it, is at best only an identical proposition. Cicero would have answered that it was because it was virtuous, becoming, or perhaps god-like; and philosopher Square would have said, it was because it was according to the fitness of things. But these are all reasons *à l'antique;* and would not in this day content a Mechanics Institute. Something might perhaps be done towards an answer, by Euclid's mode

improperly included under the title of *reductio ad absurdum*, or defying any body to prove that the object of government should be any thing else. For if it is any thing else, the object must be the production of a smaller quantity of good instead of a greater; or in other words, the production of relative evil—which is an unmaintainable proposition *s'il y en avait jamais*. But the real answer appeared to be, that men at large *ought* not to allow a government to afflict them with more evil or less good, than they can help. What a *government* ought to do, is a mysterious and searching question, which those may answer who know what it means; but what other men ought to do, is a question of no mystery at all. The word *ought*, if it means any thing, must have reference to some kind of interest or motives; and what interest a government has in doing right, when it happens to be interested in doing wrong, is a question for the school-men. The fact appears to be, that *ought* is not predicable of governments. The question is not why governments are bound not to do this or that, but why other men should let them if they can help it. The point is not to determine why the lion should not eat sheep, but why men should eat their own mutton if they can.

It might, perhaps, be objected in this place, that the obligation may be solved into the fact, that men would not consent to obey a government that acted on the principle of diminishing the possible quantity of happiness, and therefore the members of the government are interested in preventing their own overthrow. But the misfortune is, that this solution does not extend to the most needful case; which is that of the successful establishment of an open and avowed diminution of human happiness by the exercise of government. The system of Colonial Slavery, is an overt instance of this kind; but still it is not overthrown. The danger of overthrow, therefore, is not a competent answer to the question 'Why the aggregate of human happiness should not be diminished by law in the West Indies.'

The only rivals of any note to the new principle which were brought forward, were those known by the names of the 'moral sense,' and the 'original contract.' The new principle superseded the first of these, by presenting it with a guide for its decisions; and the other, by making it unnecessary to resort to a remote and imaginary contract, for what was clearly the business of every man and every hour. Throughout the whole horizon of morals and of politics, the consequences were glorious and vast. It might [illegible] danger of exaggeration, that they who [illegible] great light. The mists in which [illegible] each other were swept away, a[illegible] arose in the full

developement of the principle of Gravitation. If the object of legislation was the greatest happiness, *Morality* was the promotion of the same end by the conduct of the individual; and by analogy, the happiness of the world was the Morality of Nations. The awful names of Justice and Liberty,—which men had long felt after, if haply they might comprehend them,—ceased to designate unknown powers; and *Justice* stood forth as the rule of appropriation which produced the greatest happiness, while *Liberty* was the being subject to no restraints except what were necessary for the promotion of the same end. *Rights,* were what by the same rule men *ought* to have; not the miserable technicality, of what laws and lawyers might have left them. Or if preferred, they were the securities which individuals could not be unprovided with, without a diminution of the aggregate of happiness. Rights, therefore, in this sense, were no more abrogated by the absence of enjoyment, than Moral rules are abrogated by the absence of obedience; and in this sense it was, that men had murmured of their *Natural* and *Imprescriptible* rights. What men *ought* to have—that is, what it is for the advancement of the aggregate happiness that they should have—depends neither on lawyers nor on kings, but on the constitution of things imprinted by the Maker; and is consequently immutable like that. *Equality,* meant equality in the safety of such rights as the rule of the greatest happiness assigned; and it was an easy inference from practical observation, that in the case of all the most important rights, the assignment was uniform to all mankind. The *Sovereignty of the people,* meant the acknowledgment of the essential right of the community to obtain its own happiness in its own way; and a *Constitution,* meant a reserved rule or rules, which in the exercise of this sovereignty it was not committed to the delegated rulers to infringe. A *Legitimate* government, was such a government as was established or assented to by the community, in the uncontrolled exercise of its last-mentioned right; and the *Illegitimate,* were all besides. A *Free* government, was one which not only was legitimate, but in which the members of the community actually exercised an effective portion of the direction of their own concerns, either by the means of representatives or otherwise; and in proportion to the degree in which this exercise was extended and secured, was the degree in which freedom could be predicated of the result. A *Constitutional* government, was one in which there was an acknowledgment of the reserved rule or rules denominated a Constitution; a necessary ingredient of a free government, but not identical in terms. Lastly, a glimpse had been received from beyond the Atlantic, of the possibility of such an institution as a *Constitutional Ma-*

jority, or committing the charge of alterations in the Constitution itself, to, for instance, a threefold majority of the ordinary delegates, as a provision in the last resort, for what of change may be demanded by the imperfection of human foresight and the flow of time. All the sublime obscurities, which had haunted the mind of man from the first formation of society,—the phantoms whose steps had been on earth, and their heads among the clouds,—marshalled themselves at the sound of this new principle of connection and of union, and stood a regulated band, where all was order, symmetry, and force. What men had struggled for and bled, while they saw it but as through a glass darkly,—was made the object of substantial knowledge and lively apprehension. The bones of sages and of patriots stirred within their tombs, that what they dimly saw and followed, had become the world's common heritage. And the great result was wrought by no supernatural means, nor produced by any unparallelable concatenation of events. It was foretold by no oracles, and ushered by no portents; but was brought about by the quiet and reiterated exercise of God's first gift of common sense. Even religions bowed before the discovered rule; and the reason why the divine origin of the Koran and the Vedas was to be disallowed, was because they could not endure the test, which heaven in the exercise of its simpler Providence had revealed to human apprehension. Fanatics and bigots might frown; but good men of all creeds hailed the appearance of peace on earth and good-will towards men, in the establishment of the principle which made human happiness the end of all studies, and the land-mark of all toils.

Subordinate to the greater results of the discovery, were many other inferences both in morals and in politics. The innumerable questions which had been agitated concerning the merit or demerit of certain actions, were now found to be decided by a rule perfectly within the reach of human application, and which exhibited itself as a rigid touchstone of other systems. The paradox of the Stoics was dissolved by simple transposition; and instead of virtue making happiness, what makes the general happiness was virtue. But it was in the relations which pass under the name of the political, that its agency was most decisive. If the happiness of men was the object of government, it was plain that this object was to be obtained by their being governed with a view to their own interest, and not to the interest of somebody else. And the way to effect this, was that they should govern *themselves*, or which amounts to the same thing in the view proposed, should hold an effectual check over those to whom the reins of government are committed. That a community of any great

extent should govern by the constant act and deed of all its members, was as palpably inconvenient, amounting to the impracticable, as that the owner of a large fortune should be his own steward, butler, groom, huntsman, coachman, all in one. But it no more followed in one case than in the other, that the impracticability of exercising these offices except by delegate, derogates from the complete and perfect right to superintend their exercise by others. The sovereignty of the community, like that of the rich proprietor over his corks and his curry-combs, is an essential, not an active sovereignty. It is a sovereignty which can only be well exercised by delegating its execution to others under rules; but it is not on that account less real or less solid.

But if the community is to hold an effectual check over those who are to govern for it, the government, or at all events some integral and indispensable branch of it, must be committed to individuals chosen by the community at large or by its subdivisions. The Whigs say not,—and that it should be committed to somebody else, meaning themselves; and on this they and the community are at issue. And here rises to view the greatest political invention of the moderns; which is the system of Representation. And the plain and simple *rationale* of the right of Representation, unembarrassed with the consideration of what it may be one dishonest man's interest to defend or another's to acquire, is that all should be admitted equally, and that when all are so admitted and not before, each man possesses the full enjoyment of all the influence his wealth, talents, or reputation, can confer on him without infringing on the happiness of others. The principle of this is as clear, as that of the right of equal admission to the market. The equality of admission, does not make men possess an equality of influence when they are there. On the contrary it is precisely then, that the rich man has the just advantage of the influence, which there is no intention to deny him. The fallacy is in stating, that the rich cannot have their proper influence in the market, unless the poor are kept out besides. Property should be represented; but then it should be every body's property; the fallacy is, that it should be only the property of those who happen to have a great deal. And as in the common market, so in the greater market of election. In such a contest of interests, every man's influence would fetch exactly what it was worth; and the theory which claims for the rich not only the influence of their riches, but the exclusion of the poor besides, is as visibly and demonstrably unjust, as in the market case produced as parallel. This furnishes the foundation of the right of

Universal Suffrage; a right which no reasonable man that understands it will ever consent to disavow, however remote the actual condition of society may be from its practical enjoyment. To think common sense at home, is a luxury that might have been indulged in in Egypt; even though all the surrounding world worshipped a crocodile or a monkey. Closely connected with the *universality* of suffrage, is the opportunity of its frequent exercise. For the only practical way of preserving a check over those appointed to the directorship of the great Company, is to send them back to their constituents frequently; and the more frequent the reference, the more perfect the check. And the period which would occur to every man who had no sinister interests to promote, would be that it should be *annual.* The organ of the Whigs once undertook to ask, why the period should be precisely a year, and what virtue there was in a planet's periodic time, that should connect it with a seat in parliament. To which the answer is by asking, why men do other things yearly, and not, for instance, every eighteen months. Why do men make up their accounts once a year, hold Long Vacations once a year, keep their birth-days once a year, visit their friends once a year, physic and purge, eat mince-pies, issue Army-lists and the Red Book, and take the sacrament by Act of Parliament,—if it is not that the necessary connection of the seasons with many of the acts of man, makes it highly convenient for him to bind up his other actions in the same routine, and hence in all things that require regularity of performance, his option is in reality to do them once a year, or once in two. But between these, there is a gulph, which passed, leads easily to once in seven, or once in ten. The tradesman who should defer making up his accounts to a second year, would soon bring them to a conclusion in the Fleet; and if all the members of the community had as lively a sense of their interests as the tenant of a chandler's shop, they would be equally jealous of the laxity of delay. Sensible men make their stand upon the right side of the gulph; and fools upon the other.

On these two important points of Universal Suffrage and its Annual exercise, the objections oftenest urged relate to some impracticability or difficulty to arise in the execution. On which it may be answered, that if an intelligent committee was appointed, with instructions to devise the mode in which the greatest obstacles should be thrown in the way of the quiet exercise of the operation of appointing representatives, it would clearly devise the actual one. In the first place, it is plain, that it would advise the compression of the power of choice into the hands of a few; that there might be a physical possibility of the few being bribed. Secondly, it would

recommend the extension of the period of service; in order that it might be better worth while for the candidates to bribe, and that the electors might be enabled to indulge in riot on an occasion that occurs but seldom, in a way they could not do if it occurred more frequently. Thirdly and lastly, it would suggest that each man's way of voting should be published, in order that the greatest possible scope might be given to the operation of party feelings, and no man be able to escape by holding his peace. This is what a sensible committee would recommend; and, by consequence, it is what sensible men on the other side would recommend to be undone. It is evident at sight, that the difficulties suggested are not only factitious and artificial, but require great pains to secure and keep them in existence. It would be as much easier to take men's votes annually than septennially, as for a boy to comb his hair daily than once a week,—if the management was in the hands of those who had an interest in its success. And the votes of an entire population might be taken with as much facility as a census, if the way that leads to such a result was followed, instead of the way that does not. When the lion builds its own cage, interests hostile to the good of the community will pare their own claws. But whether their claws are pared or not, it is satisfactory to know what arrangements are directed to the good of the community, and what are curiously and scientifically adjusted to its opposite.

These are the principles against which the Whigs have directed the small battery of their wit; which was more than it was politic to do, upon the strength of 'past renown and antiquated power.' Among other specimens of their ingenuity, they think they embarrass the subject, by asking why, on the principles in question, women should not have votes as well as men. *And why not?*—

'Gentle shepherd, tell me why.'—

If the mode of election was what it ought to be, there would be no more difficulty in women voting for a representative in parliament, than for a director at the India House. The world will find out at some time, that the readiest way to secure justice on some points, is to be just on all;—that the whole is easier to accomplish than the part;—and that whenever the camel is driven through the eye of the needle, it would be simple folly and debility that would leave a hoof behind.

Another of their perverted ingenuities is, that 'they are rather inclined to think,' that it would, on the whole, be for the interest of the majority to plunder the rich; and if so, the Utilitarians will say, that the rich *ought* to be plundered. On which it is sufficient to reply, that for the majority to plunder the rich, would

amount to a declaration that nobody should be rich; which, as all men wish to be rich, would involve a suicide of hope. And as nobody has shown a fragment of reason why such a proceeding should be for the general happiness, it does not follow that the 'Utilitarians' would recommend it. The Edinburgh Reviewers have a waiting gentlewoman's ideas of 'Utilitarianism.' It is unsupported by any thing but the pitiable 'We are rather inclined to think'—and is utterly contradicted by the whole course of history and human experience besides,—that there is either danger or possibility of such a consummation as the majority agreeing on the plunder of the rich. There have been instances in human memory, of their agreeing to plunder rich oppressors, rich traitors, rich enemies,—but the rich *simpliciter*, never. It is as true now as in the days of Harrington, that 'a people never will, nor ever can, never did, nor ever shall, take up arms for levelling.' All the commotions in the world have been for something else; and 'levelling' is brought forward as the blind, to conceal what the other was.

The real errors of the author of the 'Essays,' may be concluded under the lawyer-like mistake, of pouncing on the technical and secondary meaning of terms, to the exclusion of the primary. As lawyers and law-makers became anxious to secure the adherence of mankind to their decisions, they found a strong interest in representing that *their law* was right, and right was *their law*. They were not only to be the servants of Astrea, but they were to be Astrea herself. Hence they applied themselves to suppress all reference to the awful though obscure ideas which men possessed, of a power to which both law and lawyers were meant to be subservient; the object being to transfer to themselves the reverence intended for the other. The only wonder is, that when they went to the secondary sense, they did not go to the ternary, and declare that the word justice meant nothing but a justice of the peace. With deference, however, to their authority, the original sense of words exists as ever; and 'seeking justice and doing right,' *does not* mean seeking Coke and doing Blackstone.

But as all knowledge is only the accumulation of improvements, the very title of the principle in question was found susceptible of progressive melioration. Its first name, 'the Principle of Utility,' was defective in as much as it did not express the nature and extent of the utility intended; and the same objection extended to the terms 'Utilitarian' and 'Utilitarianism.' It may be useful to a thief to steal; but it is useful to the community at large, that men should not steal; and it was this last utility, and not the first, which was intended, but not expressed. Its next denomination was, the principle

of 'the Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number.' This was erroneous by superfluity; and was in fact attempting to say the same thing twice instead of once. Though nothing in the writings of any of the proposers supported such a construction, it was liable to be represented as maintaining, that if, for example, a nation was composed of a million of black men and a million and one of white, the white were justified in sacrificing as much as they pleased of the happiness of the million, for the sake of any increase that might be made to the happiness of the million and one. The latest improvement, therefore, of the philosopher whose long life has been dedicated to the diffusion of the principle,—and of which the present Article has to boast of being the announcement and the organ,—is to dismiss the superfluous 'greatest number,' and declare that the just object of politics and morals, is simply '*THE GREATEST HAPPINESS.*' In this manner the magnificent proposition emerges clearly, and disentangled from its accessary. And the accessary proposition is, that the greatest aggregate of happiness must always include the happiness of the greatest number. For the greatest number must always be composed of those who individually possess a comparatively small portion of the good things of life; and if any thing is taken from one of these to give to the others, it is plain that what he loses in happiness, is greater than what the others gain. It is the mathematical assertion, that a quantity x is greater in comparison of a small quantity it is taken from, than of a large one it is added to. It is the avowal that half-a-crown is of more consequence to the porter that loses it, than to the Duke of Bedford who should chance to find it;—that a chief portion of the baseness of the rich man who seized the poor's ewe lamb, consisted in taking what caused so much greater pain to the sufferer, than happiness to the receiver.

It would clearly be very desirable to compress the expression of 'The Principle of the Greatest Aggregate of Happiness,' or its conjugates, into a single term. Those who object indiscriminately to inventions in nomenclature, are either ignorant of their power, or jealous of their effect. It is, however, very difficult to combine the three ideas of 'greatest, aggregate, and happiness,' in a single word. What friendly efforts have failed to effect, the scorner has perhaps supplied. That name is best, which most strongly excites in the minds of friends and enemies, the impressions designed to be conveyed. It has always been permitted, to learn from an opponent. The Utilitarians shall abandon foreign titles, and 'the sacred language of the *Benthamites*' be all that shall be heard of by posterity.

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Not that the man positively would not take his fingers out of the fire when they were burning. On the contrary, nobody made more turmoil when he knew that he was hurt. But his coat might be taken off his back, by any body that would tell

him a long story. He was a man of *one* idea, or at most, of *two;* but it was only necessary to go as far as *three*, to leave him in utter bewilderment. For example, he knew well enough, that he did not like to be robbed and murdered himself. This was idea Number One; and it is supposed that he had as clear a comprehension of it, as mathematicians have of Euclid. He had a glimmering too, that it was not for his interest, that people should be robbed and murdered somewhere else; provided it was in a neighbouring parish, or at all events in some parish where he apprehended a distant possibility that he might be murdered himself. But if it was further off than this, the question was too much for him. It was the triple idea which he could never comprehend, that he could have any thing to do with felony, where he never intended to adventure his own person. If an injury was done to himself, or to any person within the degree of third cousin, there was nobody that made a more exemplary bawling for the constable. When a woman in his own neighbourhood had 'whipt two female 'prentices to death, and hid them in the coal-hole,' he thought hanging was too good for her; and there he stood, when the miserable wretch was brought out to just and necessary punishment,—trying to overwhelm her sinful soul with more than dying horror, by adding at that fearful moment the expression of his unforgiveness and his hate. But when the same thing was done in a parish a little further off,—and that not by accident, but as part and parcel of a system which the whole parish, with their overseers at their head, had risen up to defend,—he quietly went home, *and paid a tax to enable the like to be done again.* He grumbled much of the hardness of times, and the difficulty an honest man had to live; but not one word did he say against the imposition of a poll-tax to enable the Esther Hibners of the West Indies to ride, not in a cart, but in their coaches. On the contrary, he went home, and called his wife and children, and after asking if they had said their prayers, he said to them, 'I have seen a woman hanged this morning. I was never so pleased in my life. And now send for some sugar for breakfast; and when you pay eleven-pence for the sugar, take care that you pay the penny for the West-Indians.' It never occurred to him or his gaping brood,—though, to say the truth, they were well-intentioned persons enough in their way,—that *their* representatives and every body's representatives, were taxing them and every body, not for any benefit that was to arise to them or the community, but simply that the proceeds of this taxation might find their way into the pockets of such persons as, in their own parish, they thought

hanging was too good for. It was quite certain that these persons, and all the mischief and misery attendant on their system, existed solely because the people of Great Britain were taxed to pay for it, and could not exist without it. They were as clearly raised, supported, and kept in existence by a rate laid upon the people of Great Britain, as a poor-house or a county hospital. They could not pay for their whip-leather, unless an extra tax was laid on the produce of other British possessions, for the purpose of obliging the British consumer to put the difference into the pockets of the West-Indians. The people of Great Britain, in fact,—the same people who give themselves airs when they get into foreign parts, by reason of their freedom,—pay a poll-tax for the support of slavery and slave-owners in the West Indies. But all this, the simple man and his brood would never have found out to their dying day. He would have been shocked if he had been asked to contribute to the maintenance of a receiver of stolen goods in his own street. If the parish officer had come to intimate to him, that his wife and daughters were to be rated, to rebuild the houses of ill fame that were lately burnt at Temple Bar, all his reverence for the authorities would not have prevented him from knocking him down. But when he was to pay for the same kind of thing by instalments upon every piece of sugar the same wife and daughters put into their mouths, it was quite beyond him to find out, of his own pure brain, that there was any thing degrading in the affair. In short, he would have paid for a fire to roast his own father, and salt to eat him with, if it had only been put to him in the shape of a duty on faggots, or an exciseman in the salt-box.

There is not one word of jest or exaggeration in all this. It is a plain unadorned statement of what is taking place with every Englishman at every hour. The English people, high and low, hate slavery and injustice as much as any body does. They have had their hours of struggle, which have taught them *why* they hate them; and the issue of the contest has left them, in many respects, the foremost of the world in the general march of liberty and civilization. But they pay a poll-tax for no reason on earth but that the abettors of slavery in their colonies may have whips instead of no whips. They suffer themselves to be basely bullied,—or more properly, past ministries, from inward affection to the bad cause, have suffered themselves to be basely bullied as their representatives,—by men whom they are at the very moment paying to support. They allow the slave-drivers in the West Indies to shake their hardened fists in every British face,—and their agents in this country to cover with ribald abuse every honest

man and woman who raises a voice in opposition,—and all the while they are positively paying a penny in the shilling on all the sugar they eat, for no reason on earth but that the thing they hate may be carried on, and because it could not be carried on without it. If the West-Indian islands with all their abominations were to sink into the sea to-morrow, the British people instead of being losers, would be immense gainers. They would be the gainers of all they now pay in the shape of taxation for their support; which only goes to keep coaches for the agents of the injustice, and buy boroughs to enable them to support their cause in parliament. The whole 'West-Indian body' as they call themselves, is nothing but one large fraud. Every thing is a fraud which supports one set of men upon the earnings of another. It is a robbery on a large scale upon the people of England; who are plundered of the earnings of their labour, and in return have the pleasure of seeing the 'West-Indian body' living upon their money. That this is true, is proved by the fact, that the whole West-Indian system together, cannot be carried on without being supported by a tax. Whip as he will, the slave-driver does not make both ends meet, till the people of England are taxed to pay the difference. They must be made to pay ten per cent more for sugar than it can be got for in the East Indies or other places; and then ten per cent finds its way into the West-Indian's pocket. It is clearly all a cheat, as much as ring-dropping. Out of nothing, nothing can come; and where men cannot get rich unless the people of England raise it for them by subscription, it is mere trick and legerdemain to point to their riches as increasing wealth. If part of the money finds its way into the hands of government in the shape of further taxation, the real nature of the transaction is only like a government's proposing to get rich by levying a contribution on the gains of highwaymen. The tax and the unjust gain of which it is a part, can only be taken from some honest man to begin with; which can make no gain in the aggregate. If ships and sailors are employed in the dishonest trade, they would also be employed in the honest trade as much. There would be just as much shipping employed in bringing home honest sugar, as sugar which the people is robbed to pay for. No man denies, or pretends to deny, the truth of all this. No man, with common regard for his own cause, will put down an assertion to the contrary on paper, which shall give an opportunity of displaying its fallacy piece-meal.

The colonists are in the habit of blustering about their "property," and their "vested rights." God knows what term

of possession may give these men a right to a sanguinary wrong. But in his mercy he has made a nearer way; he has not left us to be troubled with the question. Do the West-Indians set up any claim to *our* property? Do they advance any right to make *us* subscribe for the flogging of women in Jamaica? Is the House of Commons bound to impose such taxes for the support of slavery, '*as the planters will sanction?*'* . If not, then the West-Indians have overshot their mark. They have bullied and insulted an honest and a generous people; where their only chance for existence lay in conciliation and submission. They have talked loud of what they would do, and what they would not do; forgetting that all the time they hung by the mere thread of the volition of the English people, for doing any thing or being any thing. Ministers, too, have existed, mean enough to play into the hands of the originators of the fraud, and to speak as if there really was some difficulty in making the colonists accede to any terms the British government should intimate; knowing all the time that they exist but by the fiat of the government operating in the shape of exactions on the people. If the West-Indians are unmanageable, *stop their rations.* If they can keep themselves, let them take their own way, like other people that can keep themselves. But if they cannot, then let them, like other paupers, submit to the directions of those that pay for them; and do not let *us* be troubled with the insolence and bad propensities of the great poor-house in the Antilles. If Helen Moss is to be supported by a rate upon the parish, Hélen Moss shall be quiet, and have neither slaves nor apprentices to flog; or else Helen Moss shall be put on low diet, till she finds the difference between rubbing pepper into girls eyes in the West Indies, and being insolent to honest men in England who are paying for her keep.†

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* 'With regard to the Sugar Colonies, settle the slave question in such a manner as the planters will sanction.'—*Blackwood's Ed. Mag. July,* 1829, p. 115.

† *Extract from the Speech of Sir James Macintosh in the House of Commons, June* 3, 1829. *From the Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter for June,* 1829.—'The Hon. Member [Mr. H. Gurney] had had recourse to a species of argument respecting the case of the Mosses, which he remembered was used at the beginning of the debates on the proposed abolition of the slave trade. A great West India proprietor said, on the occasion to which he had alluded, that the House might as well judge of the morals of England by the records of the Old Bailey, as judge of the character of the West India planters from a few occurrences selected for the purpose of making an unfavourable impression on the public. To this Mr. Fox replied—"I do not wonder that the slave trade should remind the Hon. Gentleman of the Old Bailey. Nothing can be so congenial as the two

The pretext might have done for the days of ignorance; but no minister in the present time would risk his credit, by intimating the existence of a difficulty in bringing the West-Indians to any terms, which the government acting on behalf of the British community should be pleased to propose. A minister who should do so now, would be hooted down,—out of the House if not in the House,—as a man that had voluntarily come forward with a fraud in his hand and a falsehood in his mouth. If any minister has a reason to offer, why the people of England should continue to pay a duty of 10*s.* a hundred-weight on sugar from their East-Indian colonies in order that slavery may be paid for

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subjects. Nevertheless I will point out to the Hon. Gentleman a contrast between them. At the Old Bailey we hear of crimes which shock our moral feelings; but we are consoled by the punishment of the criminals. We read of crimes as atrocious in the West India islands, but our moral feelings are shocked at hearing not only of the impunity of the criminals, but of their triumph." In adverting to the case of the Mosses, the Hon. Member had, most unfortunately for his argument, alluded to the case of Mrs. Hibner. The contrast which these cases presented between the moral feeling of the Bahamas and the moral feeling of this country was much more striking than the contrast to which Mr. Fox had formerly called the attention of the House. The offenders in the Bahamas having not only committed a murder, but committed it in the most barbarous manner possible, had been condemned to five months' imprisonment. What followed? A memorial had been presented to the Colonial Secretary, signed by what were called the most respectable persons in the colony, attesting that the character of these cruel murderers was generally one of great humanity, and praying for a remission of their punishment. That was the manner in which this atrocious crime was viewed in an island, the inhabitants of which were in no other way demoralized than as the possession of unbounded and irresponsible power always corrupted the heart of man. Nay more, a public dinner, as a matter of triumph, was actually given, by the chief persons in the colony, to the criminals who had barely escaped the most condign punishment for their offences. What was, on the other hand, the case in London when a criminal of the lowest order, this same Mrs. Hibner, whose crime was not aggravated by the consideration that she was possessed of information which ought to have taught her better, committed a similar offence? He was not the apologist of the vindictive feeling exhibited by the populace on the occasion; but it was well known that they departed from the humanity which they usually exhibited towards the unfortunate persons who underwent the last sentence of the law. They could not conceal their horror at a crime, which, however, was far less atrocious than that which had been committed by the *respectable* Mosses; and even rent the air with shouts of triumph when they witnessed the payment of the dreadful penalty. In justice however, to the people of London, he must observe, that he remembered only three instances in which they had thus deviated from their usual feelings of commiseration for suffering criminals; and those were all cases in which the punishment of death had been inflicted for the crime of murder, accompanied with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Thus, even in their errors, the generosity which belonged to their general character was strongly evinced.'

in the West, let him produce it; but if he loves his credit for common penetration and ordinary prudence, let him not risk the assertion that there is any difficulty in the removal of the slavery.

What a minister desirous to do justice to the people of England would manifestly do, would be to remove the extra duties in favour of West-Indian sugar, by a prospective act, to take effect six months after date; and then intimate to the blustering paupers of the West Indies, that when the colonial legislatures had enacted and effectually put into execution every jot and tittle of what should be intimated to them from the government at home, the government at home would consider how far they would propose to the people of England the taking them again upon the paupers list, and what portion of the labour of Englishmen should, upon sincere repentance and most abject and unreserved submission for past misconduct, be permitted to dribble into the pockets of the penitents. This is what every minister knows to be common sense and common honour; and there is nothing in the constitution of the present leaders of the country, to make it probable that they have any disinclination to act upon the knowledge.

In the present state of public information, it would be absurd for a minister to attempt to put forward the occupation of the West-Indian islands as a source of national wealth, when it is notorious that the whole establishment is maintained only by an impost on the public. There may have been a time when the wealth, the glories, the military and naval power which make their appearance on certain points in consequence of the retention of the West Indies, might have been advanced, and nobody have found out that they were all paid for by a greater diminution of wealth and power somewhere else. But '*the people are over-educated*' for such an imposition now. The friends of slavery in the House of Commons should have stopped the progress of *A, B, C,* long ago; and as they did not, they must take the consequences. The West-Indians have sometimes threatened to transfer their allegiance to America. If the Americans would take them on such terms, it would be policy for Great Britain to offer the Americans a million sterling a-year to consent to the arrangement, and she would be a great gainer by the bargain after all. A collection of paupers who should utter a threat that they would quit the parish, would not be half so welcome to put their threats in execution. The people of England are tired of the West-Indians. They are tired, in the first place, of keeping them by public contribution; and they are tired of the insolence with which their misplaced charity has been returned.

Suppose the owner of a beast of burthen were to disgust the public by the exhibition of base and malignant cruelty; as for instance, that he were seen beating it to death, and rubbing pepper into its eyes, as the ladies who are kept out of our money in the West Indies do to their slaves;—and that on being interfered with by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or by any body else, he should harangue upon his right of property, and turn upon the interferers with injury and insult. And suppose that after all it should be found out, that the very people whom he was bespattering, were subscribing to find him the means by which he possessed himself of the animal in question; that in fact he had not the means of livelihood, except by the contributions of the people he was insulting. How small would be the chance of such a ruffian, for the continuation of his nuisance; and how crawling and utterly contemptible would be the advisers, who should suggest the slightest difficulty in putting down his mal-practices. Perhaps such a man might threaten, that if he was interfered with, he would starve his victim altogether. Try him. Depend upon it there will be no danger. He will be as supple as a glove. The moment he is touched on the right place,—the instant he perceives that he is understood and overmatched,—his subserviency will be equal to his former violence. He will be your poor industrious jackass-driver—he will turn methodist—go to week-day prayers—sing psalms till his voice cracks—do any thing that he thinks will tend to effect the prolongation of his pittance. Be assured, that he will be the most pathetic and obliging personage in the creation; his ass shall eat with him, sleep with him, if the gentlemen will be so kind as to think about continuing his half-a-crown a week. Just such will be the conduct of the people who have insulted us in the West Indies, if we can only pluck up heart to say a word about the stoppage of the parish pay. They will send a deputation to make an apology to every honest man that has been insulted by their hired press,—and to give every honest woman a shaddock and a mamee apple for her little boys,—the moment they find themselves threatened with the stoppage of the allowance. Why are the people of England to support men they dislike, and be insulted in return? Why is every man and woman in this country to pay a poll-tax, amounting in the whole to not less than a million and a half a-year; with no earthly return but the pleasure of reading the advertisements in the West-Indian gazettes, and now and then the murder of a missionary by way of *sauce piquante?*

If the slave-owners pretend to deny the character of

their system, there would be just as much chance for Esther Hibner to have persuaded the public of the non-entity of her crimes. Putting all individual testimony on one side, their own public acts afford a mass of evidence, which nobody that is not hired pretends to misunderstand. If there has been any softening in their practice, it is only as it has been forced upon them by the humanity of the British community; and the same humanity will force them to an end. If they have abandoned any particular cruelty, they grinned and scowled like Smithfield drovers forbidden to strike below the hock; and when a British minister proposed the abolition of the indecent whipping of women upon the field,—they rose with one consent to say that *this* was their birth-right, and they would die by it;—they could have submitted to any moderate interference from British tyranny, but *this* was a necessary of life, which, if Englishmen would not pay for, the allegiance of the West Indies must be at an end, and 'Old England' take the risk, of 'doing without Barbadoes.' It is as clear as the day, that their system altogether is one which every Englishman, in his own person, knows it would be honour and glory to demolish by the bayonet. Every Englishman knows that the right of resistance to personal slavery, is as clear and distinct a right, as that of resistance to the wild beasts of the forest. If this is not law, there is no law,—it is time for every man to take his musquet if he has one, and be a law unto himself. It is not men meeting together with certain forms, and calling themselves the Honourable *this*, or the Worshipful *that*,—that can legalize what in its own nature is contrary to the purposes for which human society is formed. It is true enough that the tiger may make laws, and define what punishments he will execute on those who shall resist him and fail. But it is not the less true that he and his laws, are the enemies of the human race; and that no man is bound to obey them longer than he finds himself beneath the paw. If the West-Indians were omnipotent in England tomorrow, they could not make one Englishman acknowledge, that their rule, when applied to himself, was to be endured an hour longer than a bayonet could be got to point in opposition to it. If every man in England could be made hypocrite enough to deny this truth in words, he would not the less believe it in his heart. All honest men, in spirit, drink the great moralist's toast every day of their existence; and if every member of the House of Commons could be induced to exclaim against the impropriety, they would not do it less. Not a soldier or officer is sent to the colonies who does not know, that the

only way of reconciling his service with the duty of an honest man or the honour of a gentleman, is by considering himself as the guardian of the great acts of justice which must speedily take place. In any other light, he might as well be invited to patrole Hounslow in aid of the knights of the road, or form a cordon round the houses of the Marrs and the Williamsons, while the man with a hammer did his office inside. There is no use in a government, or any portion of the members of a government, setting themselves up against the acknowledged rules of justice and right on which all the submission of the community to them is dependent. The only consequence is, that so far as they succeed in impressing the public with this opinion of their acts, so far do they lose the benefit of every principle of obedience but fear. It may be *necessary* to obey a government that supports slavery by law; but it can never be *desirable*, longer than it is necessary. There is not one rule of right for a man here, and another somewhere else. The robbery that is detestable at Hounslow, does not become sanctified by degrees of west longitude. And so long as it is authorized any where, the direct inference is, that if men in other places are not subjected to the same treatment, it is only because their own physical force stands between them and the infliction. A government where the people can be taxed to support slavery abroad, and a part of the plunder expended in buying rotten boroughs to support the iniquity at home,—is clearly one that needs a root-and-branch reformation, on the naked principle of self-defence in the community. If governments do not like root-and-branch reformations, they should cut off the gratuitous iniquities which induce the danger; and not give food to the cry for radical reform, for the sake of a dinner to ministers from the 'West-Indian body.'

The colonists have tried to frighten the government and the country, by holding out the necessity that, in the event of the emancipation of their slaves, they should be paid for them; and some of the friends of emancipation have been weak enough to show an inclination to admit the principle. Suppose now, that an Irish pauper, in the days when Irishmen worked their horses by the tails, had been interfered with by the parish officers with a view to put an end to his barbarous practice, and had answered 'If your honours stop my allowance till I give over working my horse by the tail, I hope you mean to pay me what I gave for him, *and allow me to work him in harness besides.*' This is a fair statement of the West-Indian proposition. Every body knows, that what they demand to be paid for, is the mere pleasure of working by the tail; it is simply

the gratification of those evil lusts and passions, which can be gratified under a system of slavery, and cannot be gratified so well under a system of free labour. What we pay a poll-tax for, is simply that the West-Indians may have the luxury of the whip. We pay for the pleasurable titillation excited in colonial nerves, by the exercise of the constitutional right of the flogging of women. And if we decline paying for this, we are invited, as a point of justice, to lay down the sum that was given for the thing flogged; upon the principle, apparently, that if not flogged, the use intended from it is at an end. The people of England are undeniably very weak upon some points; but it is to be hoped they will never be so weak, as to think of paying for the horse, as the price of working him in harness instead of by the tail.

The claim for payment being demonstrably a fraud, it is plain that an honest minister would have nothing to do but to stop the disgraceful tax endured by the people of this country, till the West-Indian governments comply in the fullest manner with every intimation that should be made to them. Nobody is afraid of ministers going too far; the only difficulty is in raising a force of opinion to make them go far enough. And nobody doubts the desirableness of the alterations being made by the colonial governments, or their superior aptitude for executing them. When, therefore, they have emancipated, or put in a direct course of emancipation within such period as the government should suggest, the whole of their negro population,—it would be quite time enough to think of returning to the poll-tax. By all means let them do it with the deliberation they shall find necessary. Let them reflect well upon the difficulties that are in the way, and do nothing hastily, rashly, or unadvisedly; but, in the mean time, let the people of England be free from the poll-tax.

It would be an insult at this time of day to ask the English people whether slavery is an evil or not; they might just as well be asked the question, of house-breaking. Even the poor peasant and manufacturer, who are trodden down by the effect of bad laws till their actual mess of pottage is of smaller dimensions than that of the slave in the West Indies, are capable of appreciating the injury of the plea, which tells them that their condition would be improved if they and their children were made saleable like beasts. This is what *would* be done, if their own physical force did not prevent it; so far, at least, as depends on those who support the remoter evil. The same hired press that takes the side of slavery in the colonies, would take the side of reducing the working population of England to the

same slavery, if any body saw chance enough of effecting the object, to make it worth while to pay. Esther Hibner might have had it on her side, if she could have taken two hundred copies of a Sunday paper weekly. As it is, the slave-owners are content with levying about two shillings annually, from every individual of the starving labourer's family. A good meal once a quarter, is taken from the haggard wife and the starving child; because, without it, there would be no possibility of carrying on the flogging of women in the colonies. The object is not to debate whether this is an evil, but to excite men to union and perseverance in abating the nuisance. When suffering men are taxed, the ordinary assumption is, that it is for some benefit that is to arise to the community. But here the object is simply and solely, that bad men may riot in the pleasures of injustice, and that the sixpences abstracted quarterly from the industrious and the poor, may be clubbed together in the shape of carriages and good dinners for the owners of slaves in the West Indies.

There *must* be an end of the system of robbing one man to keep another; and in no place can it so properly begin, as where, in addition to the simple robbery, the whole thing supported is hateful in itself. The time is past when men could be deterred from pursuing such an object, by the apprehension of insult from the defenders of the wrong. Such insults are honours; and there is no individual so mean, as to be unable to aspire to a portion of the credit. The poorest man in England can raise a voice somewhere, against the system which taxes his family by the head, in support of the injustice he has learnt from his forefathers to hate. The pith and marrow of the whole system, lie in the convenience of the higher classes taking the work of the lower without paying for it. The higher classes find it the pleasantest thing in the world, to be worked for and not to pay, or to pay only as much as they chuse; and the poor man is to be taxed in his basket and in his store, that what cannot be wrung from the black slave abroad, may be made up by the white one at home.

The people of the West Indies seem to labour under an utter ignorance of the light in which their system altogether is viewed in England. When West-Indian magistrates apply the term 'wretch' to a negro who is put to death for having failed in an attempt at resistance,—the people of England do not consider him as a 'wretch,' but as a good and gallant man, dying in the best of causes, the resistance to oppression, by which themselves hold all the good that they enjoy. They consider him as a soldier fallen in the advance-guard of that

combat, which is only kept from themselves, because somebody else is exposed to it further off. If the murdered negro is a 'wretch,' then an Englishman is a 'wretch,' for not bowing his head to slavery whenever it invites him. The same reason that makes the white Englishman's resistance virtuous and honourable, makes the black one's too;—it is only a regiment with different facings, fighting in the same cause. Will these men never know the ground on which they stand? Can nothing make them find out, that the universal British people would stand by and cheer on their dusky brethren to the assault, if it was not for the solitary hope that the end may be obtained more effectually by other means? It is not true that the people of England believe, that any set of men, here or any where, can by any act of theirs alter the nature of slavery, or make that not robbery which was robbery before. They can make it robbery according to law, the more is the pity that the power of law-making should be in such hands; but this is the only inference. All moral respect for such laws,—all submission of the mind, as to a rule which it is desirable to obey and honourable to support, —is as much out of the question, as if a freebooter were to lay down a scale of punishment, for those who should be found guilty of having lifted a hand against his power.

When the question, with what the West-Indians have to answer, has been so long and amply debated by the press in various forms, it would be superfluous to enter into an examination of all the arguments which have been advanced to show, that Englishmen with dark faces should be slaves. The principal ones now insisted on, are two; First, that all the opponents to slavery are hypocrites; and Secondly, that the produce of the other distant possessions of Great Britain (as for instance, East-Indian sugar) is equally raised by the labour of slaves.

Now supposing it were actually true, that every man who takes a prominent part in opposition to the continuance of slavery in the West Indies, was a hypocrite at heart;—that it was the real and veritable fact, that every such man had a colony of his own, where he was only waiting for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, to see the "removal of many objections to that system" in his own peculiar establishment;—*in what manner would that make it desirable that Englishmen should pay a poll-tax for the support of slavery in the West Indies?* And suppose again it was actually true, which it is not—that the produce of the East Indies was raised by the labour of slaves as well as of the West;—*in what manner would that make it desirable that the people of England should pay a poll-tax to support the produce of the West?* Supposing they were both villainies

alike, what reason would there be for the people of England paying a poll-tax, for the sake of supporting one villainy in preference to another villainy. There is nothing like this at the Old Bailey. Nobody pays a poll-tax in order that the receiver of stolen goods in the Minories may flourish in preference to him of Houndsditch. The arguments are no arguments, even when the facts assumed are admitted in their fullest extent; still less when they are utterly false and unfounded. Nobody believes that the dislike to keeping a carriage for Esther Hibner proceeds from hypocrisy. Nobody believes that cultivation is carried on by slaves in the East, as it is in the West. If so, where are the slave-laws, and where are the advertisements in the gazettes? The natives of India, in their own extraordinary English, advertise every thing else that can possibly be bought or sold; how is it that they never advertise slaves? There is not a common soldier that arrives from India, that is not capable of bearing testimony to the flagrant falsehood of the assertion that India is cultivated by slaves. If it was, *the East India Company would not hold possession long enough to send a despatch to the Governor-General.* It is true that among the innumerable tribes and castes that compose the immense population of India, vestiges of slavery may be found. The writer of this has been eight years in India, and *once saw a girl,* who was said to have been sold by her parents in her infancy, as the means of escaping from famine. But there was *no law* that enforced any results from such a fact. To have gone before a British magistrate with any plea founded on such a claim, would have been as absurd in India, as it would six years afterwards when the same girl was in England. This is what the West-Indians trust to. It would not be much trouble to the governors of India at home, to send out five lines in a despatch, disavowing all recognition of the estate of personal slavery throughout their vast domains; and they have as manifest an interest in doing it, as in sending to inquire the price of cotton.

After these, come the counsellors, who advise the postponing the attempt to remove the West-Indian nuisance, till it can be clearly proved that there are no nuisances elsewhere; being in point of wisdom and excellent judgment, on a par with him who should recommend the *not* killing a flea in Grosvenor-square, till it can be ascertained that there are none in Monmouth-street. It may be quite true, that the people of England are suffering in countless ways,—that no man can look out of his window without seeing urgent calls for his interference and his charity;—*but how does this make it desirable, that the West-Indians should*

be supported by a poll-tax? Has any body demonstrated what balance there is, between the community's being oppressed (for instance) by the Corn Laws, and being indulged with the privilege of supporting the West-Indian body?—how one tends to remedy the other, or why if *one* cannot be got rid of for the present, *the other* should not if it can? Men never make such arguments as this for nothing. Some portion of the plunder drains into their mouths; or they live in hope that it may drain hereafter. They are the warier confederates in the fraud; not bold enough to be put forward as the prime agents themselves, but anxious to deserve well of their community by exerting their small talents to confound the right.

The upshot and conclusion, is to call upon men of all classes, to lay aside for a moment their differences in politics and in religion, and join in removing from us and ours this foul disgrace upon a nation calling itself free. To-morrow, tug at each others throats, if it must be so; but to-day let there be a 'Truce of God,'—a suspension of arms like that under which the besiegers and besieged meet, to remove the carcase that is spreading plague on both. There are certain things on which, it would appear, mankind were made to differ; but there are also certain things, on which it is sure, that they were made to agree. In such a cause, let the Church-of-England-man follow his bishops, and the sectary remember only the murder of his missionary in Demerara. Let the emancipated Catholic reflect, how closely allied have been the principles of the present question and of his own,—and well consider the sound policy there would be in driving his enemies from the position they have occupied beyond. All creatures of ill omen—every odious and foul bird, that has threatened any body or tormented any body—take roost and harbour in the question of West-Indian slavery, and sit there in readiness to pounce on the first exposed member of liberty at home. All that is good and distinguished in the country, is against them; and waits only to be joined by the *momentum* of a united community, to give the one cheer more which will be the last. Never mind a little obloquy; nobody cares for the reviling of the individuals on whom society is putting force, nor of those who back them. It is part of their unhappy state and condition; you would not be an honest man, if they had nothing to say against you. Reject with utter scorn, all requests that you will abstain from letting the sufferers know what you think of their oppressors. You are not part of the plot; you are on the other side; there is no fairness in telling you, that you must hold your tongue, or else your adversaries will be 'exceedingly

uncomfortable.' Say boldly, that you act with the express design to spread the information, that you and your countrymen are in motion on the other side of the Atlantic. All these things, in one way or another, go to your suffering comrades in Jamaica in the end; and tend to increase the pressure which will finally remove your wrong and theirs. There is not an old woman that gives sixpence to the cause of negro freedom in England, that does not make the heart of a slave-owner sink within him. If the slave-owners can be kept upon old women's sixpences, they can be pulled down by old women's sixpences. The contributions of the people are never despised, except when they are to be made an honest use of. Omit no means, however trivial, that may evince your sense of wrong, and tend to multiply it. When a comedian makes a lucky hit, his grotesque figure in cheap clay displays itself on the chimney-piece of half the working men in England. Make a figure of a negro woman, and write under it, 'We still pay a poll-tax to support the flogging of women in Jamaica.' And when you can add to it the date of the removal of the evil, leave it to your posterity as a proof that their fathers though humble were not mean,—that though poor, they were much too good to be worked in their own country, for the sake of enabling the rich to work slaves in another.

Art. II.—*An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress and Present State of Gas-Lighting.* By William Matthews. London. Hunter. 1827. 1 vol. 12mo.

If Mr. William Matthews is a sample of a Birmingham man, as may be conceived from his preface, and from a few marks of affection, and little matters of temper, scattered here and there, the toyshop of the world has a different kind of dye for striking its mankind, from that which it employed in former days on its noted half-pence: for the writer of this book is of sterling metal, and his image and superscription are as plainly marked, as his legend is legible and distinct. A very pleasing, sensible, and interesting little book it is: so satisfactory, indeed, that the larger one which he has promised, may be waited for without impatience; though such a book is wanted, and will be useful for the purposes of the manufactures of the new light. The present is no unfit occasion to communicate some notion of the rise and progress of this greatest of all our more recent applications of chemistry; difficult as it is to condense from a book which

has the rare merit of scarcely containing a page that could be spared.

To pass over all the early knowledge of the inflammable gases, whether as produced from the earth, or in the experiments of chemists, it may be interesting to remark, that although Dr. Clayton, and Bishop Watson after him, produced gas from the distillation of coal, and caused it to burn at the mouths of pipes, it never occurred to either of them that this property could be converted to use. Such is the history of Discovery. The Romans, like the Babylonians before them, printed clay with types, and did not perceive that they could print other substances: they engraved writing on metal and stone, and from stone at least they took impressions in wax, and most certainly the workmen must often have taken a true copper-plate impression on their fingers. Yet type-printing and copper-plate printing remained to be found out by Heaven knows whom—Heaven knows when. Who, then, has the merit of discovery in these and a thousand other cases? The discoverer beyond doubt, he who first sees the use. And yet what is the metaphysical nature of this merit. There is no process of reasoning, no effort of mind. The idea enters from abroad, as if it had dropt from the clouds. True, everybody does not do these things; for if they did, all discoveries would have been discovered long ago; and yet he whom a dream directs to a rich vein of ore, seems to have much the same kind of merit. Each has had a good friend in the Rosicrucian army of spirits.

Let others settle the metaphysics of this difficult subject; the merits of "old Murdoch" (he will pardon his "nom de guerre," since it has long been his feudal title), shall not here be departed from. Mr. Murdoch was, and is, the inventor of the gas-light. Mr. Murdoch not only suggested the use, but he first applied it: and he did not apply it to nothing or to mere amusement, for it came from his hands, if not in its present state of perfection, yet in full operation and on a large scale; brilliant, economical, and susperseding all former methods of lighting where it was applied. Why was not Mr. Murdoch rewarded by the parliament which rewarded Mrs. Stevens for not curing the stone, and Dr. Smyth for not inventing fumigations by acids, and Mr. Manby for another man's invention, and Mr. Macadam for doing what had been done in Switzerland, and in Scotland, and elsewhere, time out of mind? Ask parliamentary sapience and justice, why. Omniscience can doubtless answer what omnipotence performs. But all luck goes together. Mr. Murdoch got no patent, no reward, no

money, and no fame. Known to be the inventor! Yes: to whom? to Mr. Matthews, and Messrs. Watt and Boulton, and twenty more. Alas! Fame and Fortune are twin impostors: and what "one does, the other will swear to." But thou wert an ignoramus, old Murdoch. Why didst thou not puff thyself? thinkest thou that if Sir A, or Sir B, had invented the gas-light we should ever have heard the last of it?

It was in 1792 that the inventor first applied coal-gas to the lighting of his house in Cornwall; and in 1797 he again made use of it at Cumnock. In 1798 he constructed an apparatus on a large scale at Soho; and in 1802, at the peace, the whole front of Messrs. Boulton and Watt's buildings was thus illuminated in a splendid manner.

In the mean time a M. Le Bon at Paris, had applied wood and coal to the same purpose, and had thus lighted his abode; proposing further, to light that city in the same manner, while Mr. Murdoch's invention, up to that date, was scarcely known beyond the circle of his immediate friends. This was his oversight as far as his own interests were concerned; for thus the securing his rights by a patent became so problematical that the attempt was finally abandoned. And thus stepped in the great pretender; since it was in or about 1803 that Mr. Winsor first began to advertise; continuing to exhibit gas illuminations at the Lyceum in 1803 and 1804. That he had borrowed his knowledge from Le Bon, is sufficiently clear; and it ought not to be very necessary now to recall to the public mind his extreme ignorance of every thing belonging to the subject, nor even his puffing and his extravagant promises; with his utter want of knowledge of what may be called business, although a merchant of some kind. Still, he produced that public effect which Mr Murdoch had neglected; and it is, in reality, from his efforts, such as they were, that we must date the origin of the present wide and public use of this system of general lighting.

In 1807 this projector lighted up part of Pall Mall: and with this display may be said to have commenced the lighting of London streets. By some means he also took a patent for his plan, and obtained subscriptions for a National Light and Heat Company; raising, as it is said, 50,000*l.*, under promises of the most extravagant profits to the subscribers. Previously to this, in 1805, Dr. Henry had published his able analysis of the inflammable gases as produced from various substances; and in this year and 1806, Mr. Clegg and Mr. Pemberton had erected two apparatuses; the former for lighting a cotton mill, and the latter, of which other copies were immediately made by himself, for soldering buttons and other similar purposes.

Mr. Murdoch came forward more conspicuously, once more, in 1808, by lighting the cotton mills of Messrs. Philips and Lee at Manchester, and received the Rumford medal for a communication to the Royal Society, on this subject; that sapient and active body having in the mean time been of the usual service which it has commonly been, in promoting this valuable invention and ascertaining its nature and worth. This great trial served to convey the first notion of the probable economy of this mode of lighting; the total annual expense, of all kinds, being computed at 600*l.* while that of candles yielding the same light was 2000*l.* Mr. Winsor had *demonstrated* to his subscribers that 5*l.* would produce an annual profit of 570*l.* and that the nation would make an annual saving of about 115,000,000*l.*

In the mean time all the money of these subscribers, to the amount of 50,000*l.*, had been spent in Mr. Winsor's experiments; but as there were men wise enough to see where the faults lay, and what the merits of the invention were, application was made in 1809 to parliament, to incorporate a company for carrying some plan into effect for lighting London. But the application failed at first, yet was renewed in 1810, with success; and thus arose the London and Westminster Chartered Gas-light and Coke Company, with a capital of 200,000*l.*, incorporated in 1812. This capital was afterwards increased by an equal addition; and Mr. Matthews, justly enough, demands praise for the exertions of this company, which, saddled with the whole labour, hazard, and expense of inventions and trials, and working for many years at a great loss, did nevertheless persevere, and had also the merit of smoothing the way for all that were to follow. And here also Mr. Clegg comes in for a due share of praise; since to his ingenuity and practical skill we are indebted for nearly every thing in the way of calculation, workmanship, and invention, which now exists, and without which it would have been impossible for this mode of lighting to have attained the certainty, beauty, and economy, to which its general reception and extension are owing.

It had been long known that inflammable gas, similar to that produced from coal could be extracted from many other combustible substances; and Dr. Henry had some time published an accurate account of the compositions of several of these gases, their relative economy, and so forth, when, in 1815, a patent was taken out for an apparatus to produce gas from oil, for the purpose of lighting houses chiefly, though it was some years before the difficulties were overcome. Here, again, Mr. Matthews says, that the same system of exaggeration and mis-

representation, which had characterized Mr. Winsor's career, began to be renewed, and was carried on with very unblushing perseverance, and, according to the facts which he has stated, in a most impudent manner.

Last in the progress of inventions comes the portable gas, with, as usual, an inventor who is not the inventor; a certain Mr. David Gordon. "Coal-gas compressed into small vessels had been previously used by Mr. Clegg and others," as indeed, his application had been rendered obvious enough by the common condensed gas blowpipe. Nevertheless the patent was obtained and the company organized: a losing concern, as we are now informed, and likely to die a natural death. This, indeed, was anticipated from the beginning, by some others, who had preceded this patentee in the suggestion, and who declined pursuing that of which they foresaw the ill success: the book itself may be best referred to for a more detailed history of gas-lighting, relieved by a mixture of instruction and amusement which such a title scarcely promises.

But perhaps the most amusing and instructive portion of the whole, commences with the fourteenth chapter, in which Mr. Matthews appears to have fallen upon what is vulgarly called a job; though he does not speak out quite so openly as it is most apparent he might do.

They who had long "struggled with opposition and difficulties," and "who had been the most active agents in the promotion" of this great work, "were now looking to that quiet enjoyment which ought to be the result of useful labours, and the successful accomplishment of great purposes," when it appeared that "an ordeal as new as it was unexpected, had been silently preferring for the further exercise of their patience, courage, and skill." Fortunately, however, "by the knowledge they diffused on this subject, and the facts they disclosed, the impressions produced by fallacy and misrepresentation, were effectually and triumphantly obviated."

The plain English of the matter seems to be, that the *celebrated* Sir William Congreve wanted a place, because a place produced a salary, that he therefore did the best he could, to frighten the public and the Secretary of State into making him Inspector of Gas, though Mr. Matthews seems also to insinuate, that, like some others, he may have probably had some reasons of his own for recommending oil in preference to coal. The facts of the statistical part of Mr. Matthews's second report, are generally interesting and important.

'At the Peter-street station of the London Gas-light and Coke Company, the whole number of retorts fixed, was 300; the greatest number

working at any one time, 221, and the least, 87. The working gasometers were fifteen, with a total content of 309,385 cubic feet, but with an average working quantity of gas, amounting only to 279,390 feet. The extent of mains was 57 miles, and the produce of gas at the rate of from 10,000 to 12,000 cubic feet from a chaldron of coals. The weekly consumption of coal was estimated at 602 chaldrons, giving an average annual consumption of 9,282 chaldrons, with a production of 111,384,000 cubic feet of gas. And the average number of lights in 1822, was 10,660 private, 2,248 street lamps, and 3,894 in theatres.

'At the Brick-lane works, the number of retorts was 371, the greatest number worked 217, and the least 60. The number of gasometers was 12, amounting on the whole to 221,131 cubic feet, and their average working contents, 197,124. The average number of retorts worked, was 133, the coals consumed, 8,060 chaldrons, the quantity of gas produced 96,720,000 cubic feet, and the number of lamps, 1,978 public, and 7,366 private, with a length of mains amounting to 40 miles.

'At the Curtain-road works, the whole number of retorts was 240, the greatest number wrought 80, and the least 21, with the average 55. There were six gasometers measuring 90,467 cubic feet; the annual consumption of coals, 3,336 chaldrons, and the quantity of gas 40,040,000 cubic feet; there being 25 miles of mains, with 3,860 private, and 629 public lamps. And of this company, the whole annual consumption in coals was 20,678 chaldrons, the whole quantity of gas 248,000,000 cubic feet, the whole length of mains 122 miles, and the whole number of lamps 30,735.

'The City of London Gas-light Company in Dorset-street possessed at the same period 230 fixed retorts, and 8 gasometers, with a cubic content of 181,282 feet, together with 50 miles of mains, carrying 5,423 private, and 2,413 public lamps. The greatest number of retorts worked in 1811, was 110, the quantity of coals 8,840 chaldrons, and the produce 106,080,000 cubic feet of gas.

'At the South London Gas-light and Coke Company, at Bankside, the retorts were 140, the gasometers three, and their contents 41,110 feet; the mains being between 30 and 40 miles in length. In Wellington-street, three other gasometers, containing 73,565 feet, were supplied from the Bankside retorts.

'The Imperial Gas-light and Coke Company were erecting at their Hackney station, two gasometers, measuring 20,000 cubic feet, and had planned six more of 60,000 feet at Pancras.

'Further, in 1814, there was only one gasometer in Peter-street, of 14,000 cubic feet, belonging to the Chartered Company; whereas, at the period of the report, there were four companies, having forty-seven gasometers at work, capable of containing 917,940 cubic feet of gas, supplied by 1,315 retorts, containing 33,000 chaldrons of coals in the year, producing 41,000 chaldrons of coke, and 397,000,000 cubic feet of gas, lighting 61,203 private, and 7,268 street lamps.'

Such is the instructive matter of this report; but, as Sir William Congreve makes but a sorry figure under the commen-

taries of Mr. Matthews, the rest may be passed over, particularly as the illustrious quack is now gas himself, Requiescat: gas, rockets, stamps, clocks, iron works, patents, and all. Of certain other scientific gentlemen who also do not shew very enviably under these commentaries, it is still more proper not to speak, whatever Mr. Matthews may have chosen to do; since they still pass among the shining lights of the age. As to Mr. Accum, or Quackum, as he is commonly called, having made himself fair game, he cannot complain of the second appearance which he is here called on to make under the torture of Mr. Brougham, in the requotation of that celebrated examination before the committee which few have forgotten. Yet, after all, what did poor Accum do, but what men do, every day; only that they do not give "their opinions" before a Committee of the House, with a short-hand writer at its elbow, and Mr. Brougham as its Assessor. "Q. Do you mean to say, that the area of a circle of two inches in diameter is only double that of a circle of one inch in diameter?—A. My opinion is that it is double: your opinion may be that it is four times, but mine is, that it is double." Is there a man in society who has not met a Mr. Frederick Accum fifty times in his life; if so, he has been a very lucky philosopher.

Mr. Frederick Accum, however, was probably not the only philosopher who exposed the profundity of his mathematical knowledge on this great occasion; while it was somewhat unlucky for him that he had not possessed enough to have turned the tables on his adversaries, as they most amply deserved. How they escaped then, it is easy enough to see; since all were alike wrong, and there was no man to detect his neighbour's blunders and ignorance. How they escaped that great abyss of mathematicians, Cambridge, is not particularly wonderful, to be sure; but it is somewhat surprising how Dr. Hutton, at least, and his co-adjutors, forgot to note at the time such an extraordinary and universal perseverance in blundering on a subject as plain as the noses of these philosophers, and even if it had not been known to them, as it ought to have been, as easily subjected to experiment as the hermetic imprisonment of an apple in a dumpling. This *bévue*, is here referred to because the public are really interested in the question; and it is fit sometimes to tell men of high pretensions, that, the safest way of supporting them is to be in the right; and very particularly, that it may prove hazardous to laugh at other men for obliquity of vision when we squint like Johnny Wilkes ourselves.

It was essential that the people [illegible] be frightened before

the inspector of gas could get his place made for him; and they were frightened accordingly. Mr. Lukin blew up a furnace at Woolwich Dock Yard; naturally enough, when he was playing with edge tools that he did not understand. Mr. Clegg's face had been burnt, which was also a natural enough occurrence; and in similar ways, a few other trivial accidents had taken place, from the escape of gas, as every chemist could have foretold and did foretel; while every such chemist explained distinctly the necessary conditions to such explosion; which need not here be detailed, further than by saying, that an intermixture of atmospheric air in considerable proportion is required to produce it. But a wise man sees how the wind sits; and accordingly the public were all to be burnt in their beds or blown to the moon; a volcano was prepared under London, the tar was to overflow it like "a stream of lava," and Heaven knows what more was or was not to happen; while the preacher, as preachers use, exclaimed, "you will all go to perdition, you dogs, if you do not come to me; it is I alone that can save you, body and soul."

Gas and gunpowder: both began with the letter G; and what more intelligible than to sit down on a barrel of gunpowder and apply a match to the bung-hole? Besides, was not the aspirant inspector a rocket-maker, and chief of the government powder-monkeys; and who was to understand gunpowder if he did not? Accordingly:—but here is the essence of the baron-knight's first report. Mixing the gas with five sixths of atmospheric air, and exploding it, the force was such, that four hundred and eighty cubic feet of gas would exert the same power as a barrel of gunpowder, and if mixed with four-fifths, it was such that fifteen thousand feet of gas were equivalent in power to fifty-two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder. So much for Sir William Congreve's *opinion;* which, however, like Mr. Frederick Accum, he considers an experimental investigation; though how experimented, does not so clearly appear.

In 1814 the Royal Society makes a report, and determines that in the "least favourable circumstances," fourteen thousand feet of gas would explode with as much power as ten barrels of gunpowder in the "most favourable ones;" and in 1823, Sir Humphry Davy, being cross-examined by a committee of the House of Commons on this report, "conceives certainly that it is not over-rated." To say nothing of the metaphysical balance of "most and least favourable circumstances," which we must confess our inability to understand, the President's "conceptions" and Mr. Frederick Accum's "opinions" are

assuredly worthy of each other, though this is not the question exactly. Between 1814 and 1823, there was surely time for a committee of the Royal Society to have passed the period of conception and to have produced a birth—the facts themselves, experiments, results, proof. If there was no time for this, in a great and learned body, the philosophical wife of his majesty's government, coaxed, trusted, and looked up to for that knowledge which right honourable and honourable Houses disdain, there was at least time to have read Robins and Hutton, or even to have consulted Joe Manton; and then, by adding and multiplying a few figures together, to have shamed Mister Frederick Accum, by showing the difference between modest philosophers and impudent quacks, between learning and ignorance.

But there were calculations made, at any rate, if there were no experiments; and very curious ones they are. This report stands at the three hundred and forty-seventh page of the work before us; and having no author's name appended, there is no one to be offended by a notice of it. It might be analyzed, but who would understand the analysis, when no one can make out what the original means? The plain English portion sets off and goes on in a sort of spiral line which never arrives at any end or object; and the mathematical one is a very satisfactory example of that figure of speech which Solomon calls "darkening counsel by words without knowledge." But your talkative algebraist always rides fastest when he carries least weight; while as he took nothing up at the starting post, it is sure that he will bring nothing home. Mr. Millington, himself, who is cross-examined by the hon. House, professes not to understand it; yet he also ends in "thinking" "that the force of the gas is not overrated in this paper; and that when it takes fire, the force of it is as great, and will do mischief as great, as gunpowder:" that is, that fifteen thousand feet of gas would produce as great an effect on a surrounding building as ten barrels of gunpowder; if, indeed, we can make out the meaning of this most egregious confusion. Mathematical readers will laugh at all these involved fallacies, and ordinary readers would think the time wasted which might be devoted to their dissipation: but let such as do understand these subjects, consult the originals as they stand in Mr. Matthews's work. A very plain tale, indeed, must here suffice; and perhaps the dullest will then be able to "mark what that plain tale" will do. Putting every thing in the plainest form, the statement must also be divested of all its niceties. The view is intended to be popular, and the results are so broad and plain, that the purpose will be answered, even

under the inaccuracies which will then follow; as will easily be seen. When gunpowder is burnt, about one half of it is converted into an air which is permanent at the atmospheric temperature and pressure. Thus one hundred pound weight, which is a barrel of powder, will produce fifty pounds weight of air: but to state the fact as it relates to the present object, a given bulk, a cubic foot, for example, of gunpowder, will generate a permanent atmosphere two hundred and sixty times greater than itself; or a barrel of gunpowder, weighing one hundred pounds, will produce two hundred and sixty barrels of air, which it will be near enough for our purpose to call two thousand six hundred gallons, taking the powder-barrel at ten gallons. This is the explosive power: confined in a tube, and thus, condensed that number of times at the moment of its production, it is the pressure that discharges a ball: at liberty, it is a sudden blast of wind, acting on the surrounding atmosphere first, and the adjoining solids in succession, and continuing to act till a mean density of the general atmosphere is restored, by what may popularly be called a process of dilution: it is a gradually evanescent force in the form of a sphere, supposing the atmosphere alone present, and the resistance equal in every direction.

Now, let us ask these chemists and mathematicians what is the permanently elastic produce of the combustion of the mixed gas, and what space it occupies, compared to that which the combustible mixture filled. They have forgotten to inquire of the fundamental element of the whole calculation: there is not the slightest hint on the subject. And to show how entire the neglect and confusion have been, they speak in the same breath of all these explosions, and of the explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, the result of which, instead of being a gas or an enlargement of bulk, a positive quantity, is a negative one. It is a vacuum, in a popular sense, because the produce is water. The result is an implosion (to coin a word), not an explosion; or it is so at least after the first immediate flame and heat, while the effect, of course, is correspondent; the first outward force being trifling, and particularly in point of extent, while the sound or report, deceptive from its noise, is even more the effect of the collapse than of the previous slight expansion. What, did not the philosophers inquire what the relative bulk of the gas is, after firing the explosive mixture. They might have computed it, even without experiment; knowing the constitution of the original gas and its proportion in the mixture; since that result is carbonic acid and water. Will they say, that as much gas exists in a permanent state, after the explosion, as

there was of the total mixture before? They ought to know that it is less. There is a deficiency, in the case of a gas explosion; there is a large excess in the case of gunpowder. It is, in the same vulgar language, a permanent plenum against a permanent vacuum. Any man could have decided, *à priori*, that the statements here criticized were ignorant and unfounded.

It is plain, therefore, that were nothing else to occur, the gas should produce no explosion at all; and it would not cause either explosion or implosion, were the new gas accurately equal to the mixture, which it is not, had it not been for another important element, temperature, whatever that temperature may be. But gunpowder would still cause a very great explosion, though its produce were as cold as the atmosphere; because a large increase of its bulk is independent of temperature. Now, unfortunately, no one knows what the state of temperature is at the moment of explosion, either in gas or gunpowder, whatever the posterior conclusions may be as to this latter, derived from the projectile force of known quantities. And not to discuss that for which room cannot be afforded here, we will receive the conjecture of the report, which, however, ought not to be admitted as fact, and suppose the temperature the same in both cases. Taking, then, unity for the gas generated by the gas combustion, or supposing that the new and old occupy the same spaces, that the initial temperature is equal in both cases and is one hundred, and that the increase of bulk in the gunpowder is two hundred and sixty times, we would ask the reporters whether one hundred multiplied by one, and one hundred multiplied by two hundred and sixty will represent equal forces, or what ought to be the *priori* difference between the explosive powers of gunpowder and of gas, assuming their own statement of proportions, or almost any statement.

It is also plain, that, without an accurate knowledge of the initial temperatures in both cases, no true estimate could be formed in this manner. Yet the results might have been attained by trial; and why the Royal Society and the philosophers did not make the trial, or why the hon. House did not suggest or command it, it is for themselves to explain. The explosive mixture might have been fired in a tube or gun, and its force of projection, or of recoil, might have been tried by the balistic pendulum. This would have been a fact; and we might then have spared both the opinions and the calculations. That it ought yet to be tried is certain; and the extent of the explosive power, as well as its mere critical force be truly determined.

As this is a material question, being in reality one of the

questions repeatedly put by the committee, and as repeatedly not answered, or badly answered, a remark or two on it may be forgiven, since, independently of its practical importance, it will also complete the popular illustration here desired. On the part of the mathematicians who were examined, the oversight is perhaps more remarkable than all else; since it is a question involving one of the most common mathematical principles, namely, the difference between impulse and pressure. The action of an explosive gaseous mixture may be very sudden, but the increase of bulk very small. Thus the power may be as great as possible; but it will be within a very limited range. fulminating silver, to the amount of a grain, in contact with a solid, will destroy what a dram of gunpowder would not harm or impress; but at two or three inches, the same quantity of the former will scarcely stir a feather. In the same manner, fulminating mercury will not project a ball from a gun, when it will often break the shot in the piece. And thus do the explosive gases also act; because, however sudden the increase of bulk, the sphere of expansion is narrow. Should it depend on temperature alone, the power is over as soon as that is reduced; and that operation, we need not tell chemists, is rapid.

What has been said has no animosity in it to any man or men; but is a paramount duty, to rectify the public opinion and diminish its groundless fears; and this is a fit occasion for a few remarks on the advantage which the public has derived from this invention. We would gladly also have conveyed a general notion of its present chemical and mechanical state, since few are aware of the difficulties that have been encountered and overcome, and of all that there is even yet to contend with; but space will not permit this.

We have now been so long accustomed to this new light in the streets, that, like all other terrene goods, we have almost become insensible to its blessings. Yet let him who desires to know what he owes to chemistry and "Old Murdoch," turn into any of the streets still lighted with oil, and then come back to the nocturnal day of the Strand or Pall Mall. The parish oil-lamps were like light-houses on the ocean; guides, not lights; the gas has become a perpetual full moon; and it may assuredly be pronounced one of the most splendid and valuable applications of chemistry. Why has not old Murdoch his statue also? He deserves it even better than his master; for the master was well paid in solid pudding. In other days, that statue would have equalled the Colossus of Rhodes, and the demi-philosopher would have breathed flame like the Chimera; in the fabulous ages before that, he would have come down to us a

god, or a demigod, the rival of Prometheus, Hercules, and Atlas. Why not cast him in Achillean brass, the rival of the great hero of gunpowder and Waterloo, and make him breathe gas like the dragon of Wantley, to illuminate the triumphal arch. Ingrata Patria!

The new light! yes, much has been heard of its power and influence; but what has the new light of all the preachers done for the morality and order of London, compared to what has been effected by this new light. Old Murdoch alone, has suppressed more vice than the Suppression Society; and has been a greater police officer into the bargain than old Colquhoun and Sir Richard Birnie united. It is not only that men are afraid to be wicked when light is looking at them, but they are ashamed also: the reformation is applied to the right place. Where does vice resort? Where it can hide; in darkness, says the preacher, because its deeds are deeds of darkness. Seek it in Pudding-lane, and Dyot-street, and the abysses of Westminster. Why was not this new light preached to them long ago: twenty bushels of it would have been of more value than as many chaldrons of sermons, and taking even the explosions of the inspector into the bargain. But it is well, that this is at length to be compulsory; since it is never too late. Thieves and rogues are like moths in blankets: bring the sun to shine on them, and they can neither live nor breed. Let the duke of Wellington place a gas-lamp at every door of these infernal abodes; and since they cannot be smoked out, make their houses as much like glass, on the principle of the old Roman, as we can compass. This is the remedy; at least till common sense will condescend to the better expedient of pulling down and laying open all these retreats of misery and vice; the disgrace and the nuisance of London, and not less a standing inhumanity to the poor themselves. Yes, Regent-street is fine and showy, and, if any one pleases, useful, and so are the new churches, or might be: but the whole would have been well exchanged for fifty or a hundred clean, open, spacious, and well-lighted streets, of houses fitted for the habitations of the lowest orders of London, and while the charity would have been great as penitentiaries, soups, and subscriptions, so would the moral result have been more valuable than that of the whole of the churches united—But enough for present meditation.

Our fellow-citizens are still shy of the use of gas in their dwelling houses. So much the worse for them. Edinburgh is becoming wiser; and nothing can exceed the accuracy with which these private lights are served and managed, as well as the value of the result, in light, economy, and cleanliness. It

is measured to the consumers by Crossley's gasometer, and a man may burn little or much, since he pays for as much as he burns and no more. As to smell, this arises from the carelessness of servants in not lighting the orifice as soon as it is open: there need never be any smell. And as to explosion, it is not worth calculating on. It is the result of extreme carelessness when it does happen; and the very smell of the gas is in fact one of its most valuable properties, since it is that warning which no one possessed of a nose can mistake or overlook. But we need not argue. Time will do what neither Mr. Matthews nor ourselves shall effect; and in the mean time, we take leave of his little book, with thanks for the information and amusement it has afforded.

ART. III.—1. *Écarté; or, The Salons of Paris.* 3 Vols. London. 1829.

2. *Life in the West; or, The Curtain Drawn.* A Novel. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M. P. Containing Sketches, Scenes, Conversations, and Anecdotes of the last importance to Families, and men of rank, fashion, and fortune. Founded on Facts. By a Flat Enlightened.—2 Vols. London. 1828.

THERE is no code of morals in which gaming is classed as a virtue. Common parlance, at least, has stigmatized it as a vice—"the vice of gaming"—a phrase almost as frequently met with, as the simple term of gaming itself. And if we apply to it the only certain moral test; if we calculate its effects in producing happiness or unhappiness, and compare the result, we shall not long be in doubt on what side the balance lies, nor, consequently, under what classification to place the act in question.

Of those who gamble, it will be readily admitted that a majority, and a very large majority too, are losers. Now as the loss of money is clearly a loss of happiness, an obvious case is at the very threshold made out against the practice. But the man, who loses his money by gaming, does not lose his money only; he also loses his time and his habits of regularity, of industry, of attention, and perseverance in regard to any, but this one all-engrossing object; in short all those habits which might enable him to regain the money, to recover the ground he has lost, in an honest and productive way. Thus injuring himself, he injures society too, and becomes at once not only an unhappy man, but a bad citizen. Lest any one should

object to the above statement as not sufficiently exact, and say that the case is not put quite fairly, and that it is not allowed us to assume, that in play, the losers form a majority, we will endeavour to establish our proposition. It may be said, that of a certain number of persons who engage in play, one half may be losers, and the other winners—or, more generally, that in all cases the amount of money lost must be equal to the amount gained, the whole amount remaining the same, only having changed hands; and money being here the measure of human happiness, the whole amount of that happiness will remain also unaltered. The answer to this is obvious.

For the sum lost by one man bearing a greater proportion to the reduced fortune than the same sum gained by the other does to the augmented fortune, the diminution of happiness, which the former sustains, is greater than the augmentation of happiness which the latter receives. For instance, let two men begin to play against each other, each with a capital of a thousand pounds. Suppose one of them to lose five hundred pounds which the other gains. In this case the capital of the former is diminished in the ratio of 2 : 1—while that of the latter is only increased in the ratio of 2 : 3.—Now the ratio of 2 : 3 being a less * ratio than that of 2 : 1 (of course one of the ratios being considered inversely), it follows that the capital of the winner is increased in a less ratio than that of the loser is diminished. And, since here (that is in cases of *high* play) money may fairly be assumed as the measure of human happiness, it rests upon mathematical demonstration, that in this passage of capital from the pocket of one man to that of another, there is a decided and considerable loss of human happiness. La Place calculates this loss of happiness at thirteen per cent. The following is his statement:—

'It results from this, that at the most equal game, the loss is always relatively greater than the gain. Supposing, for example, that a player having a fortune of a hundred francs, risks fifty of them at the game of "cross or pile;" his fortune after his stake at play, will be reduced to eighty-seven francs; that is to say, that this last sum would procure to the player the same moral advantage, as the state of his fortune after his stake. Play is then disadvantageous, even in the case where the stake is equal to the amount of the sum hoped for by the chances of the game. We may judge from this of the immorality of those games in which the sum hoped for is under that amount. They

* "That ratio is greater than another, whose antecedent is the greater multiple, part, or parts of its consequent. Thus the ratio of 7 : 4 is greater than the ratio of 8 : 5; because $\frac{7}{4}$, or $\frac{35}{20}$ is greater than $\frac{8}{5}$ or $\frac{32}{20}$."—*Wood's Algebra.—p. 92.*

only subsist by the false reasonings, and by the avarice, which they foment; and which, carrying the people to sacrifice their competency to chimerical hopes, the improbability of which, they are not in a state to appreciate, are the source of an infinity of evils.'—*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités.—pp*, 29, 30.

Having thus shewn the utter and certain insufficiency of gaming as a mean of acquiring human happiness, it will not be necessary to break out into vague declamations upon the long list of miseries which it entails. It will be more useful to inquire into the various methods by which it may be treated by the legislature, and to point out, as well as we are able, which of these is most consistent with sound and rational policy; merely observing by the way, that we consider gaming, until it can be subdued by reason, as almost an universal passion, which only requires opportunity and encouragement for its full development; its universality being commensurate with that of the love of power, of which money, the immediate object of gaming, may be assumed as a tolerably fair and general measure.

There are three ways in which the legislator may consider public places established for purposes of gaming.

1. He may sanction them under certain conditions—such, for instance, as that of paying a certain sum yearly to government, submitting to certain police regulations, &c. as is the case in France.

2. He may prohibit them entirely, as is the case in England.

3. He may neither sanction nor prohibit, but leave them in perfect freedom.

In examining these three different positions, it will be important to trace the effect respectively of each of these modes of determining this question in legislation, and then to endeavour to illustrate each by the example of a country where it is in operation, adducing such evidence as can be obtained, and may appear to bear most strongly upon the subject. The nature of the inquiry unfortunately precludes the obtaining evidence as clear and satisfactory, and at the same time as unexceptionable, as could be desired on so important a question. The discussion will necessarily lack much of the pomp and pretension (unjust pretension is not implied) of official information and report; such as it is, however, we shall take leave to use it, for it is the best that is to be found.

I. If the legislator, instead of prohibiting gaming-houses, make an enactment to sanction them in such a manner as that the government of the country shall draw from them a certain portion of its revenue, this step, by at once bringing them

within the pale of the laws, by conferring upon them the sanction of that authority, which, in the eyes of the many, sanctifies every thing, by, as it were, affixing to them the broad seal of power and of office, will extend to the gaming-houses themselves a respectability, a fashion, an influence, which otherwise, even with their many and various fascinations they could never have obtained. "Whatever is, is right." It is a maxim pretty universally, and in most cases properly, acted on, that whatever is established by legislative authority, by the authority "of the powers that be," we cannot be wrong in assuming as a guide for our opinions and actions It is surely desirable that laws should be respected and obeyed by those for whose benefit they are professed to be made. Now, if this doctrine be true, and if it be a beneficial doctrine, where the effects which laws are calculated to produce are beneficial; no less, surely, is it a pernicious doctrine, where the effects which laws are calculated to produce, are proved to be pernicious; and, consequently, if gaming be pernicious generally, it will not be likely to become less pernicious when the broad sanction of the law has afforded opportunity and encouragement for the exercise and cultivation of it; when, in short, it has become a legalized occupation for the subjects of a state.

In order to ascertain whether these observations, deduced from general principles, will apply to the individual instance of France; it will be well first to present to the reader an account, drawn from pretty close observations of the gaming institutions in that country.

Of course, the enquiry will allude entirely to the public gaming places, which alone are connected with the present purpose. Those who desire an account of the others may refer to the work, the title of which is placed at the head of this article.

Of the Parisian *maisons de jeu* there are several grades. Of the higher, that which is denominated, as it were *par excellence*, the *Salon*, and Frascati's are examples; for specimens of the lower we must go to the Palais-Royal To commence with the former. They are situated close together at that extremity of the Rue Richelieu, which opens into the Boulevards; they both present a highly aristocratic exterior, and both profess to be aristocratically exclusive; to admit no person without a suitable and satisfactory introduction. From this rule, however, Frascati's has departed; and the Cerberus, who guards the portals of that Pandemonium, seldom, very seldom, refuses admittance to any one whose exterior affords evidence that he possesses any material wherewith to feed (it were too much to say satisfy) the *auri sacra fames* of the deities who preside within.

Of the *Salon*, especially so called, nothing will be said here, seeing that the persons who frequent it, belonging chiefly to that class who can afford to frequent gaming-houses, even where they are not sanctioned by the law, do not fall within the scope of our present design. We shall merely observe *en passant*, as an evidence of its high fashion and respectability, that the ambassadors of foreign potentates, aye, and very high and mighty potentates too, frequently preside at its elegant, sumptuous, and magnificent entertainments.

The state of the case, then, being as above stated, with regard to Frascati's, that is to say, a set (or suit if you please) of integuments, affording, by their condition, quality, fashion, and form, a reasonable promise of containing precious ore in their interior, mysterious, and labyrinthine involutions, being a sufficient introduction, an unquestioned, a satisfactory, ticket of admittance, a true and all-opening key to the *arcana* of this respectable and splendid gaming-house, it will be immediately perceived that no vexatious and unnecessary obstacles are thrown in the way of the safe, respectable, and agreeable practice of this legalised occupation.

The opening of these houses takes place with nearly as great regularity as that of any bureau in Paris; but there is this difference between these and the other humbler bureaus (*videlicet*, those which are devoted to the vulgar, every-day affairs of statesmen, bankers, merchants and others), that the time of business of the one is much longer than that of the other. It is true the former open somewhat later in the day, but then to make up for this loss of precious time, they remain accessible, and carry on their operations all the night, and a considerable portion of the morning.

Frascati's (and it is the same with most of the others) opens generally about one o'clock, p. m.; the dealers commence by arranging their cards and their money, and proceed to business; the rooms gradually fill, for these places are morning as well as evening lounges. In Frascati's there are several different sorts of games to be played, the principal and most attractive (at least to judge from the relative numbers who play it) is *rouge et noir;* there is also another game called *roulette*, and a third with dice in the common way.

The apartments, in which all these multiform money transactions are conducted with much spirit, earnestness, and, no doubt, anxiety, by the company, not united, of adventurers, not merchants, are spacious and lofty, magnificent in their dimensions, as well as their decorations. It is not our business in this place to give either a novelist's, or an upholsterer's

description of them; let it suffice to observe, that they are furnished with all that art has created to minister to the convenience and the luxury of civilized man; folding doors open upon a broad stone terrace, from which a few steps conduct into a garden. But there are, moreover, other attractions prepared by the conductors of this establishment, to draw votaries from afar to bow the knee at the shrine of the goddess,

> "And lo! the '*Chef*' provides, that something too
> Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be there,
> To feast the eyes ———"

In other words, prostitutes;* but prostitutes of nearly the highest class, prostitutes under their most attractive and least disgusting form, are admitted here. Some of them, indeed, are regular gamblers to the extent of their capital, and most of them occasionally play a little "for the good of the house;" but as to the real motives of their admission there can exist little doubt, and though "the good of the house" doubtless be at the bottom of it, that good is effected, not by their gambling speculations, but by their being the cause of the gambling speculations of others, greater capitalists than they.

The limits within which the play is conducted at Frascati's are five francs and twelve thousand: five francs being the lowest, and twelve thousand the highest sum that is allowed to be staked at one throw. By this arrangement the owners of the tables have very wisely consulted, on the one hand, their own interest, and on the other, their security. For by admitting such small sums as five, and restricting the large ones to twelve thousand francs, they have contrived a net in such a manner, that the most minute prey shall not escape through its meshes—and that such prey as by its size and strength would be likely to break it, or at least endanger its safety, shall not be admitted into it at all. It will easily be perceived that this arrangement makes way for the money of the wretched adventurers, who play five-franc pieces, and to whom five-franc pieces stand in the same relation† that five-hundred-franc

* We understand that the exclusion of these females forms one of the terms upon which the last lease of the gaming-houses was granted a few months since. By this lease, which is for three years, the number of gaming-houses in Paris has been reduced. We are also informed that it is in contemplation at the expiration of the present lease, to reduce the number of them still further. So that in time the nuisance will possibly altogether disappear. These places are now sanctioned or tolerated by an *ordonnance* of the city police of Paris, though they formerly made part of the budget.

† "La valeur relative d'une somme infiniment petite, est égale à la

billets do to others; while, on the other hand, it guards against what is called the system of doubling being carried on to any alarming extent. For suppose a man to begin with the lowest throw, viz. five francs, and to go on doubling (he is supposed to play every *coup*, and on the same colour), on the principle that he is *sure*, (it being assumed that his capital is unlimited,) by the first *coup* which he wins, to gain back the whole sum he has lost, with the addition of the sum which he made the first turn of his geometrical progression. Now twelve thousand francs being the limit, the highest sum which he can place on the table at once, let us see what will be the number of terms in a geometrical progression, of which five is the first term, two the common ratio, and twelve thousand the last term; or rather the sum which the last term of the series must not exceed. Now it happens that the limit, twelve thousand, is so chosen that the last *coup* which can be made, being the double of the preceding *coup*, amounts to 10,240 francs. This *coup* is the twelfth in succession, and it is apparent that one more, viz. the thirteenth, cannot be played without infringing the principle, and consequently destroying the security against loss: a run upon the same colour for a greater number of times than twelve or thirteen being very frequent.

A year or two ago some persons fancied that they had discovered a successful method of playing against the *rouge et noir* tables. Of which method or system of play, this author gives the following account; which, though to us not very intelligible, may perhaps be more so to some of our readers:—

'There are forty-five *coups* or stakes, each increasing in a certain ratio; and affording an immense latitude for retrieval, in the event of your's being singularly unlucky in the outset. You must begin by playing one Napoleon; if you lose, put down two; that gone, stake three, and so on in proportion: if you win, you decrease your stakes one number, and so on successively, until you arrive at the original stake of one Napoleon. This you continue until you lose; when your stake must again be increased. Now the result of this mode of playing is, that if you win as many *coups* as you lose, you are still a winner of half your original stakes. To play at Napoleon stakes, it will be necessary to have five and forty thousand francs.'—*Ecarté*, vol. ii. p. 312.

From this very imperfect account the reader will probably be enabled to form some notion of the character of these establishments, it being sufficient to observe, that those in the

valeur absolue divisée par le bien total de la personne intéressée."—*La Place—Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités.*—p. 28.

Palais Royal (excepting the very low ones), differ from the description we have given of Frascati's, only in some very minute and unimportant particulars; as, for example, in no females appearing in them, in having (in some cases) a gendarme stationed in the anti-chamber, &c. &c. In those of the lowest grade, the stake is reduced from five to two francs. Of the class of persons who frequent these last we shall have occasion to speak presently—but first must say something of those who frequent the others.

The company to be seen in the salons of Frascati comprehends many classes, as may be supposed from what has been already remarked as to the conditions of admission; from the noble of the highest rank down to the——but we beg to decline the odium of naming any particular class as the lowest limit—and shall, therefore, say, down to any man who has a tolerable coat on his back, and makes a tolerable display of clean linen on or in the vicinity of his neck. Within these limits are comprehended *cordons* and *medailles* of all colours and orders. These belong almost exclusively to Frenchmen. But, perhaps there would be no great error in affirming that the chief support of these houses are foreigners—and none more than the English: from the wealthy and well-acred milord Anglais, who, in his way through Paris, drops in of an evening to consume a leisure hour or two, to the English medical student, who passes here days which ought to be spent in the dissecting-room, in the vain and desperate hope of being able to double an allowance which, on the contrary, he reduces to one fourth. This last is perhaps one of the worst class of cases—at least from its nearly concerning our countrymen, it will be more easily brought home to us.

There has been for some years past, and is at present, a considerable number of students of medicine constantly resident at Paris, on account of the superior facilities which are there afforded for the study of their profession. The previous education of those young men has not generally been such as to guard and arm their minds against the seductions of the *maisons de jeu*. They very naturally desire to enjoy a greater abundance than a limited allowance will permit them to do, of the luxuries of that luxurious metropolis, where luxuries, although considerably cheaper than in London, cannot be had for nothing. They repair to the gaming-tables; and generally reduce themselves to very great difficulties. The consequence is, that a considerable number of those young men pass a great portion of the time allotted for the prosecution of their professional studies at Paris, not only very unprofitably, but in the most

acute and horrible anguish of mind—in short, under the influence of not a few of the horrors of the gamester's hell. We have heard of one young man of good connexions, who was reduced so much as to be glad to act as *portier* in the hotel where he lived. His allowance was sufficiently liberal: but the moment he received it, he used to go regularly and gamble away the whole of it. We have known many who, though they did not leave themselves quite destitute, were accustomed to lose in this way regularly from one to three fourths of their allowance. Every time, too, that they played and lost, vowing and most strongly protesting that they never, in the course of their lives, would enter a gaming-house again. The consequence was, that they lived in a state of constant misery, haunted by duns, and tormented for money to supply their most common wants—a state both of mind and body surely most unfavourable for the acquisition either of professional or any other useful knowledge. These are facts which we can avouch upon the very strongest evidence—and for confirmation of the truth of which we confidently appeal to any persons who have seen anything of the sort of life led by the class of students alluded to.

All this will tend to show that the sanctioning of such places by the law has the effect of making certain classes of persons frequent them, who would not otherwise do so.

The lowest class of gaming-houses are entirely supported by an order in society which seems to be brought within the limits of the gambling system entirely by the legal sanction. For though not strictly belonging to the respectable middle class, it cannot be said at all to belong to that low class which would be disposed to gamble where the law prohibits gambling. The order in question consists of mechanics, and probably the inferior tradesmen—men whose character, and, consequently, whose means of subsistence, would be ruined if they were known to be gamblers, in circumstances where public gambling was prohibited. It is from this class of the community, that the Morgue is mostly peopled. A man comes here with his week's wages or earnings of whatever kind—wins—loses—loses—wins—loses—loses—loses—loses—goes and throws himself into the Seine—or (which, as far as human *morale* and *bonheur* are concerned, does not much mend the matter) throws some one else into it. The government, to be sure, has him or his friend, or victim, taken out of the river, and exposed in the Morgue, in order to be claimed by their relations—and no doubt it considers this one of its admirable police regulations. —It would be considerably better if the person were not thrown in at all. In that case, it is true, the government might

lose something of its per centage on gambling losses. But then it might enjoy the profits and advantages arising from the productive labour of a certain number of honest and industrious citizens, of whose services it is deprived by the legalized occupation of gambling.

It is no uncommon thing to read in the French papers of a clerk who has been sent by his employers to deposit a sum of money in some of the banks, entering one of the gaming-houses in the Palais-royal, to try if he can double it, and thus hit upon a short way of making his fortune—and, as might be expected, losing every *sou* of it. "Tradesmen," says the author before us, [vol. ii. p. 302,] speaking of a period of extraordinary interest to *rouge et noir* players—" tradesmen forsook their shops, to indulge in the momentary excitement, and to share in the spoil —a mode of making money, they thought, infinitely less tedious and more pleasant than measuring out tapes and ribbands."

We shall conclude this part of our subject with the following remarks of the same author:—

'Let the pale lilies of France become yet more pale as she reflects —if reflect she can on the subject—that the trials, the ruin, the demoralization of her sons, spring only from herself; that to the hateful vice of gaming, nourished and encouraged by her government, may be attributed crimes of the most glaring nature; and that from the poverty consequent on its indulgence, may be adduced the revolutionary spirit which pervades many classes of her citizens—men who, ruined in their fortunes, naturally seek, in a change of dynasty and events, simply a change in their own circumstances and position in society, and care not by what means it be accomplished, while they are ready to enter into the views, or execute the ends of the first demagogue who will take the trouble to excite them. Better far that the revenues of a country should be wrung from the abject brow of the labourer, nay, even from the tears of the orphan and of the widow, than reaped from a source so vile, so contemptible, so every way unworthy of a great and generous people, as these nurseries of vice—these emporiums of filth and iniquity.'—vol. ii. pp. 307—8.

It appears, however, that even the support and encouragement, afforded by the French government to gambling, are not founded upon those pure, disinterested, and scientific principles, which should always distinguish a love of abstract truth. For though, when admitted into the respectable copartnercy, its firm, stedfast, constant, and constitutional adherent and supporter; nevertheless the French government has shewn an extreme dislike to such an occupation where it does not share in the profits arising from it; so great a dislike, indeed, with regard to the unfortunate occupation, that it prohibits it altogether. With regard to the profits, however, it preserves some appearance of

consistency, that is to say, it still manifests an ardent love towards the said profits—so ardent, indeed, that it appropriates the whole to itself—nay has the additional barbarity to imprison and deprive for a time of their constitutional privileges, the unlucky wights who have declined the honour of becoming partners with it in their gambling adventure. Accordingly in the 410th article of their new penal code, we find it thus written :—

'Ceux qui auront tenu une maison de jeux de hasard, et y auront admis le public, soit librement, soit sur la présentation des intéressés ou affiliés, les banquiers de cette maison, tous ceux qui auront établi ou tenu des loteries non autorisées par la loi, tous administrateurs, préposés ou agens de ces établissemens, seront punis d' un emprisonnement de deux mois au moins, et de six mois au plus, et d'une amende de cent francs à six mille francs.—Les coupables pourront être de plus, à compter du jour où ils auront subi leur peine, interdits pendant cinque ans au moins et dix ans au plus, des droits mentionnés en l' article 42 du présent Code.—Dans tous les cas, seront confisqués tous les fonds ou effets qui seront trouvés exposés au jeu ou mis à la loterie, les meubles, instrumens, ustensiles, appareils employés ou destinés au service des jeux ou des loteries, les meubles et les effets mobiliérs dont les lieux seront garnis ou decorés.'

But there is another point of view in which the French gaming-houses may be considered. They may be considered as an engine of state-policy for drawing a certain revenue, not out of the pockets and at the expense of the time and morals of the subjects of the said state, and thereby crippling its commerce and draining its resources, but out of the pockets and at the expense of the morals (not to say the time) of the subjects of other states, who in such multitudes visit the capital of France. In what has preceded, evidence of this has already appeared. But as the author of Ecarté chiefly treats on this subject, in further evidence of it some extracts from his pages will not be inappropriate.

'In no capital in the world are the exigencies of the needy and dissipated, of a certain class, made more an object of speculation than in Paris. As for our Jews, or usurers, they are not only honest in comparison, but far inferior, both in their numbers and in their practice, to the wretches who are every where to be met with in the French capital, ready to advance their money at an exorbitant interest, provided the security afforded by the parties is such as to preclude all possibility of risk. With the natives of the country themselves, these people are not only limited in their advances, but scrupulous to a nicety, in regard to public credit; since, as by the laws of France, a debtor, after a term of confinement, not exceeding five years, is entitled to his liberty, and becomes exonerated from any pre-existing

claim, it not unfrequently occurs, that those who are heavily laden with debt prefer being incarcerated for a few years to giving up property, which probably constitutes their whole fortune and means of future subsistence. The money-lenders keep a regular list of names carefully noted down in their books, to which, in cases of necessity, they usually refer, and advance or withhold in proportion as their employers have been more or less forward in their liquidation of former engagements. This excessive caution, however, only bears reference to the gay and the dissipated among their own countrymen. With foreigners, and with Englishmen in particular, the case is widely different, for upon these they have a hold which is equal to all the mortgages and freehold securities in the world; being, in the event of defalcation, almost certain of the debtor, and that for life. * * The difficulty, likewise, of concealment, in a capital where the names and addresses of foreigners are kept registered at the police office, and are open to the inspection of all applicants, operates to the advantage of the creditor, and more especially of the money-lender, who is enabled, through the subordinate clerks in the bureau de police, many of whom are paid for the purpose to ascertain whether there is any probability of his quitting the capital—a step that must necessarily be preceded by a demand for his passport. If apprised of such a fact, with the bills of exchange in his hand, or what is the same thing, promissory notes, he goes on the instant to a *Juge de Paix*, swears that his debtor is about to leave the country, procures a writ of arrest, and hands it over to a *huissier*, and in less than twelve hours, the Englishman finds himself an inmate of St. Pélagie. * *

'But the principal auxiliaries of these people are the dashing, splendid females who frequent the *Salons d'Ecarté*. Although the greater number of these women have independent incomes, and form attachments with the young men they usually meet in these haunts, without any view to personal interest, still there are many who are often without any other gifts than those afforded by their natural attractions, and on whom the irresistible impulse of play operates a desire to procure, in any possible manner, the means of gratifying their favourite propensity. Most of these, also, have some sort of *liaison*, either with their own countrymen, or with strangers. When, therefore, as a natural result of play, and lavish expenditure on his *chère amie* of the moment, the immediate finances of a young man are exhausted, and he has no longer the means of gratifying his favourite passion, or of conducing to the amusement of his mistress, she kindly suggests the possibility of his procuring a sum for bills, on such and such terms. These are ever in favour of the money-lender; and, furnished with the necessary powers, she instantly repairs to him, and bargains for a present for herself, in proportion to the amount required. A *billet de banque*, a set of valuable trinkets, or a Cashmere shawl, is, in general, the result of her agency with one party, and of course the lover cannot do less than make her a *joli cadeau* also. When the money is expended, and the borrower either wholly ruined, or, what is nearly the same thing, thrown into St.

Pélagie, at all events unable to command further resources, the fair agent forsakes him without the least ceremony, and looks out for some other lover whose prospects are yet in a flourishing condition.' * * * * * *

'Very frequently these women have, for lovers, young men moving in the first sphere of Parisian society; yet rendered nearly as indigent as themselves from play, whose credit with the money-lending race has long been at an end. These men do not blush to wink at—nay, to encourage *liaisons* between their mistresses and such Englishmen, as they believe to have long purses. * * * * Fortunately for the French lover, his passion for his mistress is less powerful than his passion for play; and when, after a few days of comparative deprivation of this necessary indulgence, he finds some five-and-twenty or thirty pieces of gold piled before him on the E'carté table, he is inclined to admit that an Englishman is a devilish convenient, good sort of fellow. * * * Let no one deem this picture overcharged; assertions of the kind we should not venture to advance, were they not founded on experience, and an intimate knowledge of facts.'—*E'carté*, vol. ii. p. 250, et seq.

Now, waiving altogether the honour and morality of this stroke of state-policy for levying contributions upon foreign nations (of course supposing the question may be so considered), the expediency of such a measure is somewhat more than doubtful; and such contributions are dearly purchased when the price paid for them is the habits of industry, and along with those the happiness and morals of a portion, however small, of their own citizens. It will appear that, even not considering the advantage gained as an unfair or dishonourable one (which is surely treating it with all possible liberality), *that* advantage will be more than counterbalanced by the accompanying disadvantage: and, therefore, that this method of legislating, with respect to gaming-houses, is to be rejected.

II. *English Gaming-Houses.*—The prohibition of gambling-houses, under a certain penalty, and thereby affixing to them a stamp of illegality, has the effect of turning against them the public opinion, and thus affecting the character of those who are known to frequent them. The consequence of which will be found to be, that gambling-houses, under such circumstances, will be only frequented by two classes of persons—those who are above, and those who are beneath, a regard to character. The form, under which those who are above the consideration of character, or, in other words, of public opinion, have generally appeared in the world, is that of a wealthy and powerful aristocracy, who are independent, and regardless of the opinion, good or bad, of the honest and industrious middle class. While,

on the other hand, that class which is beneath a regard to character, must necessarily consist of persons who do not depend for their means of subsistence upon those classes of their fellow-citizens with whom character is a consideration. And, in fact, this latter class will, for the most part, be found to be produced by, and to subsist upon, the vices of the former class, in the shape of pimps, toad-eaters, bullies, shadows, *et hoc genus omne.*

Both the classes of citizens above-mentioned will, from the nature and effect of their education, occupations, and habits, necessarily entertain a profound contempt for every thing that may in the smallest degree resemble regular and honest industry. The object which these men profess to pursue is the same as that which all human beings profess to pursue, viz. the enjoyment of the greatest possible quantity of pleasure, accompanied by the least possible quantity of pain. The only difference is, that they assume a standard, and consequently form an estimate, of pleasure and happiness somewhat different from the standard and the estimate made use of by those whom the world, whether rightly or not, has been in the habit of considering as the wise of their species. They have no idea of pleasure connected with an honest, a useful, a productive employment of time. That would be inconsistent with their notions of the pursuits proper to a gentleman. Now gambling is neither an honest, a useful, a productive, nor a moral employment of time. But gambling is an aristocratic occupation—a pursuit truly gentlemanly. In it there is called for, none of that unvarying, unwearied, strong, earnest, and continuous exertion of body or brain, which is the sordid lot of vulgar humanity. This, then, is the work for them—*hic labor, hoc opus est*—the only serious occupation of their beneficent and illustrious lives.

That large class or rather number of classes who are effectually restrained from public gambling by the legal prohibition, will of course comprise all those who earn their subsistence by honest bodily or intellectual exertion, and whose power of continuing so to earn a subsistence, depends upon their preserving a fair character among their fellow citizens. In a country where the regulations we are speaking of exist, a shoe-maker and a lawyer who should occasionally leave their respective employments to seek either profit or amusement in a gambling-house, would soon find their respective practice to suffer a very sensible diminution in consequence. There is one class of persons, however, which, though not exactly forming a profession, cannot be considered as belonging either to the cl[illegible] which is above, or to that which is beneath, a regard [illegible]

and yet makes a practice, indeed a profession, of gambling. But they contrive to do so by giving another name than gambling to their occupation. And therefore no one who knows the power of names over mankind will wonder to see these persons enjoy an impunity in the exercise of their profession which the spirit of the law (if men were to take the spirit of the laws) would scarcely seem to sanction. As these men carry on their transactions not in *maisons de jeu* or gambling-houses, but in places in some countries known by the name of Bourse, in others by that of Exchange; they can scarcely be considered as belonging to our present subject—but hereafter occasion may be taken to speak of the productiveness and morality of their occupations.

Of the principle thus generally stated, England is an individual example. And in the absence of other sources of evidence we shall have recourse to a work, entitled "Life in the West," which professes to give an account of the gambling system and establishments in England. Although for the reasons already mentioned, the evil is less widely spread in England than in France; yet the scenes and acts of iniquity detailed in the volumes before us, probably exceed any thing of the kind to be found on the other side of the channel, inasmuch, as here, in addition to the simple evils which we have shown to be necessarily attendant upon all games of chance fairly played, are the additional evils arising from the malpractices of those who do not play fairly. The gaming-houses in London being prohibited by the legislature, are obliged to exist under a different name from that of gambling-houses, and are usually designated under the somewhat technical name of "hells,"

'Thus the great "hell" in St. James's Street is called "Crockford's Club;"—the hell in Park Place is called the "Milton Mowbray Club;" and the hell in Waterloo Place, the "Fox-Hunting Club."—*Life in the West*, vol. i. p. 70.

The following prospectus of a gambling-house, where "Rouge et Noir," "Une, Deux, Cinque," and "Roulette," were played under the superintendance of Weare, who was murdered by Thurtell, will convey some idea of the specious appearance which these places attempt to assume:—

'A party of gentlemen having formed the design of instituting a Select Club, to be composed of those gentlemen only whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled, but proper indulgence in the current amusements of the day, adopt this mode of submitting the project to consideration, and of inviting those who may approve of it, to an early concurrence and co-operation in the design. To

attain this object the more speedily, and render it worthy the attention and support it lays claim to, it may be only necessary to mention that the plan is founded on the basis of liberality, security, and respectability, combining with the essential requisites of a select and respectable association, peculiar advantages to the members, conceded by no similar institution in town.—Further particulars may be learned on personal application between the hours of twelve and two, at 55, Pall Mall.'

This prospectus corroborates what we have before said respecting the classes who will gamble where gaming is prohibited by the law, professing to restrict admission within the sacred and select pale of the projected association to those gentlemen, "whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled, but proper indulgence in the current amusements of the day." And for this restriction we humbly conceive that the framers of the said prospectus are entitled to the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the professional and industrious classes of their countrymen, by which we mean all those who earn their bread by the honest sweat of their brows, or the honest labour of their brains.

We shall give an account of the principal London gambling-house, which is extracted in the book* before us, from a letter inserted in the Times Newspaper, signed "Expositor," and dated London, July 22, 1824 :—

'At the head of these infamous establishments is the one yclept 'Fishmongers' Hall,' which sacks more plunder than all the others put together, though they consist of about a dozen. This place has been fitted up at an expense of near 40,000*l.* and is the most splendid house, interiorly and exteriorly, in all the neighbourhood. It is established as a bait for the fortunes of the great, many of whom have already been very severe sufferers. Invitations to dinner are sent to noblemen and gentlemen, at which they are treated with every delicacy, and the most intoxicating wines. After such "liberal" entertainment, a visit to the French hazard-table in the adjoining room is a matter of course, when the consequences are easily divined. A man thus allured to the den, may determine not to lose more than the few pounds he has about him; but in the intoxication of the moment, and the delirium of play, it frequently happens that, notwithstanding the best resolves, he borrows money upon his checks, which being known to be good, are readily cashed to very considerable amounts. In this manner, 10,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, or more, have often been swept away."

The following is from the same authority, of date Oct. 9, 1824 :—

'The profits for the last season, over and above expenses which

* Vol. i

cannot be less than 100*l.* a day, are stated to be full 150,000*l.* It is wholly impossible, however, to come at the exact sum, unless we could get a peep at the Black Ledger of accounts of each day's gain at this Pandæmonium, which though of course omits to name of whom, as that might prove awkward, if at any time the book fell into other hands. A few statements from the sufferers themselves would be worth a thousand speculative opinions on the subject. * * * Some idea can be formed of what has been sacked, by the simple fact, that *one thousand pounds* was given at the close of the season to be divided among the waiters alone, besides the Guy Fawkes of the place; a head servant, having half that sum presented to him last January for a new year's gift. * * * Now that there is a little cessation to the Satanic work, the frequenters of this den of robbers would do well to make a few common reflections—that it is their money alone which pays the rent and superb embellishments of the house—the good feeding and the fashionable clothing in which are disguised the knaves about it—the refreshments and wine with which they are regaled, and which are served with no sparing hand, in order to bewilder the senses, to prevent from being seen what may be going forward, but which will not be at their service, they may rest well assured, longer than they have money to be plucked of; and above all, it is for the most part their money, of which are composed the enormous fortunes the two or three keepers have amassed. To endeavour to gain back any part of the lost money, fortunes will be further wasted in the futile attempt, as the same nefarious and diabolical practices, by which the first sums were raised, are still pursued to multiply them. * * * *

'The hellites at all the "hells," not content with the gains by the points of the games in favour of the banks, and from the equal chances, do not fail to resort to every species of cheating. The "croupiers" and dealers are always selected for their adeptness in all the mysteries of the black art. Slight-of-hand tricks at *rouge et noir,* by which they make any colour win they wish—false dice and cramped boxes at French hazard, which land any main or chance required—are all put in practice with perfect impunity, when every one, save the bankers and croupiers, are in a state of delirium or intoxication. About two years ago, false dice were detected at a French hazard bank in Piccadilly, of which the proprietors of Fishmongers' Hall had a share. A few noblemen and gentlemen had been losing largely (it is said 50,000*l.* among them), when the dice became suspected. One gentleman seized them, conveyed them away, and next morning found that they were false.'

The laws against gaming in England, though sufficiently explicit, do not seem to produce any other effect than the one already adverted to, an effect indeed sufficiently important—viz. that of deterring all those from public gaming whose character is at all subjected to the influence of public opinion. Not only those who game, but those who make a

profession of gaming, seem to enjoy a brilliant impunity in the exercise of a profession in which they realize rapid and enormous fortunes. And in the influence which these fortunes give in a country like England, will no doubt be found the cause of that impunity which the followers of this honourable profession obtain. It is reported that the owner of a certain celebrated gaming-house, called a club-house, has been heard to boast that he could set the laws at defiance, inasmuch as he could boast of enrolling among the members of his club a majority of those who make the laws. We do not complain of those noble lords and honourable gentlemen who solace their leisure with the pleasing excitements of the gaming-table: Doubtless they belong to that distinguished and exalted class of society, "whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled, but proper indulgence, in the current amusements of the day!" as their friends elegantly express it in their circular. But as they are pleased in their exalted wisdom to betake themselves to legislation and gaming, as the two grand occupations of their useful and glorious lives—occupations which possibly they select in the imagination that they can acquire a thorough knowledge of, and mastery over them in all their details, without any of that vulgar labour and attention which must be gone through by the humbler classes of their species when they desire to obtain an acquaintance with any science or art, however humble, and however simple, when compared with legislation and gaming; it does seem rather odd that they should be guilty of the glaring inconsistency of, when occupied with one of their noble pursuits, turning their back upon, and disowning the other—nay, absolutely prohibiting it under heavy fines and penalties—and not doing this in a calm way either, but heaping abuse upon their favourite occupation actually classing the brilliant scenes of their pure and elegant enjoyments with "disorderly inns or ale-houses, bawdy-houses, stage-plays unlicensed, booths and stages for rope-dancers, mountebanks, and the like."* Now it cannot but be thought rather strange that those wise and noble persons should place their friends in such very improper and disreputable company. Would it not be better even to remove the restriction altogether than to be guilty of such glaring inconsistency? And what would be the consequence of removing this restric-

* Blackstone, Com. book iv. ch. 13.—"All disorderly inns or ale-houses, bawdy-houses, gaming-houses, stage-plays unlicensed, booths, and stages for rope-dancers, mountebanks, and the like, are public nuisances, and may upon indictment be suppressed and fined."

tion? That will be considered presently on coming to that branch of the subject.

One or two more short extracts from the book before us will give our readers some faint notion of the character of the English "hells" as well as that of those who keep, and those who frequent them. But for a more complete insight into this branch of the subject, let them look to the work itself, which exhibits a very effective *exposé* of the character of the whole English system of gaming.

'The hells, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers'-hall are not less than one thousand pounds a week. The next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week; and the minor ones vary from forty to eighty pounds.

'The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each; the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds, the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds; what may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c. is not known, but they receive, no doubt, according to the services they are called upon occasionally to render. Then come rent, and incidental expenses, such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large, viz. the money annually given in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those "playing and betting" at them, are, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. * * *

'The houses are well fortified with strong iron-plated doors, to make an ingress into them a difficult and tardy matter. There is one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the room of play. These are opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porter to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose. The appearance of the houses, the attentions of the waiters, the civility of the dealers, the condescension of the bankers, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an intoxicating and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind.

'The proprietors, or more properly speaking, the bankers of these houses of robbery, are composed, for the most part, of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black legs, pimps, horse-dealers, jockeys, valets, petty-fogging lawyers, low tradesmen, and have-been-dealers at their own, or at other tables. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, women, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains,

seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c.—property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced out of every thing, and who, in a moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle. Some have got into large private mansions and keep first-rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume. They are awkward and vulgar in their gait, nearly all without education and manners, and when they discourse, low slang, which bespeaks their calling, escapes them in spite of their teeth. These are the sort of characters who concert together in open hells, for the plunder of mankind. There is not a single constant player who can say that he is a winner by them."—*Life in the West*, vol. ii. p. 93.

For an account of several other modes of cheating, as they involve the technicalities of the game (*rouge et noir*) which to many may be uninteresting, reference may be made to the book itself. The following are some further particulars illustrative of the character of these places:—

'A gambler's mind becomes impaired, step by step, with his circumstances, till they are lost in one common ruin; his best energies are blasted for ever, and he is cast upon the world a worthless and starving object.

'When a gentleman first appears at these hells, the hellites and the players are curious to learn who and what he is, especially the former, who calculate the rich or poor harvest to be reaped by him, and they regulate their conduct accordingly. Should he be introduced by a broken player, and lose a good sum, his introducer—the pimp—knows the opportunity when he can borrow a few pounds of the hellites. But should the gentleman be successful, of course "a few pounds to give his kind friend a chance," will not be refused * * * The hellites venture, after he has lost hundreds, to lend him twenty or thirty pounds, for which his check is demanded and given. Thus they not only know his name, but soon ascertain, by underhand inquiries at his bankers, the extent of his account, his connections, and resources. Upon this knowledge, if his account is good, they will cash him checks on another occasion to within a hundred pounds of the balance. Instances have been known, after checks have been cashed and paid in this way, to large amounts, and the balance drawing to a close, that when a check for a small amount has been wanted cashed by the very same parties, it has been refused, the hellite actually telling the party, within a few pounds, the amount he had left at his banker's. One gentleman was once told to five pounds what he had there.'—vol. ii. p. 120, et seq.

A long and horrible list of suicides, frauds, forgeries, and calamities, all arising from the same cau[illegible] recorded in these volumes. Some we had marked [illegible] —but we turn from them in utter disgust. To prov[illegible] ity, the

names are generally given. Why should we hurt the feelings, or keep up the memory of the faults of the unfortunate, by transferring them to these pages; the lesson is obvious enough without the frightful details.

Here is an abundant mass of evil, it is true; yet we cannot clearly see how it is to be altogether removed. The prohibition of gaming-houses under heavy penalties it would seem is not sufficient to effect the purpose. The sanction of them will, we think, be readily conceded to be still farther from that desirable end. To leave them altogether free we shall presently endeavour to shew to be not much less so. And is it to arrive at this conclusion, the reader may ask, that you have inflicted upon us this tedious dissertation? Is it for this that you have collected and arranged your evidence and called up your witnesses and elaborated your arguments? Have you braved the storms and surges—and marked the shallows—and sounded the depths—and explored the dreary coasts of the gamester's hell—only that you might

"Waft us home the message of despair?"

No! The case may be—it is—a bad one—but not quite so bad as that. Of the three ways of treating this legislative question, that which we have mentioned as the second, appears to us to be the best—and indeed to have the power of effecting the end in view as far as it is capable of being effected. For of the complete fulfilment of that most desirable end there is no prospect for any legislator until he has made all those for whom he legislates wise and honest, or at least made them approximate much more than they do at present to that devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation.

The second method, therefore, that is, the prohibition of gambling, as that prohibition exists in England, is the best, because it is a sufficiently effective preventive against gambling to all the useful part of society. There is no reason why that part of society who do game, particularly "those gentlemen whose habits and circumstances entitle them to an uncontrolled but proper indulgence in the current amusements of the day," there is no reason why those persons should not be useful to their fellows. On the contrary there are many reasons why they should be useful. And the same cause that would make them useful members of society, namely, a proper education and the consequence of that, a well-regulated and informed mind, would make them turn with contempt as well as aversion from the paltry and unprofitable occupation of a gamester, so paltry and so unprofitable that, did we not consider

ourselves as performing a task that might have effects extensively beneficial, we should deeply regret the time and the thought bestowed upon details which to ourselves appear so uninteresting unsatisfactory, and contemptible. Here then is the secret. It is not poverty—it is not the desire of becoming rich—or making a fortune—(for they are already rich, they have already fortunes) that drives those men to the gaming-table. It is *Ennui*, the demon *Ennui*—the devil, who, as the old proverb goes, when he finds a man unemployed, never fails to find him work. And is it to be wondered at if a devil (if the reader will forgive what looks somewhat like a sorry pun) having the possession and direction of a man should carry him to his native place—a hell. Those, then, who deplore and deprecate gaming in what is called high life, will deplore and deprecate in vain, until they discover and point out to the objects of their care and commiseration some other and better mode of disposing of their time. For, in the present state of things, those, like other human brutes who do not consume more than twenty hours out of the twenty-four in the due exercise of those animal functions that merely concern the preservation of themselves and the procreation of their kind, must in the remaining four do something —and if they did not game, probably they might do something worse. Till, then, the change above alluded to shall take place, those persons must continue to live and to act as hitherto they have lived and acted,—

> 'And having din'd, drunk, voted, gam'd, and whor'd,
> Give to the family vault another lord.—'

III. If the legislature neither prohibit nor sanction gaming-houses, but leave them quite free to take their own course like any other free branch of commerce, it seems evident that they will be more frequented than where they are prohibited, and a stigma thereby attached to them, and less frequented than when the government extends its sanction to them. This, however, may seem to depend upon the question—will an act of prohibition or sanction, expressive of the will of the legislature, have the effect here assumed, upon the opinion, and consequently the actions, of the public? This is a question which can only be determined by experience, and experience would appear to have determined it in the affirmative. Witness the different light in which gaming is viewed in France and in England. In France a man engaged in business—a man following a profession or a trade—occasionally walks into a gaming-house, and walks out of it, without losing either his character or his credit. There are cases of professional men in Paris being enabled to sup-

port their cabriolet by speculations at the *rouge et noir* tables. In England a professional man, or a man of business, who should be seen in a gaming-house, would, we conceive, be in no small danger of losing—the former his practice, the latter his credit—both their character. Now, this is the effect of legislative enactment: and this surely is something.

Such being the influence which the expression of the will of the legislature has upon the opinion of the people, let us now see what would be the consequence of not exercising that influence as regards the present question, of leaving gaming-houses entirely to themselves. In that case those who frequent gaming-houses now, when they are conscious by so doing of being guilty of an illegal act, would surely not frequent them less than at present. And, again, many who do not frequent gaming-houses now, would, we think, then frequent them. There are many persons engaged in the details of commerce and other occupations, who, if they thought or fancied that by play they could get a sum of money easily and rapidly, would not scruple to enter a gaming-house for that purpose. But though such persons, not being deterred from gaming by the deep and settled principle which is founded on the conviction of reason, would not scruple in this way occasionally to enter a gaming-house; they would not put themselves to the inconvenience, not to mention the risk of loss of character and credit, which must be gone through when a gaming-house dares not appear under its own name and form, but is obliged to assume the name and form of a club-house. In this latter case there is the process of being introduced, ballotted for, &c., to be gone through. In the former a man might drop into a gaming-house merely in passing, and as he is going about his other business, and make a small speculation or two in *rouge et noir*, or any other game, exactly in the same way as he at present makes a speculation or two in the Stock Exchange.

On the other hand, the very infamy, the depth of blackguardism and villany, the combination of all that is most despicable and detestable in humanity, which now surround those places in England must be powerful to keep the honest and industrious, the respectable portion of society far from their polluted precincts, to deter them from ever approaching them. And in this point of view the very atrocities that occasionally occur at such places, and the difficulty, almost impossibility, which we have shewn that the aggrieved have of obtaining redress, may have a beneficial effect. It is true a few individuals may suffer by them: but then they are persons who, with their eyes open, have been guilty of a breach of the laws of their country. And

it is perhaps somewhat too much for such persons to suppose that they should obtain legal redress for grievances suffered. We more particularly allude to such acts of violence as those of which examples have been given, committed by gaming-house ruffians, in the very act of a breach of the laws, and in consequence of such breach. It does seem not very unjust, that by the suffering of such the body of their countrymen should be benefitted.

ART. IV.—1. *A further Inquiry into the expediency of applying the Principles of Colonial Policy to the Government of India, and of effecting an essential change in its landed Tenures, and in the character of its Inhabitants.* By the Author of the original Inquiry, J. M. Richardson. 8vo. pp. 293. 1828.

2 *Reflections on the present State of British India,* 8vo. p. 214. Hurst and Co. 1829.

3 *A View of the present State and future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India.* 8vo. pp. 106. Ridgway. 1829.

4 *India; or Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with suggestions for reforming the present System of Government.* By R. Rickards, esq. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 656. 1829.

IN No. VIII. of the Westminster Review, a rapid sketch was given of the government of British India. It is not intended now to go over the same ground again, and, happily, the state of things is considerably improved since that article was written, at least in that to which it particularly referred, the despotic interference with the expression of public opinion. Though the character of the government remains what it was, yet its temper seems decidedly to have meliorated: there has been forbearance at least exercised towards the press, instead of the implacable hostility which distinguished some of the predecessors of the present Governor-general—and that forbearance is something. For the importance, the necessity, of allowing opinion to express itself by the organ of a free press, we urgently contended. Without such security, and in comparison with such security, every other check was shown to be unavailing, if not useless. It were well if the freedom of the press existed by a better right than that of capricious sufferance. Very timid indeed—and is this to be wondered at—are the criticisms of [illegible]ers of India on the acts of public functionaries [illegible]nent and ruin, with which an editor m[illegible]d, are no trifles to weigh against a

are there still, though laid aside for the moment, and the flock can hardly go about in peace and safety while the wolf is in the midst of them, albeit asleep.

In turning over our earlier numbers it is a matter of some self-reproach, and more regret, that a subject of such vast moment as the government of British India should so seldom have occupied their pages. The neglect shall be repaired in future, and with usury for delay.

Till of late years, a very imperfect knowledge existed in this country of the state of British India, The company had gone on adding field to field, and kingdom to kingdom, and the news of their military triumphs were the sole portion of their history, with which the public was favoured. We were accustomed to listen to the tale of imprisoned and ransomed princes—of captured towns and provinces—of defeated armies—and of splendid treaties of peace. The power which was already gigantic, went on increasing in magnitude, and little was heard but the echoes of shoutings which celebrated victories won. Who inquired—who cared—about the vanquished millions? This was the day of spoliation—of oppression—of impunity; but, little by little, attention was awakened to the huge empire which the company of merchants had gradually mastered. Some of their misdoings found a voice in England, till at last floods of light have burst upon the question; and among the most valuable of the light given, we reckon the intelligent and benevolent authors of the works whose titles head this article, on whose treasures we shall draw without hesitation.*

Whether Mr. Say's opinion of the utter worthlessness or rather mischievousness to us, of our East-India possessions be well or ill-gounded—and he at all events requires a more vigorous adversary than Mr. St. George Tucker†—it is hardly

* The important services of Mr. Buckingham's Oriental Herald to the popular cause of India, ought to be held in lasting remembrance.

† Mr. Tucker's volume, "A Review of the Financial Situation of the East-India Company in 1824," is valuable for some of the tables and the facts it contains; but many of its deductions are eminently weak. The reasonings and statements, however, in favour of the Zemindarry system, making the Zemindar the landlord, as contrasted with the Ryotwarry, or the system which recognizes the Ryot as the land proprietor, are valuable and interesting. How Sismondi can have been induced to prefer the latter is not very intelligible, the Zemindars having, at all events, some capital in their hands to apply to agricultural improvement, and the Ryots being wholly and hopelessly destitute. The unsupported Ryot is without power to elevate himself or to benefit others. No character of fertility, and even were it possessed, no intellectual superiority, can stand in the stead of capital; and the different state of things in Madras and Bengal, so much to the advantage of the latter, is the best elucidation of the workings of the two

likely that those possessions should be abandoned by us. Nor is such a consummation to be wished. A power, a stupendous power, of good is in our hands, and the chances of happiness for the Indian people are greater from our dominion than from that of any masters to whom it is likely they will be transferred—until the spread of knowledge shall have prepared the way for taking the direction of their affairs into their own hands. But as soon as there is good reason to believe that self-government would distribute among them a greater portion of blessings than they can derive from foreign rule, their liberation from it will be the object of every good man's aspirations. That, however, is evidently a very remote contingency; and, in the mean while, it is equally our interest and our duty, to obtain for England and for India, all the benefits which their relative positions can confer on the greatest number of the inhabitants of both.

It is not very easy to interest nations in the well-being of nations who are far away, until some appeal can be made to the selfish part of our social nature, and we begin to trace the sympathies by which their felicity or infelicity operates on our own. In proportion as the discovery spreads, that as the vibrations of motion affect all matter, so the vibrations of individual pain and pleasure really act upon the whole mass of mankind, shall we enlarge our views and our efforts to a more expansive benevolence. So vast, so exquisite, are the associations of the material world, that he who said the fall of a sparrow was felt through all the regions of space, uttered a beautiful philosophical truth; nor would the moralist err, who should proclaim, that there is no happiness produced, no misery diminished, without a beneficial operation on the remotest of our species;—the light which is dissipated by distance is not destroyed—the circle on the waters still agitates the surface, when its calmness to us seems undisturbed, and the good we do in our day and generation, is blessing though unseen, all future time.

The East-India Question, however, seems to have passed through the twilight of indifferentism to something like the broad day of discussion. A few active spirits, sharpened by persecution, have created an attention to a very important subject, which cannot be allowed to rest long in its present unsatisfactory shape. A sense of injury suffered and injustice done, has whetted the faculties and greatly increased the

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projects. Lord Cornwallis's permanent Zemindarry settlement certainly recognized an intolerable burthen of exaction, but it fixed its *maximum*, which would otherwise have gone on increasing.

exertions, of those useful agitators, who have at last moved no inconsiderable portion of the British public to take some concern in the fate and fortune of the India of Britain. It is at last found out that we have no little stake, no little interest, in the well-being of the millions—the uncounted millions—who on the eastern side of the Cape of Good Hope, are subjected to British sway; and while the discussion proceeds in the channel in which it is now flowing—while a regard for the prosperity of the Indian population mingles with the most laudable desire to advance our own and the national prosperity, it is undoubtedly a good deed to further so important an object by every means in our power. Black or white, European or Asiatic, bond or free, Christian or Pagan, all, in a word, who can suffer, and all who can enjoy, ought to be objects of interest, and as far as possible, of beneficence. The wider the field, the more numerous those who occupy it; the greater our influence there, the higher and the more peremptory is their claim upon our anxieties and exertions. And, estimated thus, there is no topic which has of late occupied the public mind, at all comparable in its magnitude and importance with that before us.

It is not proposed here, to revert much to the earlier history of British India. That subject has been nearly exhausted, in one of the most able, argumentative, and philosophical works of our time, whose title it is hardly necessary to designate, while it will remain a perpetual and honourable monument of Mr. Mill's industry and sagacity. Its style, perhaps, is susceptible of improvement—assuredly so, if its object were to captivate the popular taste. But there are few books out of which so many important political truths may be gathered, and none which affords more matter for valuable reflection. It was a bold adventure, to embark into so remote a scene, without any personal observation of the existing state of things, said to be so intricate and so peculiar, and a knowledge of which had been so often represented as absolutely necessary to a correct understanding of the former history, or the present condition, of the Indian people. The truth, however, is, that large masses of men are best regarded at a distance, though vicinity may be needful to an acquaintance with those minute details which more frequently perplex than assist the man whose inquiries are rather into great results, than into trifling causes. He who would see a vast forest, must not lose himself among the trees, and an extensive landscape can only be advantageously contemplated from some distance, or some elevation. Besides, the position of an European in India, really excludes him from an accurate

knowledge of the social and domestic condition, the opinions and habits, of the people. Among them he never dwells; he never meets them as equals or companions; their habitual thoughts and passions are not divulged to him; in his presence they neither do nor say what they would do or say in his absence; before him they have a part to act, a point to carry, an end to gain. It is only by a remote influence that the legislator reaches the circle of home. His first concern is with the social relations of man, and his most important consideration is so to act on their social condition, as to promote their individual happiness on the widest possible scale. Whether all the views of Mr. Mill will stand the test of this principle, may perhaps be doubted. Certain it is, he consents they shall be tried by it. And it is for those who differ from him to show where he errs.

Fears,—and some of them very honest, though not very well informed,—have not unfrequently been excited, lest the continuance of our sovereignty in India should be endangered by discussions respecting our government there. It is strangely fancied that the population will esteem us the less, in the very proportion in which we deserve to be esteemed the more. But no wise man,—still less a good man—would create antipathies where he might have awakened sympathies,—and no well-meaning government would act by terror and tyranny if it could carry on its operations by and with intelligent public opinion for its support. In governments, however, whether we will or not, changes must inevitably take place—they share like every thing human—the great inheritance of mutability. Not to improve with time is really to deteriorate—for that which was not amiss in the sixteenth century would be altogether intolerable now. But as pernicious change may be avoided, and beneficial change introduced, by the watchfulness of those exercising power,—and as it becomes a matter of prudence to avoid all needless suffering in the progress of change,—so is it specially the duty of the ruling authorities, to give to the demand for reform that healthful direction which may secure the good at the slightest cost of evil.

The times are big with promise. The period of apathy is passed. A stirring interest on behalf of India is widely diffused,—and what is more important yet, the new governor-general appears desirous of laying the foundation of reforms, long hoped-for and long denied,—reforms more valuable perhaps as a confession of the necessity of change, than important in their individual character. The notice which l illiam Bentinck issued on the 23rd of February, 1829, in its cha-

racter, that nothing but irresistible evidence could have convinced the world of its authenticity. Here is a government "inviting" the suggestions of the intelligent—referring to public opinion for its testimony as to the defective points of the administration—declaring that it desires the spread of education and useful knowledge—and that it will lend itself to the advancement of the "greatest happiness" of the empire. Let the benign intentions budding here, blossom into beneficent acts; and the man never trod the soil of British India, whose title to gratitude and admiration is comparable to that which lord William Bentinck will win. This document would do honour to any page, and with profound satisfaction is it recorded here:—

"NOTICE.

"The governor-general invites the communication of all suggestions tending to promote any branch of national industry; to improve the commercial intercourse by land and water; to amend any defects in the existing establishments; to encourage the diffusion of education and useful knowledge; and to advance the general prosperity and happiness of the British empire in India.

"This invitation is addressed to all native gentlemen, landholders, merchants, and others; to all Europeans both in and out of the service, including that useful and respectable body of men, the indigo planters, who, from their uninterrupted residence in the Mofussil, have peculiar opportunities of forming an opinion upon some of those subjects.

"Communications to be addressed to the private or military secretary of the governor-general.

"By command,

"A. DOBBS, private secretary.

"*Government House, Feb.* 23, 1829."

The apprehensions of the timid, while they are for the most part founded on some groundless assumption, usually contrive to recommend themselves by some popular fallacy, which too often comes most acceptably to the relief of those minds to which the exercise of thought or of inquiry is far too laborious an undertaking. "Leave *well* alone," is one of the mischievous weapons by which the discussion of many valuable projects has been put to rest—by which many abuses have been fortified and perpetuated—and much improvement annihilated or retarded. To ask soberly if all be really *well,* and having discovered it to be so, to stop dangerous innovation, is no part of the course pursued. The bolder and the better thing is, to assume and to assert, that 'whatever is, is right'—and fittest—and best—and so to put down all impugners. There is no art more thoroughly understood by the worldly-wise than to dispose of an intricate question—by a sophism—a dogma—or a proverb

—for these things appear so like truth, and come with the sanction of such venerable authority, that no little presence of mind, and sometimes no little dexterity, are wanting 'to shuffle off their mortal coils.' With one or two assumptions for the sober, —and one or two metaphors for the imaginative,—there is no position, however abominable, in which a false reasoner may not entrench himself against the attacks from the common order of intellects.

What, then, is the apprehension expressed with regard to India when stripped of its metaphorical adornings? It is, that a premature independence will be the consequence of discussions which may unveil defects in the system of government which has been adopted there. The apprehension is a chimera at best; and were the prospects of Indian independence nearer at hand than they are, it becomes those who think that the present state of things is beneficial alike to England and to India, to remove the evils which endanger its permanence. It is far easier to rule contented than discontented subjects. If the grievances complained of are real, they ought promptly to be removed; if imaginary, they ought to be thoroughly examined, for the honour of the government and for the satisfaction of the complainants. It is impossible to conceive that the prosperity of our Indian empire,—the happiness of our Indian subjects,—should not at least be among the primary ends which the government proposes to itself. If revenue be the main object, it is clear that the amount of revenue must be closely connected with the amount of property; and the power of supporting taxation can only grow with the power of creating wealth. Well-calculating and wisely-judging governments soon learn that the public treasury best prospers where the public happiness is best provided for; and that of all the enemies which a finance-minister has to deal with, popular discontent is the worst.

It is remarked by the author of "Colonial Policy," that the insecurity of our Indian possessions has been strenuously insisted on both by those who most earnestly recommend and most earnestly deprecate innovation; and it is a very convenient position for both. "Beware," says one, "India is as quiet as gunpowder.*"—"India is as quiet as gunpowder," retorts the other, "therefore beware!" The spark apprehended by this man is discussion; the spark dreaded by the other, is discontent: and so,—as men are wont,—they play with metaphors just as if they were facts—the state of India not being fairly comparable

* Colonial Policy, p. 12.

to gunpowder at all. A grain may be here, and a grain there, but they will be best found out in the day-light, and when men are allowed both to see and to speak.

It has been a practice of late to form a very exaggerated notion of the power of Russia; and our East-India possessions have been represented as pre-eminently exposed to danger from that quarter. Russia has greatly profited, no doubt, by widely-spread delusions as to her real influence. Her territories are extended indeed, but her resources are few; her population miserably bare with a reference to the country over which they are spread; her revenues trifling, and collected at an enormous cost and, to a great extent, out of duties paid by foreigners on the export of her raw commodities. By her credit abroad, while she is enabled to borrow, she can of course perform all that can be effected by money. She is a successful trader on foreign capital; at home her paper currency is at a discount of seventy-five per cent; abroad, she can find money at six per cent interest; left to her own means, she could hardly have marched twenty thousand men to the Balkan, but if she can dispose of the treasures of other nations, she may make a high-way where she pleases. It is not the army of Moscow, but the exchange of Amsterdam that subdues the Mussulmans. So assisted, any power might become alarming. If the Hopes, the Barings, and the Rothschilds of Europe, choose to allow the pacha of Tripoli to use their names and employ their resources, his highness may also become a thorn in the side of many monarchies. And as Russia is financially provided for by the wealth of other nations, instead of by her own, so she is intellectually represented by the picked men of many people, instead of by her own sons. Her ministers, her commanders, her ambassadors, are gathered from among all tribes and tongues. Germany, France, Italy, England, Greece, Holland, Spain, and Corsica, have all contributed to furnish Russia with her eminent leaders. She does not stand on her own civilization, but on that of Europe. Into the market of the States she comes with few samples of her own productions, and carries on her operations with the funds of her neighbours. Her surface is all glare and gold, but there is no solidity. She is a huge inflation, a political night-mare. But the weakness of others, is just as availing to her as her own strength: and the reputation of power, is, for public purposes, as good, and far less costly than its possession.

If then Russia be not alarming on account of what she could bring to India, neither would she be, on account of any thing she would find there. Whatever corruption or irritation might lead a few scattered and feeble tribes to do, it is quite certain

the mass of the Hindoo and Mahommedan population would take no part in favour of Russian invaders. When, however, the eye of inquiry is turned towards Russia, it would be well if lessons were learnt from her system of foreign conquest. Her first and mightiest instrument is the encouragement of colonists. From every quarter she seeks the settlement of a greater civilization among her newly-acquired subjects, and not Russians alone, but every intelligent stranger is invited, is recompensed for consenting to take up his abode among them. The colonists of Russia enjoy all the rights which are possessed by Russian natives. There is no exclusion from office, no oppressive monopoly, no claim to the proprietorship of the soil. It may be said that Russia herself owes every thing to colonization; the earliest seeds of her prosperity were sown by strangers; by strangers whose habits were wholly unlike those of her aboriginal children. The wealth of her early commerce was altogether the wealth of foreigners; and her most flourishing spots, whether in cities or in agricultural districts, are to this moment occupied by men of distant extraction.

If the object of the East-India Company be merely to introduce such a government as may enable them to hold an undisputed possession of the country, that end is undoubtedly answered by the present state of things. And it may be conceded, too, that their sway is a far happier one for the people than that of the Mahommedan or Hindoo princes whom they have supplanted. Extensive insurrection is little probable, with the organized machinery the company possesses; the intellectual superiority of their instruments to all that surrounds them, and the habits of the Indian population, always accustomed to extortion and little disposed to revolt. If the government were worse, or the people better, there would be a necessity for change. But at the same time it must not be forgotten, that an indifferent government cannot venture to instruct and to improve its dependents without consenting to modify and meliorate its own system. In India there is obviously a demand for a better state of things. That demand springs originally from those, who are not, it is true, the natives of the country; but on that very ground they are entitled to special attention, because their interests are English interests; their feelings are English feelings. The intelligent part of the natives sympathize with these reformers more and more. Nothing can be more instructive than these appeals, in which the names of Europeans and Asiatics are blended. They show a community of purpose, a mutual understanding as to the end in view, and they are evidence of a fraternizing spirit, above all to be encouraged.

It is a very common and a very convenient fallacy, when abuses take place abroad, to assume that those who are at home have no adequate means of investigating them, and a bold claim to superior local information is frequently made the shield of distant enormities. But what is truth and justice in one place, is truth and justice every where; and however circumstances may modify the human character, man is every where man; for whose happiness it is the bounden duty of all who are set in authority over him to provide. In the discussion of the East-India question, it has happened, not only that many excellent and intelligent men within the circle of the Company's influence have admitted that the existing system demands modifications and improvements; but a party, a strong and growing party, closely connected and associated now with the commercial influence of Britain, has appeared in India itself. Matters cannot remain in their present position, and while it cannot be doubted that the merchants of England will obtain the best terms they are able, for themselves; it is above all to be desired, that the well-being of the natives of India should reckon for something in the matter. Unhappily, the many are the last objects which occur to the thoughts and the anxieties of the few.

The East-India Company professes to be a company of merchant adventurers trading to the East. A very badly-conducted commercial concern it has been, leaving ruinous results upon its trading transactions even in days of its greatest seeming prosperity. It ought rather to be considered as an army of military adventurers conquering in the East. Its commercial proceedings make up a very small part of its history; and a part which reflects no honour on those who have had the guidance of it. It appears, from the best authorities, that the commercial losses of the Company have been enormous, and that they have been covered, either by exactions on the people of India, in the form of produce or tribute, or taxes on the people of England in the shape of monopolies; and thus have the dividends on East-India Stock been long discharged. The now generally-recognized principles of political economy, would in themselves serve to demonstrate that a trading company separated from its unfair privileges has little chance against the rivalry of individuals; but a worse system of trading management than that of the East-India Company, has scarcely ever had existence. If space allowed, it could easily be shown, that on every requisite to success it is lamentably deficient; deficient in activity, in economy, in information; that it has done little to improve old channels, and less to open new ones; that its agency is cumbrous, costly, and careless; that the commercial local knowledge of its

instruments is inconceivably small; that wherever competition has been allowed to meet it, it has precipitately fled the field; that the statements of its accredited witnesses as to the impossibility of extending either the imports or exports of India have been falsified by experience and by fact; that results which they not only declared were unobtainable by them, but chimerical and impossible, have been brought about by a few independent adventurers, in spite of the many disadvantages under which they labour.*

The least thing to be expected from the East-India Company is, that they should show to the proprietors and the public, that their commerce is in itself beneficial to them; and at this very first step of the argument they falter and fall. In fact, the correspondence of the directors with their agents often

* There is a passage in lord Grenville's speech during the discussions in 1813, so beautiful, philosophical, and appropriate, that we are proud to transfer it to our pages.

"To what extent this trade (of India) may then be carried, presumptuous indeed would be the man who shall now venture to pronounce. On what evidence, what conjecture, would he found his judgment? What present knowledge, what past experience of India could possibly decide that question? "No commerce," Trebatius, or Quintus Cicero, returning from a campaign in Britain, would probably have informed the Roman senate, "no commerce can ever be carried on with that uncivilized, uncultivated island, divided absolutely from the whole world by tempestuous and unnavigable seas, and inhabited only by naked and houseless barbarians." "No commerce" some sage counsellor of Henry or Elizabeth might, with equal authority, have assured those monarchs, can ever be opened with the dreary wilds of North America, a land covered with impenetrable forests, the shelter only of some wandering tribes of the rudest and most ferocious savages." Yet of these predictions the folly might be palliated by the inexperience. In the defect of better knowledge, such conjectures might even pass for wisdom. But what shall we say to those who deny the possibility, not of opening new sources for the commerce of mankind, but of enlarging its present channels? Who tell us that the trade we now carry on with India must, in all future times, be limited to its actual amount? Strange and unprecedented necessity! which has thus set bounds to human industry and enterprise, arrested the progress of commercial intercourse, and by some blasting and malignant influence, blighted the natural increase of social improvement. With full and confident assurance, may we repel these idle apprehensions. By commerce, commerce will increase, and industry by industry. So it has ever happened, and the great Creator of the world has not exempted India from this common law of our nature. The supply first following the demand will soon extend it. By new facilities, new wants and new desires will be produced. And neither climate, nor religion, nor long-established habits, no, nor even poverty itself, the greatest of all present obstacles, will ultimately refuse the benefits of such an intercourse to the native population of that empire. They will derive from the extension of commerce, as every other people has uniformly derived from it, new comforts and new conveniences of life, new incitements to industry and new enjoyments, in just reward of increased activity and enterprise."

presents the ludicrous exhibition of instructions to make investments even at a sacrifice;* and the consequence of such management is the very natural and necessary one—enormous commercial losses—losses which would conduct to bankruptcy any dozen commercial houses that ever existed. The thirty millions of debt which now presses on the government and people of India, is nothing more nor less than their commercial *deficit*.† Their territorial revenues are amply sufficient to defray the charges of the administration; and if economy were the order of the day, a very large surplus would remain.

Mr. Charles Grant has put the matter in rather a different point of view, in his evidence before the committee of the House of Lords in 1821, by stating that "if the China monopoly were now to fail, the Company would not have wherewithal to pay the dividends to the proprietors, the Indian territory not only yielding nothing, but being largely in debt:" an acknowledgment, that independently of being shut out by the Company's charter from all the benefits of the export trade to China, the people of England are taxed to the full amount of the gross proceeds of the monopoly, in order that the Company may discharge its debts to the proprietary; so that in fact the Company is constantly levying contributions on the British public, to enable it to inflict a constant injury on that same public. The fable speaks of the anguish of the eagle that was shot by an arrow plumed from its own wing—here is an exemplification of the story, and that in the case of millions. The declaration that the Company, as a trading concern, requires the protection of monopoly for its existence, is in itself an acknowledgment that it cannot stand the ground of fair and honourable competition; and, if the fact be so, that fact alone should serve for the death-warrant of the Company, as a body of chartered merchants. But we repeat, disentangle the accounts of the Company, attach to their commercial proceedings the charges that really belong to them, and it will be found that, even with their China monopoly, whose annual profits are not less than a million, they have for years been conducting a series of ruinous adventures.‡

But even supposing the Company *could* demonstrate that

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* Two examples out of many; 'you are not to forbear sending even those sorts (of investments) which are attended with loss.'—*Letter to Bengal, of April* 7, 1773.

'Should you have to determine on the quantum of investment, you will incline to the more ample scale of provision.'—*Ditto, June* 20, 1820.

† See Mr. Rickard's Tables, p. 238.

‡ *Ibid.*

their commerce is profitable to themselves, they are bound to show that others do not suffer more than they themselves gain. And here, at least, the case is a clear one, as far as the public is concerned. Happen what may to the rival adventurers, the consumers must be benefitted by the rivalry. Competition inevitably lowers prices—and to the extent of their fall, there will be a saving to the purchaser.

It does not, however, follow, that a trade which is a very losing one in the hands of the Company, may not be very lucrative when pursued by individual adventurers. The extraordinary contrast presented between the free trade of the East now in the hands of individual merchants, and that trade while conducted by the East-India Company, presents such and so much valuable instruction, that we shall detail more at length some of the particular facts of the case.

Of the Pamphlet on the Free Trade and Colonization of India, it may with truth be said, that there is scarcely one of its century of pages which does not in itself contain irrefragable evidence of the positions which it is the object of the whole to advocate. These are the sort of reasonings with which it imperatively becomes the partisans of the Company to grapple and to overthrow. They must explain why the value of the Company's exports fell gradually under their monopoly from 2,924,829*l.* which was the amount in 1794, down to 1,699,125*l.* the amount in 1814, the last year of their exclusive privileges; and how, from 2,364,358*l.* the exports to India and China in the first year of free trade (imperfect as that freedom is), they have gradually risen to 5,212,353*l.*,* the returns of the year 1828; of which, under the influence of competition, notwithstanding immense accessions of population to the extent of more than twenty millions, the exports of merchandise by the Company amounted only to 636,441*l.*, and to 462,369*l.* of military stores. The import trade of the Company amounted, in the year 1814, from India and China to 6,298,386*l.* The declared value of the imports of 1828, is 11,220,576*l.*

Superb as is this result in its whole, no less satisfactory are its details. The exports of manufactured cottons were 16,252*l.* exported in 1814 by the Company, and 74,673*l.* by the private traders, making together 90,925*l.* In 1828, the value of British manufactured cottons exported was 2,049,890*l.* The East-India Company have guarded their monopoly of the woollen

* Since the publication of this Pamphlet, we [illegible] mentary returns for the year 1828, and shall therefore emi[illegible] [illegible]ota-tions.

trade to China (the principal seat of demand) with singular perseverance and pertinacity. What is the result? In 1814 the Company exported to the amount of 1,064,222*l.*; the private trader only 20,213*l.*; together 1,084,435*l.* In 1828 the exports of the private traders were 267,619*l.*; those of the Company, 618,412*l.* The Company's list of exported woollens is confined to three or four articles: they have introduced no new fabrics—they have explored no new fields. In the exports of the free traders, a great variety of articles will be found which would probably never have been offered on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope, had not a portion of the Company's monopoly been broken down. So it is with metals; of spelter, quicksilver and brass—never exported by the Company till free trade introduced them—the value shipped in 1828 is 67,276*l.* A proportionate increase in the exports of iron, copper, lead, and other metals, has followed the opening of the ports of India to commercial adventure. The exports of glass and earthenware alone, articles of extremely small importance under the Company's charges, amounted, in 1828, to 141,623*l.*

One word of prudential counsel here. For though a vast increase of the commerce of England may safely be calculated on if the restriction which still impede her intercourse with the eastern world should be removed, yet it is much to be feared that the excitement which has been awakened will lead to much improvident adventure, and consequent heavy loss. The markets of the East will be overstocked, and the shippers of the West will be ruined. The progress of all healthful demand is slow, and prudence requires a patient watching for any great results. It is true that the rush and overflow of commodities, and the consequent fall of prices, are frequently introductory to an increased permanent demand, for which they serve to prepare the way; but then the wisdom of the second wave of adventurers turns to account the folly of the first; and caution is needed more abundantly for remote markets—whence advices must always be *old*, and for whose contingencies no common foresight can provide.

Of the almost boundless facilities which India offers for the productions of most important articles of import, Mr. Crawfurd's tract (for we believe it may be attributed to him) affords striking illustrations. The indifferent quality of many Indian articles is wholly to be attributed to the want of knowledge, of capital, or of the facilities necessary to the protection and success of the settler. Indigo is the production which has been most the object of attention, and has suffered least from the interference of the Company's agents. In 1784, the import from Ben-

gal was 245,000 lbs. In 1828 it was 9,683,626 lbs., an increase in amount from 80,000*l.* to more than three millions sterling. Its quality has improved as its quantity has increased; and it is now estimated at about twelve and half per cent better than that of South America. In 1814 the quantity of cotton-wool imported was 2,850,318 lbs.; in 1828, 32,339,282 lbs. Its excellence has not advanced like that of indigo; and Mr. Crawfurd gives a simple and satisfactory reason:—

'The quantity of British capital which is allowed under existing regulations to benefit the agriculture of India, is comparatively trifling; and it is more advantageously employed in producing indigo than in improving cotton. A few hundred acres of land are sufficient to invest a large capital in indigo, and a very small number of Europeans is sufficient for superintendence. Thousands of acres would not be sufficient for the same investment of cotton, and from the small number of Europeans there could be no adequate superintendence over so wide an extent of country.'—p. 25.

Of the cotton annually consumed in Britain, which amounts to nearly two hundred millions of pounds, the United States furnish nearly three fourths, and employ in the transit nearly 120,000 tons of shipping; while the whole of the inward tonnage from the East Indies, entered in the year 1828, for all the ports of Great Britain, amounts to 64,636 tons.

The imports of sugar from the East Indies were, in 1814, 4,904,368 lbs.; in 1828 they amounted to 57,885,072 lbs. This article suffers especially from the impoverished state of the Indian peasantry; the rolling, boiling, and distilling machinery is of the rudest character. The manufacture is almost wholly in the hands of the poverty-struck Ryot; with more capital, —more talent,—the East-India territories might supply the world. Tobacco has been cultivated in India from a period not distant from that of its first introduction from America. The ignorance of its Indian producers has left the commodity in the most miserable backwardness. Its value averages not a third of that of the United States; yet there is reason to know that the soil and climate of India are singularly well adapted to its [illegible] In 1827 more than thirty-three millions of pounds [illegible]d into Great Britain; of which, only 5,849 lbs. were [illegible]dia. In 1828 not a single pound was imported [illegible]offee, again, the East-India Company imported in [illegible] of the more than seven millions of pounds [illegible] East. The importation of coffee into [illegible]rly two and fifty millions of pounds, [illegible]ions and a half sterling. The con- [illegible] gone on at a rapidly increasing

rate; and in the Brazils alone, in seven years, from 1820 to 1827, the production has been raised from less than twenty to more than forty millions of pounds. Of pepper, the consumption of which, in former periods, was mainly supplied from Malabar, the parent country of the plant, and the only portion of the East-India Company's dominions which produces it,—Malabar now supplies no more than the one seventeenth part.

So much for the present position,—so much for the future prospects—of oriental commerce. And if that commerce has suffered for ages, as we have seen, in consequence of the odious and pernicious fetters which the exclusive system of England bound about it: still more has it suffered from the state of things in India—a state of things, whose object has been to sever all intimate connection between the two countries—to deny to the East the benefits of Western civilization, and to the West the re-action of oriental prosperity, by opposing the colonization of British India. The evil which has been done, and the good which has been prevented, have alike grown out of the refusal to allow Englishmen to fix their own tents, to plant their own vines, and to sit under their own fig-tree, in that country.

It has been, in other days, the boast,—the unintelligible boast—of the partisans of the East-India Company,—that we had conquered India, and had not possessed ourselves of one foot of the territory. What more than the nett rental of the soil, the Company *could* appropriate to itself, nobody has undertaken to show. The Company is the universal landlord—but a landlord with armed agents—it is an absentee of the worst character—a reckless spendthrift—leaving its tenantry in, or condemning them to, the very lowest pittance of food and clothing by which existence can be made to hang together. Desirous as we are of remedying the abuses that are inflicted in India, we question none of the rights by which the Company hold their power; howsoever the territories of India may have been acquired, the present holding of the Company must be recognized, and a consideration paid to them by the settlers for such portion of their interest as they may be disposed to cede. The first and principal object is, that an inlet should be found throughout that worse than Chinese wall with which they have surrounded their dominions; that a fair opportunity be at least given to those who desire to introduce their commercial and agricultural knowledge—that some channel be opened in India where the stream of wealth and activity may flow as it will. The political world, like the world of science, is full of inquiry; and the statesman, as well as the philosopher, is beginning to feel the irresistibleness

of the demand which urges "Fiat experimentum." Governments may argue as they will, and assume what they please, but into the crucible of reflection their sayings and their doings must be flung; and the more strenuous their opposition to inquiry, the stronger becomes the disposition and the determination to inquire; and the worse their case appears in the eye of that opinion which, after all, is the great settler of states.

This is not the occasion to explain the tenure by which land is held in India.* The question, whether the property—the fee-simple is in the hands of the government—or of the Zemindars—or of the Ryots—or neither—or in all—is a question of little comparative moment, and of much intricacy. By some machinery or other, the government has the lion's share of the spoil, and has managed to obtain from Zemindar and Ryot such a proportion of all they produce as to leave both in a state of impoverishment.† Lord Cornwallis's permanent settlement was a clear good, as far as it went—it defined, or sought to define, the

* The first chapter of the third part of Mr. Rickard's India contains very ample and valuable details on this subject.

† The author of "Reflections on the Present State of British India" gives as the average nett produce of a farm of eight and one third English acres, rent and expenses being paid, eighty-seven rupees, or £.8 7*s.* per annum; the calculation is made from Colbrooke's Tables, p. 125. Such being the situation of the land-occupying parts of the population, that of the unemployed poor who swarm in India may perhaps be estimated; but the statements made by the author are the best illustration of the facts of the case:

"On many occasions of ceremony in the families of wealthy individuals, it is customary to distribute alms to the poor; sometimes four annas (about three-pence), and rarely more than eight annas each. When such an occurrence is made known, the poor assemble in immense numbers, and the roads are covered with them from twenty to fifty miles in every direction. On their approaching the place of gift, no notice is taken of them, though half-famished and almost unable to stand, till towards the evening, when they are called into an enclosed space, and huddled together for the night in such crowds, that notwithstanding their being in the open air, it is surprising how they escape suffocation. When the individual who makes the donation perceives that all the applicants are in the enclosure (by which process he guards against the possibility of any poor wretch receiving his bounty twice), he begins to dispense his alms, either in the night or on the following morning, by taking the poor people one by one from the place of their confinement, and driving them off as soon as they have received their pittance. The number of people thus accumulated generally amounts to from twenty to fifty thousand, and from the distance they travel, and the hardships they endure for so inconsiderable a bounty, some idea may be formed of their destitute condition.

"In the interior of Bengal there is a class of inhabitants who live by catching fish in the ditches and rivulets, the men employing themselves during the whole day, and the women travelling to the nearest city, often [illegible] ance of fifteen miles to sell the produce. The rate at which these [illegible] eatures perform their daily journey is almost incredible, and the

claims of government—by fixing the permanent rate of land-tax throughout the then conquered provinces. It has been promised again and again, to extend the benefit to the territories which have been since added to our Indian empire—but the promise, often and solemnly made, has remained unperformed.

At present no Englishman can have a permanent interest in the prosperity of India; he is a foreigner not planted there, nor held by any of the ties of attachment to soil or country. He amasses wealth not to be spread and to re-produce itself there, but to be spent thousands of miles away, in the land from whence he came. Compound accumulation in India, and for India, is out of the question; all that can be abstracted is transferred as soon as possible to Great Britain, which pours out its sons to sojourn, but not to settle, in the eastern world.

The pretence that our colonizing in India would be an encroachment, and an intrusion, seems a very idle one; if colonization make the natives happier and better, it matters little by what name it is called. Enjoyment may be an intruder, though a very welcome one, and the encroachment of good upon evil deserves no reprobation. "But we shall *supplant* the natives" has been urged. Is the colonist, then, a conqueror? Not he—he comes with his purse to purchase the lands on which he settles, to unite his interests permanently with the interests of the country; his gains are to fructify there; the prosperity of the colony is his prosperity; he takes nothing but that for which he gives an equivalent, and his very success depends on his giving to the community more knowledge, activity and wealth, than it possessed before. And it is undoubted, that the provinces (Tishoot and Purneah) which are the most thickly peopled with Europeans, are the most industrious and the most prosperous in India.

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sum realised is so small as scarcely to afford them the necessaries of life. (*) In short, throughout the whole provinces the crowds of poor wretches who are destitute of the means of subsistence are beyond belief: on passing on through the country, they are seen to pick the undigested grains of food from the dung of elephants, horses, and camels, and if they can procure a little salt, large parties of them sally into the fields at night and devour the green blades of corn or rice the instant they are seen to shoot above the surface. Such, indeed, is their wretchedness, that they envy the lot of the convicts working in their chains upon the roads, and have been known to incur the danger of a criminal prosecution, in order to secure themselves from starving by the allowance made to those who are condemned to hard labour."—pp. 131, 133.

(*) This source of profit, insignificant as it is, together with that arising from ferries, did not escape the searching eye of government, and Regulation 19 of 1816, and 6 of 1819 ordained taxes upon each; these taxes, however, it has since been found expedient to repeal as unproductive.

The weakness, effeminacy and cowardice of some of the Indian tribes—the immorality, the barbarism of all, have been frequently brought forward as objections to any system of European colonization. No protection being given to the moral and corporeal infirmity of the native, he would meet with no tender mercies at the hands of the comparatively strong and virtuous colonists. He would be treated worse than a West-Indian negro. Now, the very reason why colonization is desired is, that the East Indian may be elevated to a condition somewhat superior to that of his West-Indian black brother. At present, it might be hard to say whether of the twain is the most to be envied by the other. Colonization would make the Oriental slave a free man—would give him an immediate market for his spontaneous labour. Let legislation throw round him her benevolent protection if she will—but let him—a British subject—not be denied the benefits which free intercourse with his brethren would confer. Let the terms of colonization be stipulated by justice and philanthropy—at all events let India become something better than one vast feeding-place, where foreign birds of prey congregate together to pounce upon the spoil, and having seized it, to wing themselves far away.

The many interests involved in the possession of lands in India have been frequently and loudly urged as an impediment to the settlement of strangers, and the purchase of estates, yet, if closely looked at, the difficulty vanishes. Be the freehold right, where, or what it may, to that right a pecuniary value must attach, and its amount must of course be paid by the purchaser of the fee-simple, and with the consent of the seller. The position of the Zemindar is in this perfectly analogous to the holder of the tithe of an estate in England—the interest of the Ryot is also a fit subject for calculation (and that his position would be greatly benefitted by his becoming a free labourer might easily be demonstrated), and what is not held by the native, must, we suppose, be deemed the property of the Company. Now, if the Company consented to sell their share of the whole, contingent on the purchase of portions, much embarrassment would not be the consequence, the portions belonging to Indian proprietors. And surely there are waste lands enough, without the perplexities of various claimants, and with these experiments may commence.

The revenues of the Indian government would ultimately, and to some extent, immediately be benefitted by the settlement of Europeans. They would pay for these estates—redeem the land-tax—advance public improvements [illegible] instruments and valuable agents on a thousand [illegible] [illegible] purify the

public morals—elevate the line of civilization—and, in a word, become central sources whence the stream of improvement would be poured forth. They, too, would form a nucleus of defence against foreign invasion infinitely more valuable and economical than any standing army. The story of the long endurance of the Roman sway has been long told. They amalgamated with those whom they conquered, and elevated their descendants to the same immunities themselves enjoyed. It became, after one generation had passed away, a pride and a privilege to be a member of a Roman colony.

Does the opposition to the colonization of India arise from the unwillingness of the Company to give up the prospective benefits which any increase in the value of the soil might promise them? This can only apply to the newly-conquered provinces, in which the amount of land-tax remains yet undefined. Or is it not rather to be ascribed to the apprehension that the colonist would be a dangerous and indomptable rival in the markets both of India and England—offering better prices to the Oriental cultivator than the monopolist will pay, and furnishing the markets of Europe with his commodities at a less profit than that at which the monopolist will sell?

The colonists of India should be persons of capital, of knowledge, and activity. To such, the numerous resources which the cheapness of labour—the productiveness of the soil—the high rate of interest—the low state of civilization—the indolence of the few, and the ignorance of the many, would in different ways afford encouragement and profit. There is scarcely any one department of agriculture or manufacture which would not be invigorated by the application of wealth and active intelligence. Even the means of communication, one of the most important objects for the creation and dissemination of prosperity, are inconceivably imperfect.* Every implement of husbandry is of the rudest construction, every mechanical contrivance evidence of the infancy of art. All that has been done for the prosperity of India of late may pretty distinctly be traced to the presence of Europeans—notwithstanding all the impediments to their settlement, all the clogs on their industry, the insecurity of their tenures, the jealousy of their influence, and the openly avowed hostility of the rulers of India to any thing which bears the appearance of "Colonization."

* "Universal poverty," says Mr. Colebrooke, "prevents such undertakings from motives of public spirit, and nothing is applied to such works from the revenues of the state. Remains of stupendous causeways, ruins of bridges and of magnificent stairs on the banks of rivers, not replaced by similar undertakings of a modern date, suggest melancholy reflections on the decline of the country."

The presence of English settlers in different parts of India, would in itself be a protection of the highest value to the natives in their neighbourhood, who are now helplessly and hopelessly exposed to the extortions of collectors, the injustice of magistrates, the violence of military authorities, or the petty tyranny of the servants of the police.

In a climate like that of India it is especially important to give as much permanence as possible to all plans of improvement. Premature decay seizes hold of every thing that is even temporarily abandoned, and the instability which is the great enemy of excellence is instantly developed when attention ceases to watch over the objects of its cares. Even the fruits and flowers which the taste of Europeans has introduced into particular spots, have almost without exception perished from neglect, when left by those who planted them.*

The influence growing out of the possession of land is the strongest and most lasting of political powers. If any considerable portion of the territory of India were in the hands of English colonists, it is certain that the acts of the Indian government would be constantly brought before the tribunal of English opinion. Measures which tend to impoverish the soil or to impede its increasing productiveness, now affect only the poor and helpless blacks, whose voices cannot be heard in our streets. Misrule compels silence, and calls it safety. What has good government to fear from uniting the interests of intelligent men with the interests of a whole people. By such an union its sway would be abundantly strengthened. Unfounded complaints would be speedily removed, and the gratitude which men feel towards the sources of their happiness would become a mighty instrument in the hands of benevolent authority.

With the power of holding land in India, the settler must be guaranteed against arbitrary deportation. He cannot be left at the mercy of despotic sway. If he prospers, the fruits of his prosperity must be secured to him. The restraints upon locomotion must be removed, and an Englishman must be allowed to pass from one district to another, without consulting the good pleasure or the caprice of the local authorities. The liberty of the press, and the power of meeting publicly for the discussion of matters of public interest, belong too to those securities which every Englishman will feel necessary to his protection.

Out of the system of exclusion innumerable frauds have grown. Lands have, in fact, been held by Europeans, in native

* Reflections on the Present State of India, p. 178.

names; and thus, as it always happens, regulations baneful to the public interest have been clandestinely violated. Absurd restrictions gravitate towards their own repeal; and, perhaps one of the most important benefits ever conferred upon India has grown out of an illegal attempt at settlement in Benares, on the part of a few Europeans, nearly forty years ago. There they obtained some acres of land, and were successfully cultivating the indigo plant—the resident interfered—the governor approved of his interference, and the experiment was crushed. Since then the restraints upon the cultivation of indigo have been considerably loosened, and the result has been, that there are now nearly three hundred manufactories conducted by Europeans, and that the produce, from about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in 1786, amounted, in 1828, to *twelve millions of pounds*, or nearly to £.4,000,000 sterling in value.

Of the disposition of the Indian people to receive every advance towards them with gratitude and delight, abundant evidence overflows on every side. "The greatest Zemindar in this district," says sir A. Strachey, on another occasion "though possibly a proud man, would not refuse, for the promotion of his interest, to court the friendship of the lowest dependent of an European." If we are to introduce among them a better morality and a better religion than their own, we must descend from that eminence we occupy, and break down the barriers which make us a separate people—an encampment of strangers among those who know us so little, and of whom we so little know. How can we administer to wants with which we are unacquainted, or remove diseases we have not studied?

But that the Indians would easily co-operate with British settlers, is not a proposition to be proved, but a fact to be stated. At Calcutta they are associated in a thousand ways—members of the same public bodies—acting in the same committees—partners in commercial establishments—and even worshippers in the same temple. There is no impassable barrier but that which has been created by a system of despotism, and a system of liberality would sweep it away. Look at the proceedings in relation to the very imprudent conduct of the Indian government, in determining to establish a stamp taxation in Calcutta. In the representations against this measure, the names of Hindoos and Mahommedans are blended with those of Anglo-Indians and Europeans, and they appear to have all acted together with perfect harmony and unity of purpose.*

* On this subject we cannot avoid referring to an admirable pamphlet, entitled, "An Appeal to England against the New Indian Stamp Act." It

Let it not be lost sight of, that, whether forgotten or not, a class of natives are gradually springing up in India, whose influence on that country must reckon for something hereafter. The children of European fathers by native mothers, and their descendants, are daily increasing in numbers, in intelligence, and importance. They will form hereafter the bond of union between the conquerors and the conquered; and, if properly trained, may bring about that fusion of European and Asiatic sympathies and interests, which is so needful to the well-being of both.

But in the proportion in which the natives and half-castes take an interest in public matters, will their discontent grow and spread by their exclusion from all places of trust and power. Distrust sows the seeds of disaffection, and our contempt for others is a busy gatherer of hatred for ourselves. In India, as every where else, intellectual power gradually diffuses itself in some or other portion of the community, and the question is, shall it grow up in friendliness or in hostility?

The state of the Indian army, which consists of about three hundred thousand soldiers, ought not to be forgotten. Among them only thirty thousand are Europeans, and of the rest there is not one who can enter the service except as a private, and not one who can be elevated even to the rank of an ensign. This is a state of things not very encouraging to ambition, nor very tranquillizing to discontent. "Yet this army holds in subjection one hundred and fifteen millions of people." —[*Free Trade*, &c. p. 72]. In Russia the proportion of soldiery to the whole population is as one to seventy-five. In England it is as one to two hundred and seventy-four. In India it is only one to three hundred and eighty-three, and if Europeans only are reckoned the essential and effective power which maintains our domination, they are in the proportion of one to four thousand six hundred inhabitants.

The revenues of British India for the year 1828 are estimated at £. 22,782,350, a larger amount than that received by any government in the world, Great Britain and France excepted. Of this enormous sum nearly sixteen millions and a half are raised by the land-tax, and three millions and a half by the salt and opium monopolies; the first pressing upon, or rather crushing, all hopes of agricultural improvement; the second, baneful alike to commerce and to morality. As respects the

is a masterly and convincing piece of argument, and contains a vast deal of valuable collateral matter, evidencing a thorough acquaintance with Bengal localities, and breathing throughout the spirit of wisdom and benevolence.

first, to possess the sovereignty of the soil, to abstract from it all it would yield, was the lesson taught, and the legacy left, by the barbarous Mahommedan conquerors of India. Yet that which they took from India, they spent in India. In their Moslem footsteps have we Christian followers chosen to tread. The curse they flung upon the land we have perpetuated. That which they established by fire and sword, we have sanctioned by deliberate legislation. And with the spoils of our conquests we march away. To develope the sources of wealth and prosperity, to sacrifice something in the present, in order to obtain much in the future, has been no part of our purpose. It has been a perpetual grasping at the germs of wealth, an exaction such as might be looked for from intruders who expect to be dismissed on the morrow. But bad and grinding as was the Moslem system of taxation, they brought their superior intelligence among the Hindoos—they became settlers and holders of land—they colonized—and by colonization they improved the countries they conquered.

The comparison between the value of the productions of Hindostan, and those of Great Britain are placed in so remarkable a contrast in the following passages, that we cannot do better than give it entire.

'Bengal is about the same size as Great Britain, and each contains about thirty million of cultivated acres. The revenue collected in Bengal is less than £.3,500,000, in Britain it is more than £.50,000,000. In Bengal the value of the gross produce of the land is little more than £.1 an acre, and the expense of cultivation, from the waste of labour and inefficiency of implements, averages three-fourths of the gross produce: in Britain it is £.5 an acre, and the expense of cultivation less than one third of the gross produce. So that though the gross produce of Britain exceeds that of Bengal only five-fold, its nett produce exceeds that of the latter twelve-fold. But the agricultural produce of Bengal constitutes nearly the whole of its annual creation of property; in Britain it forms but one half of the aggregate gross revenue.

'In Bengal four-fifths of the population, or twenty-four millions, are agriculturists; of the remaining six millions, the greater part are artizans, whose earnings are a mere subsistence, that is, do no more than defray the expense of production; a very few are rich bankers and merchants, the rest are petty shopkeepers, servants, &c. In Britain only one third of the population are agriculturists, more than that proportion are employed in manufactures, in which large capitals are invested, and the rest of the productive labourers are engaged, under the agency of extensive capitals, in mines, shipping, fisheries, banking, &c. In Bengal, a gross produce of £.32,000,000, divided by twenty-four millions, gives £.1 7*s*. for each individual; in Britain, a gross produce of £.150,000,000, divided by four millions, gives

£. 37 10*s.* for each individual, and £. 430,000,000, divided by seventeen millions, gives £. 25 5*s.* for each individual. In the West Indies, the yearly value of the produce exported, exclusive of what is consumed by the inhabitants themselves, is £. 13 18*s.* 6*d.* per head, for man, woman, and child, black and white.'—pp. 212—214.

The cost of collecting the revenues in India appears to be enormous; and the burthens on the people are of course increased in proportion. Of the salt-tax, one of the most oppressive, and which has been estimated at fifty per cent on the wholesale price of the article, nearly thirty per cent is spent in the collection; while the whole of the machinery for gathering in the different imposts is very needlessly oppressive and uneconomical.

Amidst the evils, the removal of which is of the most crying urgency, the state of the law in India occupies a primary place. Delay, and often denial, of justice—expense at its maximum—vexation unchecked and unbounded—form the almost omnipresent elements in the field of Indian judicature. A code of laws and a simplified system of law-proceedings, are of peremptory necessity for the tolerable government of the country; and would, in themselves alone, be so vast a blessing as even to weigh down a thousand political evils. Whatever the difficulties of legal reform in England, they are comparatively trifling in India, where the influence of lawyers, great though it be, is not omnipotent, and where the people are exceedingly disposed to look upon the determinations of government with the greatest deference. A beneficial change in the administration of justice affects no superstitions—no religious opinions—it is a boon of unqualified and undoubted benefit, compromising no interests, but the selfish interests of the few, and giving to the many the most important of public blessings.

A property code, were it merely a declaratory one, an introduction of the natives into the earliest stages of judicial administration, the abolition of the fee-gathering system by the substitution of fixed salaries, a riddance of the useless forms and redundant phraseology of the English system, are meliorations, each of consummate importance and urgency.

Nor can the inattention of the government to the education of the people* be passed over without animadversion. We are still strangers in a strange land. Possessing a thousand benefits from civilization, we have chosen to transfer none of them

* There is an annual grant of 10,000*l.* provided for by the charter of 1813, to be set apart for the encouragement of literature, &c., which gives according to the present population of India, about a farthing per annum, to be divided among every forty inhabitants.

to those among whom we dwell. We have been proclaiming that our rule is founded on their debasement; or, in other words, that it will not abide the test which the better instruction of the natives would apply to it. The dangers of knowledge have been trumpeted forth by those who assume that *they* only know what is fit for the Indian people. The fallacies and the fears which have sought to retard 'the march of mind' in Europe, are reproduced, and with greater mischievousness in Asia. In this part of the world, an infusion of intelligence often possesses the administration; and when that is not the case, there is a great popular power which effects its purposes whenever it chooses to put forth its strength. In India, there is neither the one nor the other, and the stale sophism is for ever repeated. "The people are not ripe for improvement, because they are so degraded;" and again, "They are so degraded because they are not ripe for improvement." In this mist of vain subterfuge, is it supposed the question of the moral advancement of scores of millions can be for ever kept out of sight?

To the thoughtful Christian, the state of India, governed as it is, and prostrate as it is under horrible and sanguinary superstitions, cannot but be a subject of pre-eminent interest. Is it not a national shame and stigma, that after so long a dominion there, the most diabolical observances exist—nay, flourish—nay, are made sources of revenue to us, the British rulers of India? Sanctioned by us, and by us protected, the car of Juggernaut rolls over the mangled dismemberments of humanity; reared by us, and by us protected, the pile is built and the flames ascend of human sacrifice. Can this continue? The advocates of the Company are disposed to revel in the thought that it has "opposed" and "discouraged" conversions. Sir John Malcolm desires that the clergy should be "*prohibited*" from attempting to Christianise the Indian population. Yet he deems it not amiss that *we* should repair the Idol's temple, and decorate his bloody car.

Of the intellectual qualities of most of the late advocates of the East-India Company, a very indifferent opinion will, we think, be formed by those who look through their productions with an unprejudiced temper. Sir John Malcolm has been usually put forward as an invaluable authority, and yet he, absurdly enough, indeed, says, that 'had we to establish an administration for British India, the man would justly be deemed insane who should propose the present system;'* and

* There is a letter of the directors dated April 12, 1815, to Madras, of which a passage is an admirable illustration of sir John's notions.

then he goes on with exquisite complacency to show that this insane system *has* produced "the result of success and prosperity." Sir John has, on different occasions, shifted his ground; an advocate for colonization to-day, an enemy to-morrow; now insisting that it is necessary to diminish, and anon, that it is all-important to increase the powers of the court of directors; his first notion quarrelling with his second, and the sir John of 1826 demolishing the sir John of 1811, sporting with "forked counsel," and tossing his perplexed auditory from one dilemma to another.

Whether India shall be ruled hereafter by the East-India Company, or by the government which directs the concerns of the rest of the empire, is really a secondary consideration. That our Eastern dominions shall be ruled *differently* in the time to come, we trust public opinion will have the virtue to demand, and the power to enforce. That which is the bane of India cannot be the blessing of Britain.

It is, however, obvious to us, that the East-India Company cannot be at the same time successful traders, and virtuous rulers. They must abandon either their commerce or their sovereignty. Their commerce is pernicious even to themselves, and its spontaneous abandonment would do the Company honour. Opinion is roused on the subject of India, and the resistance of the Company to the claims of the British people may finally overwhelm the privileged merchant and the princely master. And then they must give to their often-repeated desires to meliorate the condition of the unhappy East Indians, an efficiency stronger than that of "wasted words." They must unloose the tongues of those who are best able to judge them; and they must break down that mysterious and mischievous barrier which they have erected between India and England.

During the progress of this article through the press, the agreeable intelligence has arrived, that lord William Bentinck has laid the foundation-stone of a system of colonization by extending the facilities by which Europeans were allowed to hold lands for the cultivation of coffee, to indigo, and other agricultural projects. Information has not reached us, by which

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'The true defence of our system of taxation is not that it is preferable to any other (meaning that it is not to be upheld because it is a good one), when judged according to the generally received principles of political economy (meaning that it is not to be supported because it is a wise one), nor even that it has been continued because we found it established (meaning that it is not to be advocated because it is an *old* one)—but (what a confession! how fit for the Old Bailey!) we found it *impracticable* to raise the same sum in a less objectionable way.'—*Colonial Policy*, ii. p. 107.

to ascertain how far this important concession will lead to the recognition of the general principle. It is to be hoped the governor-general's purposes will not be thwarted at home. At all events, India has at no time had prospects of prosperity so bright as those which are now dawning upon her.

ART. V.—1. *Römische Geschichte* von B. G. Niebuhr. 2 Theile. Berlin. 1811.

2. *The Roman History.* By G. B. [B. G.] Niebuhr. Translated from the German, by F. A. Walter, Esq. F. R. S. L. 2 vols. London. 1827.

3. *The History of Rome.* By B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius Charles Hare, M. A. and Connop Thirlwall, M. A. Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. London. 1828. [From the Second Edition of the German.]

4. *Römische Geschichte* von B. G. Niebuhr. Erster Theil. dritte, vermehrte und verbesserte, Ausgabe. Berlin. 1828.

5. *A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome from the Charges of the Quarterly Review.* By Julius Charles Hare, M. A. London. 1829.

THE indifference which till lately prevailed in this country respecting German literature could not have been more strongly marked, than by the circumstance that this work of Niebuhr's had been published fifteen years, and from the first had impressed its readers with the conviction, that it was destined to accomplish a complete revolution in our Roman history, and yet had scarcely been heard of in England. It is also a proof of the little interest which even our scholars have taken in the investigation of the earlier periods of ancient history, for these volumes must have produced a consciousness of the want of better light than our own historical literature could afford, and have led them to Germany in search of it. The truth is, that though England long stood wholly unrivalled in the department of modern history, we have never seized the true spirit of antiquity; our historians have been in general men of moderate philological attainments, who, instead of reproducing the living picture of ancient times by habitual acquaintance with the whole range of their literature, have been content to compose their history by combining or occasionally contrasting the narratives of the Greek and Latin writers themselves. If our ancient histories are from this cause unsatisfactory, even when treating of periods which from the fulness and precision of their evidence most closely resemble modern times, they can still less satisfy the demands of a philo-

sophical inquirer, when he reaches those obscure and mythic ages, in which states received their form, and nations their character, but whose true history can never be elicited by those processes which we apply to the narratives of later times. We do not believe that there is a single work in our language, from which any idea can be obtained of the real relation between mythology and history. Those who aim at being popular and practical, and who must have every where definite and tangible results, drive off the volatile parts of poetry and supernatural agency from ancient fable, and present the vapid residuum as history; while men of deeper research sublime every thing into religious mystery and dogma. The consequence has been a conviction in the minds of many, that all attempts at extracting facts from these fables must be useless, and that they should be abandoned again to the poets who created them. Yet the gloom which hangs over the mythic times is not an Egyptian darkness; it is a twilight, in which the eye, though it seem to have lost its power of vision, if suddenly transported to it from the brightness of day, soon learns to distinguish the forms and larger outlines of things, even if their colour be undefined and their minuter parts be undiscernible. The Roman History of Niebuhr appears with disadvantage before a public, to whom those inquiries are entirely unknown which he presupposes as familiar to his German readers. The transition is too sudden to be easy; those who have hitherto been in the habit of implicit faith, cannot exchange it at once for a rational scepticism; others are alarmed at the inroads which he has made into the domain of long-established opinion; and even those who are desirous to appreciate, and disposed to welcome, his discoveries, find themselves unable at once to clear the gulph which separates his history from every thing which has hitherto been called by that name. Exhibiting the highest results and boldest flights of that spirit of free research into antiquity, which has been at work for many years in Germany, it finds here readers to whom its previous advances are unknown; and the effect is much the same as if by some strange chance the "Mécanique Céleste" had come into our hands before we knew anything of the modern refinements of algebraical calculation.

The manner in which Niebuhr has treated his subject is not calculated to lessen the difficulties of his readers. "Il est à regretter," said his countryman, M. Schoell [*Lit. Rom.* i. 9], "que cet auteur ne compte pas la clarté parmi les devoirs qu'un écrivain doit s'imposer." This was said of the first edition, the obscurity of which Niebuhr himself acknowle[illegible] [illegible]me

measure explains in the preface to the second, from the hasty composition of his volumes, and the indistinctness of his own views on many points at that time. The second edition is in truth a new work, yet the changes in its leading doctrines are less important than is generally supposed. In the third, which has only lately reached this country, he has removed some of the obscurities which had been complained of, and considerably increased the number of illustrative notes. Still some degree of obscurity, and even repulsiveness, is inseparable from his purpose of writing a *critical* history. This leads him perpetually to interweave his narrative with discussions respecting the value of his authorities and collateral points of geography and chronology, so that the reader finds it difficult to connect the interrupted historical threads. Occasionally we are left to collect from scattered hints, what might and should have been distinctly stated. The relation of the equestrian body to the state, under the kings, is an example of this defect, in a case where clearness was the more important, because the reader is so apt to carry back his ideas of an equestrian order from later times.

Whether, when time has been given for the full examination of the new opinions which this volume contains, they will all pass into the rank of historical truths, is a question of comparatively little importance; he who gives a new impulse to the minds of contemporaries renders a service to mankind, which is not to be estimated merely by the amount of positive knowledge which he brings to light. Niebuhr possesses every quality necessary for giving such an impulse, inviting many into the way which he has opened, and even pointing their path to regions of truth which he himself may not attain. He unites to great sagacity an immense erudition, whose stores are ever ready at his command; every thing in antiquity is familiar to him, its by-ways as well as its high-roads; modern history as well as ancient; his attainments as a philologer are attested by many just restorations of classical authors in this volume, and he has studied them not only in the printed texts, but in the MSS., from which alone the art of emendation can be derived. He has seen too, and deeply studied the localities of Roman story, the monuments and geography of the city, and of Italy. The knowledge derived from these various sources is brought with astonishing readiness to bear on every point of his subject, and gives him a quickness in discerning its relations which seems intuitive; the old ground-plan of the constitution is traced amidst the perplexities of later constructions, and the stone which is needed to complete the restoration is drawn forth

from what seemed to be a heap of undistinguishable fragments. The moral features of his character are not less strongly stamped on his work; no one can read it and doubt his ardent love of truth, and of the freedom which is essential to good government; if the expression of his feelings sometimes passes the limits of that philosophical calmness which certainly best befits the historian, it is evidently the excess of a benevolent temper, far more easily forgiven than the cold-blooded indifference which relates the struggles of a nation for liberty and happiness, without being warmed to a single sentiment of sympathy or congratulation.

The translation of Mr. Walter was undertaken at a time when the author's intention of republishing his book was unknown in this country; he has sometimes mistaken Niebuhr's meaning, but perhaps we owe to him the accelerated appearance of the second edition. The Cambridge translators have enjoyed the advantage of communication with the author, which has enabled them to exhibit his meaning clearly, even where the original is obscure. One of them has been called to an office of piety, in defending the character of his friend against a gossiping hearsay charge of political versatility brought by Dr. Granville in his Journey to St. Petersburg, and a more malignant accusation of irreligion by the Quarterly Reviewer of that work. It was in an evil hour that the Reviewer applied to him the terms of a "pert dull scoffer," because he did not receive as historical some statements in the book of Genesis; and he has probably learnt from the castigation he has received, that even the pleasure of calumniating a man, because his religious faith is different, may sometimes be bought too dear. We could quote with pleasure many passages of Mr. Hare's eloquent and powerful vindication, but foresee that the analysis of Niebuhr's own work will fully occupy our allotted space.

I. Nearly half of this volume is occupied with the history of the nations of Italy before the rise of Rome. This, if we except the colonies of the Greeks in the south, has scarcely ever been viewed in that close connexion with the history of Rome itself, in which it certainly ought to be considered. It must be allowed to be very difficult to extract a consistent and probable account of them from the imperfect and contradictory statements of the Greeks and Latins, and as their own literature has perished, and their monuments are undeciphered, they cannot be heard in their own person. Yet it is worth while to endeavour to collect and combine the scattered notices, not only because we may thus enlarge the horizon of history, though its extreme verge will always remain misty and

obscure; but because we can never comprehend the rise and growth of Rome herself, without a knowledge of the nations among and from which she sprung. We usually consider Roman history as the commencement of a distinct series of events, having no discoverable relation to the state of society which preceded it, and are either content to form no opinion of the circumstances which produced and modified its institutions, or acquiesce in the easy but unphilosophical solution, which refers them to the enactments of some single legislator. Yet much in the manners and the laws of Rome was not exclusively Roman, but old Italic; the history of Rome itself is composed of fragments like that of its neighbours, but it sometimes happens that one is entire where the other is defective, and in doubtful cases an argument from analogy may turn the scale. Livy, impatient of the labour of antiquarian research, and eager to reach a period which his eloquence might adorn, has passed over every thing which preceded the foundation of the city; but there were Roman authors who had made the antiquities of Italy their study. Cato the Censor wrote at a time when the native tribes, which had been subdued by Rome, had not yet been so incorporated in her dominions as to lose their language, their manners, their local traditions and their peculiar annals. He lived, too, before the wars occasioned by the efforts of these nations to obtain equality in political rights with the citizens of Rome, and before the desolating conflicts of Sylla and Marius, which not only obliterated ancient traditions by changing or exterminating the population, but must have been accompanied with a great destruction of monuments and writings. His *Origines* are unfortunately lost, but they are quoted by writers still extant, and copied probably by others without distinct acknowledgment. The works of Varro, who obtained the title of the most learned of the Romans more from the extent than the soundness of his erudition, are of much less value for Italian antiquities than those of Cato. The Greek historians of Sicily and Magna Græcia, Antiochus, Timæus, and Philistus, were naturally led to speak of the ancient population and history of Italy; and though their works too have perished, many statements in existing authors are either expressly referred to them, or may be reasonably presumed to have been derived from them. It was fortunate that when Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote his Roman Antiquities, he undertook to prove to the Greeks that the Romans were not, as they supposed, an assemblage of men *βαρβάρων καὶ δραπετῶν καὶ ἀνεστίων*, but of ancient and even of Greek lineage, for though this purpose has evidently influenced his reasonings, and perhaps his narrative,

without it we should probably never have had the important information on Italian antiquities which is contained in his First Book.

The name of ITALY, instead of describing originally the country,

'Ch' Apennin parte, il mar circonda e l' Alpe,'

was confined to the peninsula which forms the southernmost extremity of Calabria. In the days of Antiochus of Syracuse, the contemporary of Herodotus, it extended no further than to the river Laos on the western coast, and Metapontum in the Tarentine Gulph, Tarentum itself lying beyond it and in Iapygia; and this is agreeable to the usage of Thucydides. It is true, that in the Seventh of the Epistles which pass under the name of Plato, Archytas of Tarentum is described as being of *Italy*, but Niebuhr justly infers from this the spuriousness of the epistle itself, the work of a sophist, who, however, has performed his task with more dexterity than most of his brethren, to whom we owe the epistles of Phalaris, Demosthenes, Euripides, and others. The name gradually extended itself; in the age of Aristotle it probably reached to the southern limits of Latium; in the middle of the third century before Christ, to the mouth of the Tiber; the Romans as they became masters of the whole needed a general name for it; and Polybius, about 140 B. C., uses it in nearly its widest extent, as reaching to the Alps. From the time of the Triumvirate this became its usual acceptation. Niebuhr [p. 17] has observed the singular circumstance, that towards the end of the Roman empire, when Maximian had removed the imperial residence to Milan, the name of Italy, which had begun in the south, was confined to the north, and included the country which afterwards formed the kingdom of Lombardy. We think traces of this limitation can be discerned much earlier. When this country ceased to be *Gallia Cisalpina*, it acquired no other name than the general one of Italy, and as the southern districts had each their appropriate designation, the general name was attached in a peculiar sense to the north. The expression of Pliny the Younger, [*Ep.* i. 14,] "Patria est ei Brixia, ex illa nostra Italia, quæ multum adhuc verecundiæ retinet," may not be decisive; but there can be no doubt that when Tacitus says [*Hist.* iii. 30], a great part of Italy, "magna pars Italiæ," was assembled at the fair of Cremona [compare c. 34, consensus Italiæ], he means only of the north of Italy; and when in the history of the same war he says that the defeated troops of Otho were dispersed through Italy [i. 66], and that the theatre of Placentia was the largest in Italy [ii. 21], he

must be understood in the same limited sense. We may remark, in passing, that in this use of the word, theologians may find the true cause of the application of *Itala,* to the old Latin version of the Bible, in a well known passage of Augustine, [*Doctr. Christ.* ii. 16.] The MSS. of this version have been chiefly brought from the north of Italy, Verona, Vercellæ, Brixia, Friuli; and Augustine, who had been a teacher of rhetoric at Milan in his younger days, must have been familiar with this usage of the word *Italia.* That the oldest version of the Scriptures should have been in this sense Italian, rather than Roman or Latin, will not appear surprising, if we consider how generally Greek was understood in the capital, and southern provinces. The name thus extended from Calabria to the Alps was probably Greek, as it is in Greek authors that we have traced its progress; and its adoption by the natives themselves was the consequence of the want of any general name of their own, and of the ascendancy of Greek letters and civilization. *Viteliu* on the Samnite denarius, struck in the Social War, is probably the same word as Niebuhr, after Micali, observes [p. 17]; but it certainly cannot have been indigenous in the centre of Italy, and was adopted as a symbol of the purpose of the confederates to make their country Italian instead of Roman. Niebuhr conjectures that Vitellius, the son of Faunus, and the goddess Vitellia, mentioned by Suetonius, have a connexion with this form of the name of Italia; it is remarkable, however, that Vitellia, as the name of a colony, and the family name of Vitellius, occur very early in the Roman history [*Liv.* ii. 4, 29, v. 39], certainly long before we can suppose that the name of Italy was known in any form so far to the north.

The Greeks considered Ἰταλία as a Greek word; for they endeavoured to assign a Greek etymology for it, and by so doing have brought on themselves a severe reprehension from Niebuhr. "Names of countries," he observes, "were always formed in antiquity, as by the Germans afterward, from the name of the people, and Italia means nothing else than the land of the Itali. Nor is it to be explained, except from that unspeakable spirit of absurdity which always came over even the most sagacious Greeks and Romans the moment they meddled with etymology, how any one could stumble on the notion of interpreting that name immediately out of itself, because in the Tyrrhenian or the ancient Greek, *italos* or *itulos* meant an ox. The mythologers connected this with the story of Hercules driving Geryon's herd through the country; Timæus, in whose days such things were no longer thought satisfactory, saw an allusion to the abundance of cattle in Italy."

[*Hare* and *Thirlwall*, p. 18.] If nations were known in history, only by the names by which they called themselves, the probability would certainly be in all cases that, as the people must exist before they could have a common country, their name must also precede its name; but in regard to names given them subsequently to their origin, by themselves or others, the order may very well have been inverted. The Highlands were not called from the Highlanders; nor Messenia from its being the country of the Messenians, but from the position of its valley, *midway* between the mountain ranges of Tænarus and Acritus; and we see no absurdity in supposing that Πευκετία may have been named from its pine forests, Οἰνωτρία from its vineyards, and Ἰταλία from its herds of oxen. Why may that not have happened in the Old World, which has happened to Florida and Brazil in the New? The name Œnotria seems to have included the original district of Italy, and to have extended still higher up the western coast, as Herodotus [i. 167] places Velia in Œnotria. For the coast to the north of Œnotria, the Greeks, till the Macedonian times, appear to have had no name but Opica, as Thucydides places Cuma in Opica [vi. 4], and Aristotle calls Latium a district in Opica. The Ausones, of whom Antiochus and Aristotle speak as the same with the Opici (that is, probably, as being a part of this nation), are supposed with great probability by Niebuhr [p. 56], to be the same with the Aurunci; indeed Dion Cassius and Servius assert this, and a mythical personage, Auson, was called the founder of the city Suessa Aurunca. The Ausones lived between the Vulturnus and the Liris. To the north of Opica was Tyrrhenia on the western side, extending to the country of the Ligures; on the eastern Umbrica, which appears to have been the most northern region of Italy, for which Herodotus [iv. 49] knew any name, and which the early geography of the Greeks [*Niebuhr*, p. 120] extended to the south as far as Mount Garganus. The Eneti Herodotus probably reckoned as belonging to Illyria [v. 9]. From Garganus to the south-eastern promontory of Italy was called by the Greeks Iapygia. They knew little except of the coast, and it is from other sources that we must ascertain how the interior was occupied.

The large mixture of Greek in the Latin language, and the use of a character very nearly resembling the ancient Greek, in the monuments of all the Italian nations; the close conformity of the Italian with the Greek theology, notwithstanding many points of difference; and the trad[illegible] of colonies from Greece, which we meet with every [illegible] an-

intercourse between the two countries, long before the time when Magna Græcia was colonized, and quite independent of the influence of Greek literature. To ascertain the time and manner in which this intercourse took place is the great problem of the early history of Italy. Niebuhr's inquiries into this subject in the first edition of his work were rendered obscure and indefinite by his having adopted the opinion of a great and essential difference between the Pelasgi and the Hellenes. He thus expresses himself [vol. i. p. 36, of Mr. Walter's translation]—"We must rest satisfied with the impossibility of determining with certainty what nation were the Pelasgi; how distinguished from the Greeks; whether those who are mentioned as in different places belonged to one stock. Every notice of this people in the brightest as well as in the darkest periods of history, remains to us an enigma, the satisfactory solution of which will be the most absolutely despaired of by him who has most studiously laboured at its investigation. This is not the place for a diffusive essay; meantime we may take it as proved, that the Pelasgi differed from the Greeks in language; that the earliest inhabitants of Thessaly and the Peloponnesus were of their stock, and that many Pelasgian, as well as Arcadian and Attic nations had transformed themselves into Grecian." Thus Niebuhr wrote in 1811; whether the researches of others or his own have furnished him with those clearer views which characterize his second edition, we have no means of ascertaining, for he rarely notices the labours of contemporaries; but in this country we believe the *Horæ Pelasgicæ* of bishop Marsh have convinced all who have attended to the subject that the difference between the Pelasgi and Hellenes (the word *Greek* should never be used in this discussion) was only that of the same people in a more barbarous and a more civilized condition, and that the Hellenes were only a tribe of the Pelasgi, who having refined their speech, and extended their colonies over the country which the Pelasgi had previously occupied, ended by absorbing both the people and their name. This is the only key to early Greek and Italic history, and Niebuhr adopts this opinion; for though he still speaks of Pelasgi and Hellenes as distinct nations, yet, as he explains every thing by their identity, and nothing by their difference, he virtually considers them as the same.

That the Itali and Oenotri were the same people, is evident from the genealogy which Dionysius has given from Antiochus [i. 12], which makes Italus a king of the Oenotri; that they and the Peucetii were Pelasgians, is deducible from their being all represented as deriving their origin from Pelasgus king of Arca-

dia [*Dion.* i. 13], and Niebuhr confirms it by a circumstance mentioned by Conon, that the Italiotæ, i. e. the Greeks of Magna Græcia, used the Pelasgi for slaves. [Steph. Byz. Χίος.] It is, possible, indeed that they might have been brought from the opposite coast of Epirus, but as the Helots and Penestæ are mentioned in the same passage, it is probable, that like them the Pelasgi were not imported slaves, but natives reduced into servitude. If so, the Oenotri must have been Pelasgians. The Siceli are supposed by Niebuhr to be the same people with the Itali, and the names to be radically one; "as Σέλλος and Ἕλλην [Aristot. *Meteor.* i. 14] would be Vitalus and Sitalus, τ and κ are interchanged, as in Latinus and Lakinius." [*Note*, p. 38.] The analogy is not perfect, as Ἕλλην is not digammated. We do not deny, that among the Proteus forms of the digamma it sometimes becomes a sibilant: on the Heraclean tablet we have not only Ϝεικατι *viginti* but Ϝεξ *sex;* yet this is the rarest of all its transformations, and Italus has not even the aspirate to help the transition into Sitalus. The proof of the Pelasgian origin of the Siceli does not, however, rest on this doubtful etymology. Could we rely upon the Siculian words contained in the Greek glossarists, as being really used by the ancient Siceli, the question would be speedily settled. Niebuhr intimates that they have been corrupted in transcription, [*note*, p. 23] but a glance at those which are given by Hesychius, under the first letter of the alphabet, is sufficient to show that they have undergone no material corruption, and that their extraction is completely Greek.* The very closeness of the resemblance indeed excites the suspicion that the lexicographer has confounded the ancient Siceli with the Siceliotæ, the Greek colonists of Sicily, and this suspicion is turned into certainty, when we find him attributing to the Siceli a proverbial expression (μοῖτον ἔντιμον) which Varro [*L. Lat.* iv. p. 49] quotes as used by Sophron. The Sicilian Greeks, then, are the Σικελοὶ of the glossarists. There is, however, a decisive evidence that the Siceli spoke a language radically Greek, long before their speech could be influenced by the Greek colonists. Thucydides says, that the Siceli, whom he clearly distinguishes from the Cuman settlers [vi. 4,] gave the name of Ζάγκλη to what was afterwards Messina, adding ὄνομα δὲ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον Ζάγκλη ἦν ὑπὸ τῶν Σικελῶν κληθεῖσα, ὅτι δρεπανοειδὲς τὸ χωρίον εστι. Τὸ δὲ δρέπανον οἱ Σικελοὶ ξάγκλον καλοῦσιν. The original form was ΔΑΝΚΛΕ, as may be seen on medals [see *Rasche* vi. 1218, and *Eckhel*, D. N. Vet. T. i. p. 219,] and the

* Ἄδρυκ. ἄξετον. ἀκιρσίλας. ἄλιε ἀρβίτη. ἀτταλίξομαι.

word is derived from the intensive δα * and ἀγκλός an old form for ἀγκύλος [*Hes.* ἀγκλόν. σκολιόν.] The Greeks applied the name of δρέπανον (sickle) to headlands of curved shape, and the form of the point of land on which the Faro of Messina stands attests even now the propriety of the name given to it a thousand years before the Christian æra. Thucydides calls Italus a king of the Siceli, but whether this or Niebuhr's etymology of the name, prove the identity of the people, the more important fact is clear, that the language of the Siceli was old Greek. Proceeding to the northward, Niebuhr finds traces of the Pelasgi in the old Greek formation of the names of many inland towns, as Acherontia, Telesia, Grumentum and Maleventum (afterwards Beneventum) on the confines of Samnium. These nouns in-*entum*, have evidently been formed by the same analogy by which the Greek Τάρας produced Tarentum and Ἀκράγας, Agrigentum. From Spina on the Adriatic, near the mouth of the Po, to Cære or Agylla, within a few miles of Rome, we find traces or traditions of Pelasgian origin; the Tyrrhenians who preceded the Etruscans, and have often been confounded with them, were Pelasgians; the Siceli, before they occupied Sicily, had dwelt in Latium; the kingdom of Turnus, in whose name Niebuhr recognises Turrenus, extended according to Virgil to Ardea; further down Antium, Circeii and Terracina, betray a Pelasgic origin in their names or the traditions of their foundation; and in the inland country was a town named Larissa, one of the most characteristic marks of a Pelasgian settlement. Herculaneum and Pompeii are said by Strabo to be of Pelasgian or Tyrrhenian foundation; Capreæ was inhabited by the Teleboæ, who traced their descent from the Lycaonidæ of Arcadia; and the Sarrastæ near the Sarnus, called by Conon "Pelasgians from Peloponnesus," prolong the chain of their settlements, till we meet again the Oenotrians already identified with them. On the coast of Italy, opposite to Greece, we find traditions of the Pelasgi from the Po to the Aternus: Pliny says, that the Siceli occupied originally the country in which the Senones afterwards settled, and Silius Italicus describes Picenum as, "tellus ante possessa Pelasgis." The coast of Picenum was also occupied by Liburnians; but even these on both sides of the Adriatic, Niebuhr is disposed to consider as Pelasgians. He thus sums up his researches respecting this people.

'It is not as a hypothesis, but with full historical conviction, that I

* It is altogether a false etymology which deduces this δα or ξα from διά, it is the same word as the particles δή and δέ, which in different degrees are both emphatic.

say, there was a time when the Pelasgians, then perhaps the most widely-spread people in Europe, dwelt from the Po and the Arno to the Rhyndacus; only the continuous line of their possessions was broken in Thrace, so that the northern islands of the Ægean kept up the chain between the Tyrrhenians of Asia and the Pelasgian Argos.

'But when the genealogists and Hellanicus wrote, all that remained of this immense race were solitary, detached, widely-scattered relics; such as those of the Celtic tribes in Spain; like mountain-peaks towering as islands where floods have turned the lowlands into a sea. Like those Celts, they were conceived to be, not fragments of a great people, but settlements formed by colonization or emigration, after the manner of the Grecian which lay equally scattered. When this was once assumed as necessary,—and so soon as the vast original magnitude and extent of the nation were lost sight of, this supposition naturally suggested itself—it seemed to be at least a hypothesis grounded on all the circumstances and consistent with all the relations of the case, that the Tyrrhenians at Cortona had come from Spina at the mouth of the Po: yet the account of Hellanicus does not for this contain anything historical, any more than those which describe the pretended expeditions of Odin and the Asæ from the Tanais into Scandinavia.

'Pherecydes had not the same grounds which justified Hellanicus in the case of the insulated Pelasgians at Spina and Cortona, for assuming an emigration from Hellas in the case of the Oenotrians and Peucetians, to whom he should also have added the Siceli of the island. The latter conclusion was dictated by the fallacy, which is still so general, that tribes of a common stock must have sprung genealogically by ever-widening ramifications from a single root. This fallacy escaped detection among the ancients, perhaps because they admitted many races of men originally different. They who do not recognize such a plurality, but ascend to a single pair of ancestors, betray that they have no idea of languages and their modifications, unless they cling to the miracle of a confusion of tongues. [The admission of such miracles offends not against reason; for since the ruins of a former world visibly show that a different order of life existed before the present, it is conceivable that this may on the whole continue since its beginning, and yet once have undergone an essential change. He offends against reason who distorts the laws of experience, falsely to maintain that as conceivable, which directly contradicts these laws. *Added in 3rd Edition.*] But if we acknowledge that the origin of things in all cases lies beyond the sphere of our notions, which comprehend only developement and progress, if we confine ourselves to going back step by step in the range of history, we shall frequently find tribes of one race, that is, identified by peculiarities of character and language, on opposite coasts, as for instance the Pelasgians in Greece, Epirus, and the south of Italy, without any necessity for assuming one of these separate regions to have been the original home whence a part emigrated to the other. In like manner we find Iberians on the islands of the Mediterranean; Celts in Gaul and Britain. This is analogous to the geography of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the great

circles of which are separated by mountains, and enclose narrow seas.' —Vol. i. p. 43, 44.*

These reasons hardly seem sufficient for setting aside the common opinion, that the Pelasgians on the western shore of the Adriatic were colonists of those on the east. Tradition, on this subject, is strong, uniform and consistent: if the Pelasgi of Attica are represented as migrating from Italy, the exception confirms the rule, for they are expressly said to have been fugitives; and though we may reasonably deny historical credit to the details of the several migrations, we cannot so summarily reject the general fact, supported as it is by the circumstance, that the progress of civilization and of population, where it can be ascertained, has been from east to west. The Pelasgi are evidently older in Greece than in Italy; there was not even a tradition of an elder people who occupied Greece; whereas in Italy, they always appear as emigrants and colonists, a difference unaccountable, if they were alike indigenous in both. The remarks of Niebuhr, therefore, conclusive against those who would explain how the Pelasgi came into Greece, and trace them to Caucasus, Persia or Hindostan,† do not apply to the question of their priority in Greece or Italy.

It is a strong confirmation of the common opinion, that we find the most numerous traces of a Pelasgic population, *on both sides of Italy,* on the sea coast; while the ridges of the Apennines, and the country around them were occupied by tribes of a different affinity. The Opici, or Osci, and the Umbri, were the principal of these. The Osci must have been very closely allied, at least with the Samnites, since we learn from Livy [*Niebuhr,* p. 54,] that men acquainted with the Oscan language were employed as scouts in operations against the Samnites. The language was spread, with many dialectic varieties, over the south of Italy as far as to Bruttii and Messapia; there are considerable remains of it in inscriptions, and in the works of the

* "The author of a remark by which prejudices are irritated, must guard it against misconstructions. I am far from meaning to assert, that those extensive seats of the Pelasgians were their original country from the beginning of the human race: however high we may rise toward that epoch, still the annals of the Egyptians and Babylonians would fill up but a small part of the inscrutable period during which nations must have been in no less active collision than in after-times. I only protest against the application of an utterly ungrounded supposition."

† We speak only of the Pelasgi as a nation; for the affinity of their language with the Persic and Sanscrit is obvious and certain; but who can divine the means by which this affinity has been produced? To those who, disregarding distance and time, infer identity of nations from similarity of language, we recommend the remarks of Niebuhr, p. 45.

Latin grammarians, and it is evident, according to Niebuhr, that the Latin has derived from the Oscan that part of it which is not Greek.* Its close affinity to the Latin explains the custom which prevailed, of representing plays in the Oscan language, for the amusement of the people of Rome. The Osci or Opici, possessed themselves of Campania, and hence the Greeks gave their name to this part of Italy, Aristotle even including Latium in it; the Romans retained the name of the language, but the districts in which it was spoken acquired other names. In regard to the Etruscans, who are commonly said to have founded in Campania a sort of minor Etruria, with a confederation of twelve cities, Niebuhr supposes, that historians have confounded the early dominion of the Tyrrhene Pelasgians with the later establishment of the proper Etruscans; and he endeavours to reconcile the widely-different dates of the foundation of Capua, by the hypothesis, that towards the end of the third century of Rome, when Etruria was in her greatest strength, and Rome most depressed, an Etrurian colony may have established itself in the Oscan or Pelasgian city of Capua, and this second foundation have been confounded with the first. That the Tuscan dominion was both brief and of less extent than is commonly supposed, he infers from the fact, that all the inscriptions and all the works of art, are, without exception, Oscan. In the note [218†] on this chapter in the third edition, he enters into some very curious details respecting the variety of forms of national names which the old Latin language possessed, not accompanied by any variation of meaning. Some of these, as the form in-*ulus*, acquired afterwards a peculiar modification, which did not originally belong to them. The fact is very important for the history of language. It shows that terminations were not devised from the first, to express that shade of meaning to which they were afterwards appropriated, but that, from an abundance of forms not originally discriminated, perhaps dialectic varieties, one has been set apart for one purpose, and another for another, till at length a law of usage has been established, which has been mistaken for a primitive analogy of language.

The original home of the SABINE people was placed by Cato near Amiternum, in the highest Apennines of the Abruzzi,

* In his second edition, Niebuhr announces his intention of collecting the remains of this language and publishing them in an appendix; from a note to the third edition, it appears that this task has been undertaken by professor Klenze.

† The note, 269, of the second edition contains some shorter remarks on the same subject.

whence issuing long before the Trojan war, and expelling in one quarter the Aborigines, in another the Umbrians, they took possession of the territory which has since borne their name. It was a religious usage of the ancient Italians in times of public distress, to vow a *sacred spring*, that is all the creatures born in the spring: the cattle were sacrificed or redeemed; the youth at the end of twenty years sent out to seek themselves a settlement. Such vows, it is said, occasioned the going forth of the Sabine colonies, one into Picenum, another, the source of the great Samnite people, into the land of the Opicans, another gave rise to the Hirpinians. The name of the Samnites appears to differ widely from Sabini, but this latter word on the denarii, struck in the Social War, is spelt ΣΑΓΙΝΙ [*Micali*, i. 183]; and hence, by the known affinity of the digamma to the Υ, and to the labial letters, the Σαυνῖται of the Greeks, and *Samnites* of the Latins are easily deduced. The Frentanians on the Adriatic were Samnites, who emigrated in the course of the second Roman war; Samnites conquered Campania and the country as far as the Silarus, while another host gave a name to Lucania. The conquerors of Campania were admitted into Capua, and soon made themselves masters of the city: this event Livy places in the year 423 B. C. Diodorus places the origin of the Campanian people in 440 B. C., but he does not say that they began by the conquest of Capua, which, under its former name of Vulturnum, though an ancient, was probably an inconsiderable place. The power and wealth which made Capua worthy of the same rank among cities with Carthage and Corinth [*Cic. Agr.* ii. 32] belong to the Samnite dominion. The conquests made by another branch of the Samnites, the Lucanians, had an important influence on the colonies of Magna Græcia. Niebuhr traces their progress towards the subjugation of these republics with that accuracy of chronology which so much distinguishes his work from ordinary histories. At the time when Antiochus closed his history, 426 B. C., they appear to have penetrated to the Laos; in 395 B. C. we find the Italian Greeks concluding a general defensive league against the Lucanians and Dionysius; four years later they almost exterminated the Thurians; and after this battle they spread themselves with irresistible fury over the rest of the Greek cities. In the course of these wars the Bruttii rose into a people, from a mixture of military freebooters and runaway slaves, and soon compelled the Lucanians to yield them a portion of their conquests, and seek new ones towards the gulph of Tarentum. The history of the Samnite colonies in the south is that of a people imperfectly civilized, and corrupted by the luxury of

the nations whom they subdue; conquering with the rapidity which marks the progress of warlike barbarians, but unable to establish a government which should secure their conquests: it is far more pleasing to return to their native seats, and observe the manners and laws which characterized the primitive Sabines. Besides those usually comprehended in this name, Niebuhr shows that the Marsians, Pelignians and Vestinians should be reckoned as Sabines; the Hernici, too, according to him were probably of the same stock. The tradition of a Lacedæmonian origin of the Sabines may have been derived from some resemblance in simplicity of manners, or, as Strabo supposes, from the desire of the Tarentines to flatter their formidable neighbours the Samnites. A Celtic etymologist who finds the name of *Pentri* applied to a Samnite people living near mount Matese, the highest point of the Apennines [*Micali*, i. 185] will probably see in this name, as well as in that of the whole range, the Celtic *Pen*, and conjecture the Gallic origin of the nation. Niebuhr gives the following picture of their domestic and political condition:—

'Strictness of morals and cheerful contentedness were the peculiar glory of the Sabellian mountaineers, but especially of the Sabines and the four northern cantons: this they preserved long after the ancient virtue had disappeared at Rome from the hearts and the demeanour of men. In other respects few nations ever varied so much in their tribes as this great people: the Samnites, Marsians, and Pelignians, were fond of war and clung to liberty even unto death; the Picentines were sluggish and timid; the Sabines pious and just; the Lucanians addicted to ravage and plunder. The Campanian knights were so completely estranged from their ancestors, that they are out of the question here. All the Sabellians, but especially the Marsians, were interpreters of omens, chiefly from the flight of birds. The Marsians also pretended to skill in charming serpents and to magic cures for their bites: and to this day the jugglers, among whose arts for exhibition to the populace the familiar handling of these reptiles is one of the chief, come out of their country, out of Abruzzo, from the Lago di Celano, to Rome and Naples.

'Most of these tribes, and the Sabines themselves, inhabited open hamlets; the Samnites and the members of the northern confederacy dwelt, like the Epirots, around the fortified summits of their hills; where a brave people could defend the approaches even without walls: not that they had no fortified towns, but the number was small. In Samnium not a single ruin is found of the time anterior to the Romans: this does not arise solely from the ravages of war. The free shepherd and peasant builds himself dwellings on his hills suited to his wants, not to hold out against time and wars. Nor are works of art in clay or brass, or sepulchres containing vases, found any-where in the purely Sabellian districts; but only in those which they occupied as rulers, in Campania and Lucania.

'The Sabellians would have made themselves masters of all Italy, had they formed a united, or even a firmly-knit federal state, which should have lastingly appropriated its conquests, holding them in dependence and securing them by colonies. But, unlike the Romans, the enjoyment of the greatest freedom was what they valued the highest; more than greatness and power, more than the permanent preservation of the state. Hence they did not keep their transplanted tribes attached to the mother-country: they became forthwith foreign, and frequently hostile, to the state they had issued from: while Rome, sending out colonies of small numbers, was sure of their fidelity, and by means of these, and by imparting dependent civil rights, converted a far greater number of subdued enemies into devoted subjects.'—Vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

The UMBRIANS, called by Pliny *antiquissima gens Italiæ*, preceded the Etruscans in the possession of the inland parts of their dominions, and perhaps even of the coasts of the Adriatic and the lower sea. The Ombrica of the Greeks, bordering on the obscure regions at the extremity of the Adriatic, is of large and indefinite extent; though we should scruple to infer with Niebuhr [p. 120], from the passage in Herodotus [iv. 49], that it extended to the Alps, "because it is from the country above the Ombricans, that he makes the rivers Carpis and Alpis, one of which may certainly be the Inn, flow into the Danube." In the context of this passage, Herodotus, though his commentators have laboured hard to conceal the fact, certainly does make the Danube rise in the south-western corner of Europe. How vain then to attempt to identify the rivers which he supposes to fall into it! We have little doubt that in these two words, Alpis and Carpis, we have the misunderstood names of the Alps and the Carpathian mountains, which Herodotus confounded with rivers, as he did the Pyrenees with a πόλις Πυρήνη. The dominions of the Umbri must, however, have been very extensive, as the Etruscans are said to have taken three hundred towns from them; but when the historical age of Rome begins they are restricted to the left bank of the Tiber, with some scattered towns on the coast and near the Po. The principal monuments of their language are the tables dug up at Gubbio, the ancient Iguvium; the characters are Etruscan and Latin, the language has not yet been ascertained. Micali considers it as closely allied to the Etruscan, if not actually the same with it [ii. 225], in which Lanzi [ii. 638] agrees. Niebuhr, on the contrary [p. 121], says it is totally different from the Etruscan. As far as we can judge from an inscription so imperfectly understood, it seems to resemble the Latin.

The inquiry into the origin of the ETRUSCANS, beai difficulty of deciding a question, respecting which H

was mistaken and Dionysius puzzled, has been embarrassed by the patriotic zeal of the Tuscan antiquaries. The opinion which Niebuhr maintains is, in the main points, the same with that of Heyne [*Æn.* viii. Exc. 3] and Freret [Œuvres iv. 226]. The account adopted by Herodotus was, that the Tyrrhenians of Italy were a colony from Lydia, and the Roman writers very generally have taken it for granted. It was satisfactorily refuted by Dionysius, who showed that the migration was unknown to the Lydian historians; it is improbable in itself, and the circumstances attending it absurd. According to Niebuhr it arose from the name *Tyrrhenian* being applied not only to the inhabitants of Etruria, but also to the Pelasgians of Greece, who were found in Attica, in Lemnos, and Imbros, on the coast of Thrace, and on Mount Athos. To these it was properly given; for Pausanias [*Att.* 28] expressly says, that the Pelasgians who appeared in Attica, and built the wall of the Acropolis, were Siculi by extraction, which is another name for Pelasgians of Italy, or Tyrrhene Pelasgians. But the name of Tyrrhenians was not confined by less careful writers to these exiles from Italy; it was given by Sophocles [*Dion.* i. 25] to the primitive Pelasgians of the Peloponnesus, and as the Lydians, or rather the Mæonians, who preceded the Lydians, were of Pelasgian race, the name Tyrrhenian was extended to them, and an explanation of this identity of denomination between Lydia and Tyrrhenia was devised in the fable of the Lydian migration, which Herodotus adopted. Niebuhr has supplied from Pausanias the step which was wanting in the account of Dionysius, who leaves it unexplained how the Pelasgians of Athens and Lemnos came to be called Tyrrhenians.* A much more plausible opinion is, that the Etrurians were the same people as the Pelasgi, who are admitted on all hands to have settled in this country at a very early period; or, at least, that so considerable a number of the Pelasgi remained in the country as to be a predominant element in the population. The strongest circumstance in support of this opinion is the decidedly Pelasgic character of the Etruscan alphabet, which Guarnacci, in his "Origini Italiche," has turned to the glory of his own countrymen, by attributing to them the instruction of the Greeks in the art of writing. Dionysius objects the total difference of the Etruscan language,

* C. O. Müller, in his recent work, *Die Etrusker,* maintains that the Tyrrhenians were a Pelasgic tribe from Τύῤῥα, a city of Lydia, who being driven from Asia by the Ionian colony, settled in Etruria, and united themselves with its primitive population: hence the story of their Lydian origin.—Vol. i. p. 70, 98.

and the Pelasgic [i. 29]. Lanzi maintains a striking resemblance between them; Niebuhr declares that unbiassed investigations have convinced him that Etruscan bore no affinity to Greek, Latin, or Oscan, and his opinion is confirmed by the little success which has attended Lanzi's efforts to translate the Etruscan inscriptions.

Among the ancients, those who denied the Etruscans to be Pelasgians, or Lydians, supposed them to be indigenous; there was no fourth opinion. But Niebuhr adopts the suggestion of Freret, that the true Etruscans (as distinguished from the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, whose name the country ought to have ceased to bear when they returned to Greece), were a tribe from the Rætian Alps, the present Grisons and Tyrol. Dionysius says they called themselves Ῥασένα from some indigenous hero; in this name a resemblance to Rætia is thought to be perceptible.* Livy expressly asserts that the Inhabitants of Rætia were of Tuscan race; Strabo says the same thing of the Lepontii, who inhabited that part of the Alps which is immediately north of the Lago di Locarno; either, therefore, the Tuscans had conquered settlements among the Alps, or the Alpine tribes had descended upon the plains around the Po, and thence, crossing the Apennines, had established themselves in the country of the Umbrians and the Tyrrhenians. Niebuhr argues in favour of this descent, from the fact that the conquests of the Etruscans spread from the north to the south; but none of the instances which he alleges [p. 93, 94] relate to a progress from the northern side of the Apennines to the southern; at most they only show that of Etruria itself, the northern part was first possessed by them. Bologna, under its ancient name of Felsina, is indeed called by Pliny "princeps Etruriæ," but this hardly justifies the rendering "capital of Etruria," since, in the modern sense, Etruria cannot be said to have had a capital, nor, consequently, will it support Niebuhr's inference, that the primary seat of Etruscan power was to the north of the Apennines. The weight of authority is decidedly against Freret's hypothesis; no single ancient author declares the Etruscans to be of Rætian origin. Livy, whose *Patavinity* here gives weight to his testimony, distinctly says, that the Rætians were colonies of the Etruscans, and Pliny and Justin confirm the opinion; Stephanus calls them Τυῤῥηνικὸν ἔθνος. The Etruscans were the most civilized nation of Italy; and if it is necessary to seek some extraneous source of

* It is remarkable how frequently the word *Rasne* occurs in the great Etruscan inscription dug up at Perusia in 1822, and published by Vermiglioli.

their science and art, are we likely to find it among the Alpine tribes, who appear in Italian history as the barbarian destroyers of civilization? Niebuhr endeavours to account for the total absence of all tradition of their Alpine origin, by observing that the Etruscans were a priest-ridden people, and that their annals suppressed all mention of their being foreigners; but it is beyond the power of the most despotic priesthood that ever existed thus to stifle the voice of national tradition. Besides, if they could delude the Etruscans themselves, or persuade them from vanity to join in the delusion, how did they impose on the Romans, who wrote on Etruscan history; Flaccus and Cæcina, who, as Niebuhr acknowledges [p. 94], relate that Tarchon had crossed the Apennines, and built the twelve northern cities? The story of the Lydian colony ought not to be rejected as a wanton fiction; we usually find that fables themselves have had their form determined by the perception of some difficulty to be explained, some remarkable circumstance to be accounted for. It was not sufficient to make the Etruscans descend from the Pelasgi; their origin must be traced to some people of this stock, from whom they could have learnt the refinement and luxury of the East. The prevalence of the Greek heroic fables in their monuments of art, seems to require for its explanation some influence more extensive than poets and artists alone could exercise. The other element of the Etruscan population may have been originally Gallic, like the Umbri [*Lanzi*, i. 225]; one tradition made the founder of Pisa, a Celt [*Serv. Æn.* x. 179].

The Etruscan form of government, composed of independent cities federally allied, was favourable to the prosperity of each, but injurious to the strength of the whole; it was only in an extraordinary conjuncture, such as that which succeeded the expulsion of the Tarquins, that Etruria could gain a temporary ascendancy over Rome. The constitutions of the cities appear to have been oppressively aristocratic; the lower orders were serfs to the higher, and all political relations were determined, not by the people at large, but by the chiefs or Lucumones, heads of a warlike sacerdotal caste, who kept the nation in bondage by the double power of superstition and the sword. With institutions which neither gave the unity of despotism nor the energy of freedom, it was not probable that Etruria should permanently resist the arms of Rome. But it is time that we direct our attention to the Eternal City herself.

II. The native country of the primitive Latins was about Mount Velino, and the Lake Celano, whence being driven by the Sabines, they came down the Anio, and subdued or expelled the Siceli. This primitive race the Romans called Aborigines,

a name equivalent to the Greek Autocthones. We find it used by a Greek writer, Callias, who wrote about 284 B. C. as a national name, and in Lycophron it is distorted, apparently with an etymological purpose, into Boreigonoi. Their old and genuine name was Casci, according to Niebuhr, who considers both this and Prisci, not as epithets of the Latin people, but as names, afterwards used for old, as Gothic and *altfränkisch* in German. All such modern examples, however, carry a contemptuous meaning, and as we are told that *casnar* meant an old man in Oscan, and *cascinum,* forum vetus [Voss. *Etym. L. L.*], while *priscus* is evidently connected with *pristinus* and πρὶν, we think the common opinion much more probable, that both these are equivalent to *primitive,* and consequently neither of them can have been used, till later times found it necessary to make a distinction between older and younger tribes. Thus the Opican Casci, mingled with those of the Siceli who chose to remain while the rest migrated to the south, formed the people of Latium. Niebuhr rejects the accounts of Sallust and Virgil, who represent the Aborigines as a hord of savages, as inconsistent with the traces of their towns in the Apennines, and as having originated in a groundless notion, that the savage represents the primitive condition of mankind; but that they were in a state of comparative barbarism appears from the curious fact which he has remarked [p. 65], that the words for house, field, plough, wine, oil, milk, kine, swine, sheep, apple, and others relating to tillage and gentler ways of life agree in Latin and Greek, while all objects appertaining to war, or the chase, are designated by words utterly un-Grecian. Latinus is the assumed founder of the Latian tribes, for the names of Faunus and Picus are evidently those of indigenous gods. The earliest mention of Latinus in any Greek author is in Hesiod, but in the last and probably not genuine part of the Theogony [1011-15] where he and his brother Agrius are represented as sons of Ulysses and Circe. Besides that mixture of a Greek population, which is implied in the Pelasgian Siceli being incorporated with the Aborigines, tradition represented two subsequent infusions as taking place, one by the migration of Evander and his Arcadians, the other, the settlement of some of the followers of Hercules, as he returned from his expedition to Spain. The motive for the latter fable is obvious enough, it was to explain the worship of Saturn in Italy, especially that paid him in his temple under the Capitoline hill [*Dion.* i. 34]; and for this reason Epeans and Elians are said to have been left behind, the Cronian hill, in the territory of Elis, being the most celebrated seat of the worship of Saturn

in Greece [*Paus.* v. 7]. Another motive might be, to explain the worship of Hercules himself, whom mythologists identified with the Semo Sancus of the Sabines; for the fiction of the Arcadian migration Niebuhr plausibly assigns, as a reason, besides the general practice of the Greek genealogers to consider Arcadian as synonymous with Pelasgian, the accidental resemblance of the Roman *mons Palatinus* to the Mænalian town, Pallantium. In regard to the more celebrated legend of the arrival of Æneas, he justly observes that it would be idle to inquire into its historical evidence, and that the only rational subject of investigation is whether it be of Roman or of Grecian origin, and how it was formed. Its progress was very gradual; Homer [*Il.* 20, 307, 308] only predicts, that the descendants of Æneas should reign over the Trojans, without specifying where; Arctinus of Miletus, who lived about the building of Rome, does not speak of any migration to the west; and Stesichorus, who made Æneas embark for Hesperia with his father and the holy images, did not specify Latium as the place to which he was bound. The Greeks believed the Palladium to be preserved at Siris in Œnotria, a Trojan colony, and Niebuhr thinks that at first this was supposed to be the limit of Æneas's voyage. Cephalon, a Teucrian, makes Æneas die at Pallene in Thrace, and his son Romus, with the rest of the fugitives, proceed to Italy and build Rome; this author can hardly be older than the middle of the fifth century before Christ. Apollodorus, the contemporary of Menander, approaches nearer to the common story, by making Romus the son of Æneas and Lavinia. The earlier tradition of Hesiod makes Latinus the son of Ulysses, and a third version is preserved by Aristotle, that Latium had received an Achæan colony. We are inclined to think that the Greeks of Italy and Sicily, who believed themselves descended from the Trojans, either because they possessed the Palladium, or because Venus was worshipped among them, made Æneas a rival of Ulysses in his adventures in the west, as the Attic poets endeavoured to raise the exploits of Theseus to a rivalry with the labours of Hercules. Till the capture of Siris by the Ionians, 75 U. C., Niebuhr thinks that nothing was said of any further voyage of Æneas; when the Palladium had no longer an inviolate home there, it was supposed to have been carried to the remoter region of Latium. This country, and Lavinium more especially, were fixed upon, because the Penates of that place were considered as the gods of Samothrace and Troy. This is as satisfactory an account of the long flight of the legend and its ultimate settlement in Latium as could be expected, but Niebuhr has not been equally,

successful in showing, that it was so adopted and naturalized there as to become a popular article of Roman faith, quite independently of Greek authority. He acknowledges [p. 158] the force of the objection, that not a single Roman festival related to Æneas, and Ilium; and the opinion of the identity of the Penates, and the gods of Troy, recorded by Timæus, in the fifth century of the city, is late evidence of a primitive belief. The instances in which the senate, in its transactions with Greek states, recognised the Trojan origin of Rome, belong to the sixth century of the city. The difficulty of conceiving how a legend, not originally national, should become matter of popular faith, is removed by Niebuhr himself, when he says, "a belief of this sort requires no long time, in spite of the most obvious facts, and the clearest historical process, to become national, so that thousands would be ready to shed blood for it. They that would introduce it need but tell people roundly that it is what their forefathers knew and believed, only the belief was neglected and sank into oblivion" [p. 161]. Tradition is here out of the question; assuredly the motley population of early Rome knew nothing of the tale of Æneas and Troy; the only doubt is, whether those who prefixed it to the legend of Romulus invented or borrowed it; and as it has been traced in the possession of the Greeks, some centuries before we find it among the Romans, we must adjudge to them the original property. When the Romans modelled their theology after the system of the Greeks, an easy entrance was afforded to any part of heroic history. That Alba was the seat of the Latin monarchy cannot be doubted, but the names of its fifteen kings are an evident fabrication, and nothing more can be depended on, than that the founder of Rome was held by the Romans to be maternally connected with the Silvii, kings of Alba. The Greeks before Timæus knew nothing of an interval of three hundred or four hundred years between Æneas and Romulus, but connected them immediately with each other, a fresh presumption of the Greek origin of the story of Æneas; when the time fixed by the Greek chronologers for the war of Troy became known to the Romans, and the æra of Rome to the Greeks, the interval must be filled up, and the fifteen kings of Alba were named for this purpose.

With the foundation of the city, however, we reach the time, when tradition, though imperfect or corrupt, must be accounted national in its principal materials. It must not be overlooked in forming an estimate of the historical credibility of the earliest annals of Rome, that the use of letters and of prose was coeval with the origin of the state, though the use of writing was rare, and of documents, which can never have been numerous, a con-

siderable part perished in the burning of the city by the Gauls. We lay no stress on Pliny's account of an inscription in Etruscan letters, older than Rome itself; yet we see no reason to doubt the assertion of Dionysius [iv. 26,] that a stele remained to his time, erected by Servius Tullius in the temple of Diana on Mount Aventine, containing in ancient Greek characters the conditions of the Latin confederation, and the states which were parties to it. An outline, however, is all that tradition could preserve, and even this is much more than there remained documents to attest. How, then, did the early Roman history assume its present shape? A remarkable feature of Niebuhr's work is, the great influence which he attributes to poetical fable in its formation. Having shown that the dates of the whole period of the kings and each single reign have been fixed according to Etruscan cycles, not on chronological evidence, he proceeds—

'Two classes of subjects formed the contents of the arithmetical outline drawn for the time of the kings, before it became a vehicle for mere fiction; the forms of the state, its laws, and the institutions ascribed to particular kings; and legends of their exploits. The former class certainly engaged the attention of the earliest annalists very little, richly as it provided later ages with materials. The greater is the antiquity of the legends: their origin goes back far beyond the time when the annals were restored.

'That they were transmitted from generation to generation in lays, that their contents cannot be more authentic than those of any other poem on the deeds of ancient times, which is preserved by song, is not a new notion. A century and a half will soon have elapsed, since Perizonius expressed it, and shewed that among the ancient Romans it had been the custom at banquets to sing the praises of great men to the flute; a fact Cicero only knew from Cato, who seems to have spoken of it as an usage no longer subsisting. The guests themselves sang in turn; so it was expected that the lays, being the common property of the nation, should be known to every free citizen. According to Varro, who calls them old, they were sung by modest boys, sometimes to the flute, sometimes without music. The peculiar function of the Camenæ was, to sing the praises of the ancients; and among the rest those of the kings. For never did republican Rome strip herself of the recollection of them, any more than she removed their statues from the Capitol: in the best times of liberty their memory was revered and celebrated.

'We are so thoroughly dependent on the age to which we belong, we subsist so much in and through it as parts of a whole, that the same thought is at one time sufficient to give us a measure for the acuteness, depth, and strength, of the intellect which conceives it; while at another it suggests itself to all, and nothing but accident leads one to give it utterance before others. Perizonius knew of heroic lays only from books; that he should ever have heard of any

then still current, or written down from the mouth of the common people, is not conceivable of his days; he lived long enough to hear, perhaps he heard, but not until a quarter of a century had passed since the appearance of his researches, how Addison roused the stupefied senses of his literary contemporaries, to join with the common people in recognizing the pure gold of poetry in Chevy-chase. For us the heroic lays of Spain, Scotland, and Scandinavia, had long been a common stock: the lay of the Niebelungen had already returned and taken its place in literature: and now that we listen to the Servian lays, and to those of Greece, the swanlike strains of a slaughtered nation; now that every one knows how poetry lives in every people, until metrical forms, foreign models, the various and multiplying interests of every-day life, general dejection or luxury, stifle it so, that of the poetical spirits, still more than of all others, very few find vent: while on the contrary spirits without poetical genius, but with talents so analogous to it that they may serve as a substitute, frequently usurp the art; now the empty objections that have been raised no longer need any answer. Whoever does not discern such lays in the epical part of Roman story, may continue blind to them: he will be left more and more alone every day: there can be no going backward on this point for generations.'—Vol. i. pp. 216-218.

The concluding sentence of this extract breathes something like defiance to those who will not adopt the author's opinions; yet knowing that it is possible to be blinded by the brilliancy of a supposed discovery, as well as by ignorance or prejudice, we shall take the liberty of examining the evidence which can be produced for it. It is found in Cic. Tusc. i. 2, iv. 2, Val. Max. ii. 1, 10, and Varro, quoted by Nonius Marcellus, 2, 70, and really amounts to nothing more than this, that in early times the guests at Roman banquets or youths hired for the purpose, sung the praises (not the histories) of eminent men; all beyond this is mere conjecture. Instead of Ossian and the Niebelungen, therefore, it would have been much safer to have referred us to a class of poems exactly similar in origin and character to these of the Romans, the σκόλια of the Greeks, which were sung at banquets, and among other topics celebrated the praises of brave men, but which assuredly did as little to form a body of Grecian history, as Chevy Chase to enrich that of England. Another source of the poetry which was afterwards converted into history, Niebuhr [p. 218] believes himself to have discovered in the Næniæ or dirges, which being sung at the funeral were afterwards inscribed on the tomb. Unfortunately, the specimens which he gives, are, in all but their Saturnian metre, if metre it can be called, the plainest historic prose,—

'Hunc únum plúrimi consentiunt R(ománi)
Duonórum optumum fúisse virúm,

Lúcium Scipiónem, fílium Barbati.
Consúl, Censor, Aédilis, híc fuit apúd vos.
Hic cépit Córsicam, Alériamque úrbem
Dédit tempestátibus aédem mérito.'

Yet to our author they seem so poetic, that finding in two of them a nearly similar phrase (hunc plurimæ consentiunt gentes populi primarium fuisse virum, and hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romani bonorum optimum fuisse virum) he considers this as an instance of the tendency of popular poetry, to adopt whole lines and thoughts, as elements of poetical language. But mortuary panegyric is quite as much addicted to the adoption of standing phrases, as epic or romantic poetry, and to such phrases, which every collection of epitaphs will supply, not to the *τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος* of Homer, or the *do sprach diu chunegínne* of the Niebelungen, we should compare the formulary sentence which he has quoted.

There is only one passage which even appears to support the opinion that the Romans had popular narrative poetry, out of which it was possible that history should be formed; and as Niebuhr brings it forward more than once [pp. 186, 216,] and with an unwarranted inference, it is necessary to examine it more particularly. Having given what he calls the old Roman legend of the birth and preservation of Romulus [p. 184-186,] he subjoins "This is the old tale, such as it was written by Fabius, and sung in sacred ancient lays down to the time of Dionysius." Now we might object a little to the word *ancient*, as the translation of *πατρίοις*, and still more to *sacred lays* (lieder) for *ὕμνοις* when *hymn* was so much more obvious and exact; but the inspection of the context will show, what is still more important, that Dionysius, to whom Niebuhr refers, does not say that the whole tale but only that a single circumstance of it was found in the hymns in honour of Romulus, which the Romans sung even in his days. His words are [*Ant.* i. 79,] "Q. Fabius, called Pictor, whom most other authors follow, gives this account of the children of Ilia," and he describes at considerable length, the birth, exposure, and deliverance of the twins, and their being named one Romulus, the other Remus. *Οἱ δὲ ἀνδρωθέντες γίνονται κατά τε ἀξίωσιν μορφῆς καὶ φρονήματος ὄγκον, οὐ συφορβοῖς καὶ βουκόλοις ἐοικότες, ἀλλ' οἵους ἄν τις ἀξιώσειε τοὺς ἐκ βασιλείου τε φύντας γένους, καὶ ἀπὸ δαιμόνων σπορᾶς γενέσθαι νομιζομένους ὡς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὕμνοις ὑπὸ Ρωμαίων ἔτι καὶ νῦν ᾄδεται.* And then he goes on with the history. Instead of a sacred lay, therefore, containing the whole legend of the birth of Romulus, worked up by Fabius into a history, and still extant in its poetical form in

the days of Dionysius, we have nothing but a circumstance common to the history and the hymn, namely, that the air and port of the twins proclaimed them to be no offspring of swineherds and peasants, but of the lineage of kings and gods. This is as likely to be found in a hymn, as the long history which Fabius gives is unlikely. Romulus had been deified and πατρῴοι ὕμνοι is the very phrase by which Dionysius [ii. 70.] describes those sung in honour of the Curetes. Even if Dionysius had said that the whole narrative had been contained in the hymn, we should not have been warranted in transferring to the songs sung at banquets, what was said of a sacred ode. This total want of evidence of the existence of popular narrative poetry does not prevent the author from going on to state, "that the history of Romulus is an epopee by itself; that Tullus, the story of the Horatii, and of the destruction of Alba, form an epic whole, like the poem on Romulus, and that with L. Tarquinius Priscus begins a great poem ending with the battle of Regillus, an epopee which in depth and brilliance of imagination leaves everything produced by the Romans in later times far behind it." [p. 220.] After this, can we judge the ancients very severely, if they occasionally give us their hypotheses in the positive tone of history? It was Ennius, according to Niebuhr, who moulded these lays into hexameters, and having found matter in them for the three first books of his poem, then tried successfully to suppress them. The evidence of this heavy charge against the bard of Rudiæ, he reserves to another occasion, contenting himself with a fragment from the first book of the Annals.

> ———'Scripsere alii rem
> Versibu' quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant
> Quom neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat
> Nec dicti studiosus erat.'

Though the plural is used here, we know not with certainty any one to whom the poet referred, except Nævius [Cic. *Brut.* 19,] who, writing of the first Punic war, instead of turning songs and epopees into history, put history into metre; and till other proofs are produced, we must continue to believe that Ennius did the same, embracing no doubt a much greater portion of legendary matter, as his Annals began with the very origin of the city.

We have a right in such a case as this, to lay great stress on the negative argument, that no Roman writer gives us the slightest hint of the existence of these epic lays, or of their being employed as the material of history. Cicero [*Brut.* 16,] and Livy [viii. 40,] well knew how the Roman history had been corrupted by the Family Memoirs; yet neither of

them complains of this much more extensive corruption; the orator was not much of an antiquary, but was Atticus equally in the dark? Cato was the contemporary and friend of Ennius; he knew of the existence of the σκόλια, had he lost sight of the epics of which these songs were but the rudiments; or did he forbear to mention them lest he should expose the plagiarisms of Ennius? Kings and warriors have been defrauded of their just glory, *caruerunt quia vate sacro,* but here the bards themselves have, to a man, been cheated of their renown. How falsely did Propertius boast,

> 'At non ingenio quæsitum nomen ab ævo
> Excidet: ingenio stat sine morte decus,'

when his own countrymen had been so careless of the fame of the best epic poet they ever possessed, the author of the lay of Tarquinius Priscus, to say nothing of those who wrote the epopees of Romulus and Tullus, that they have never mentioned their names or even the fact of their having composed such works! To us there is nothing in the most improbable part of Roman history more incredible than that they should all have been ignorant on such a subject, or that if they knew what Niebuhr supposes, no vestige of that knowledge should have been found in their writings.

It will not be supposed that we mean to deny the presence of evident fiction and poetic fiction in the Roman history, because we find no traces of epic poems inserted bodily into it. Fiction is essential to poetry, but poetry is by no means essential to fiction; on the contrary, Aristotle [*Poet.* 42,] very justly traces the origin of the marvellous in poetry itself, to the propensity of mankind to repeat a tale with exaggeration. It is not poetry which creates the popular belief in an heroic age, which gives an ideal grandeur to the virtues and the bodily powers of the men of past times, colours all national transactions with the hue most pleasing to patriotic vanity, and makes the gods themselves, in person or by prodigies and omens, bear a part in every event by which national feeling has been powerfully excited. The poet finds this faith among his countrymen, or they would listen as coldly to him, as the present generation to epics about Madoc and Charlemagne. The only criterion by which we could distinguish between this body of popular tradition, in which history everywhere originates, and an epic poem founded upon it, and then incorporated into history in a prosaic form, would be the existence of the marks of poetic art in selecting and omitting, rounding and embellishing. Niebuhr thinks he sees these marks and sees them so distinctly, that the

total want of external evidence seems never to have given him pause; like Wolf he relies with perfect confidence on that internal sense which enables him to detect them. The only consolation for those who find themselves destitute of this sense, is that its decrees are very liable to be reversed. Homer is recovering his claim to the passages which had been taken from him by the higher criticism, and bestowed on nameless Ionic bards; the national Jewish epopee which Dewette thought had been worked up into the history of the Old Testament is already reckoned among the *commenta opinionum*, and though Niebuhr is confident that there is no going back for mankind on the subject of the poetical origin of Roman history, we fully expect that future inquirers will return to the simple and long-known fact, that songs in praise of their ancestors formed part of the amusement of the Romans at the festive board.

Niebuhr very justly discriminates [p. 208-210] the reigns of Romulus and Numa from those of Tullus Hostilius and his successors to the end of the monarchy and the battle of Regillus. The two first are purely mythico-poetic; Romulus is the son of a god and becomes a god after his death; Numa, though a mortal, is honoured with the intercourse of the goddess Egeria. The subsequent reigns are mythic-historical, emerging from pure mythology at the one end, and passing into history at the other. Yet even for the reigns of Tullus, Ancus and Tarquinius Priscus, the Romans did not profess that any contemporary documents were extant in the times in which our present histories were written; the oldest was the stele of Servius mentioned above, besides which there was the treaty of Tarquinius Superbus with the Gabians, and one with the Latins. What use the earliest historians made of documents and monuments, it is difficult to say, as the works of Fabius and his successors have perished; Niebuhr thinks none, and that they confined themselves to what bore the name of Annals. It is therefore very important to ascertain what the authority of these annals was. In his first edition he had argued with great sagacity, on presumptive grounds, the improbability that as a contemporary register, they should have gone further back than the battle of the Regillus, and this opinion has since been remarkably confirmed, by the discovery of Cicero de Republica, in which it is stated [i. 16,] that from the earliest *observed* eclipse of the sun, U. C. 350, B. C. 404, others had been calculated backward to the reign of Romulus. Now from a fragment of Cato, we learn that the recording solar and lunar eclipses was a part of the pontifical annals; if then, before the year 404, B. C.

they were not recorded, but calculated, the presumption is, that the annals which contained them were not contemporary. This first recorded eclipse took place sixteen years before the burning of the city by the Gauls; its quantity might be remembered with tolerable accuracy, and when the annals which had perished in the flames were reconstructed, this was placed in them as the first eclipse derived from observation. From this time the annals were again regularly kept till the times of the Gracchi. Hence it follows that we cannot build with safety on the chronology of the Fasti, in the early part even of the consular times.

The original form and gradual development of the Roman constitution are a subject on which every reader of history will acknowledge that he has been able to gain no clear ideas from modern books, or even from Livy and Dionysius. It is not too much to say that Niebuhr is the first who has found the clue to this labyrinth. The numbers and constitution of the senate, the origin and nature of the Patrician gentes, the distinction of the Curiæ and Tribes, the growth and privileges of the Plebs, appear in his pages in a light entirely new; and though much still remains to be cleared up, the path for future inquiry has been so distinctly traced, that we have the prospect of obtaining all the certainty which an historical question in such distant times admits. Immediately after the incorporation of the Romans with the Sabines, however accomplished, we find mention of the division of the people into the three tribes of Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres, and into thirty curies. The Ramnes are generally supposed to be the followers of Romulus, the Tities the Sabines of Tatius; the origin of the Luceres, evidently inferior in dignity to the others, is obscure, and Niebuhr conjectures that they were the inhabitants of the little borough on the Carinæ; more probably they represent the Etruscan part of the population. The first tribe, the *Celsi Ramnes*, seem to have enjoyed a precedency over the other two. The original division into tribes then corresponded to a difference in race; they were, according to Dionysius [iv. 14], φυλαὶ γενικαί, while the tribes of Servius, which ultimately were augmented to thirty-five, were φυλαὶ τοπικαί. The whole body of these original citizens formed the *gentes patriciæ* or patrician houses, whose numbers were fixed to three hundred, subdivided into thirty curiæ, and each house represented in the senate by its head, making the whole number of that body, whose augmentations are variously represented by historians, three hundred, which all agree to have been their final amount. The *comitia curiata* were the assemblies of these patrician houses. The *gentes* have been almost universally regarded as founded upon birth, the members being

connected by descent from the person whose name they bore; and it is acknowledged that Varro says [*Ling. Lat.*, 7, 2, p. 194, Bip.], that the Æmilii were all descended from Æmilius; but on the other hand Cicero [Topic. 6, 29], framing an elaborate definition of the word *gentilis*, does not include in it the circumstance of a common descent. Julius Pollux, too, defining after Aristotle the Attic word γενῆται, expressly says that they were γένει οὐ προσήκοντες, ἐκ δὲ τῆς συνόδου οὕτω προσαγορευόμενοι [viii. 9, iii].* Doubtless the original notion has been that of descent, or such terms as *gens* and γένος would not have been applied, but Niebuhr observes that this may be true of men just forming themselves into society, but not of states like the Roman, originating from colonies and conquest. Those whose names each gens bore, are not therefore to be considered as its patriarchs, but rather as answering to the ἐπωνύμοι of Athens, where certainly the member of the Aiantean or Pandionian phyle, did not consider himself as a descendant of Ajax or Pandion. We think it clear, however, that at Rome such a popular belief of relationship prevailed; besides this opinion of their affinity, the members of a gens were united by a community of religious rites. The number of these patrician gentes was absolutely fixed, but each gens by no means consisted wholly of patricians; plebeian families are found included in a patrician gens, the offspring of marriages of disparagement, and many low-born persons were attached to it, as the Highland clans contained many whose blood was not noble. To the true patricians, however, the descendants of the original members, the gens properly belonged; and to possess a *gens* [vos soli gentem habetis, says Livy], was the definition of a patrician. To these patrician houses, resembling the *burghers* as distinguished from the *commonalty*, in the constitutions of the free towns in middle ages, belonged a monopoly of political rights, till the rise of the plebeians. The clients (*cluentes* from κλύω to hear or obey) were dependents of the patricians, in some instances, probably foreigners, who, if they had no other means of subsistence, received grants from their patron of building-ground, and two acres of arable land, and in return were bound to him by obligations very closely resembling, as Blackstone long ago observed, those of the feudal vassal to his lord. The relation at Rome seems to have been assimilated to the parental; for as *matrona* means mother of the family, so

* The analogy of the Attic φυλαι to the Roman tribes is very striking; when they were four, each was divided into three φρατριαι (curiæ), and each φρατρια into thirty houses, γενη [*Nieb.* p. 267].

patronus, father. The patrician gentes and their clients constituted the *populus* Romanus, when as yet there was no such body in the constitution as the *plebs*. Nor should we wonder that they should bear such a name; relatively to one another they formed a perfect democracy, though an aristocracy relatively to the *plebs;* the comitia curiata were their assemblies; for Lælius Felix, in Gellius [xv. 27], says, cum *ex generibus hominum* suffragium feratur curiata comitia esse; *genus* is here equivalent to *gens*, and the patricians alone possessed a *gens*.* The decurion of each gens represented it in the senate.

Ancus Martius, after his victorious wars with the Latins, transported great numbers of them to Rome, settled them on Mount Aventine, and thus gave origin to the plebs. The common notion of the plebs represents them as merely the lower orders of the populace, excluded by birth from the enjoyment of office, possessed of no political rights, but protected by the laws from violence. According to Niebuhr, they answered to the *commonalty* which, in the cities of the middle ages, arose beside the ancient houses, and gradually shared or usurped their power; but with this distinction, that in the middle ages it was usually a body of manufacturers and tradesmen who formed the commonalty, while anciently the rustic population were the δῆμος or *plebs*. The Roman plebs, thus originating chiefly from transplanted Latins, was divided into four urban and some rustic tribes; how many there were of the latter is uncertain; Niebuhr supposes that Servius made twenty-six. The whole number would thus be thirty; but then occurs the difficulty, that we find only twenty at a considerably later period. His solution is, that as the tribes were local divisions, if any part of the Roman territory were ceded to an enemy, a corresponding number of tribes must have been extinguished. Now we know that Porsena conquered the Romans, and if, according to the usual practice in Italy, he mulcted them of a third portion of their lands, a third part of the tribes would disappear. Nothing of this is related in the history, because we know only indirectly that Porsena conquered the Romans at all. The name of *bonus Ancus* indicates the popularity of the king who made the first distribution of lands to the plebeians, but the founder of their political importance was Servius, who by his celebrated institution of the centuries, arranging the whole people, patricians and plebeians, according to their pro-

* Wachsmuth (Gesch. des Röm. Staats, p. 210), makes *ex generibus* to signify "according to their extraction," patricians and plebeians separately.

perty, but allotting votes in the ratio of property not of numbers, admitted every citizen to an apparent share in the government, and at the same time provided, as Cicero expresses it, "ne plurimum valerent plurimi." Niebuhr enters into a long and curious detail of the Servian constitution, and calculations of the amount of property required in each of the five classes. His representations differ in many respects from those of our common histories, and of Livy and Dionysius, but the subject is too copious and too complex for an analysis in this place. The privileges thus obtained by the commonalty were, that no national magistrate could be elected, nor any law be passed, without the consent of their *comitia centuriata;* they could, however, originate nothing, and debate nothing; the senate determined what should be proposed to them, and if, notwithstanding this, a law disagreeable to them were passed by the centuries, the patricians had still, as Niebuhr thinks, the power of throwing it out in their *comitia curiata.* It was therefore only the rudiments of political liberty which the plebs acquired by the Servian constitution; and this they lost by the tyranny of Tarquin, and the jealousy of the patricians, who, though their own order decayed by the inevitable fate of all close oligarchies, would not welcome to free and equal political existence that new power which Providence had raised up for the regeneration of the state. Accordingly, when the expulsion of the Tarquins placed power in their hands, though they recruited the diminished numbers of the senate from the plebeian knights, they endeavoured to deprive the plebeian body of the advantages which the Servian constitution had secured them; and when the Valerian law gave the aggrieved plebeian a right of appeal to his peers, they evaded this right by appointing a dictator in the curies. For this, according to Niebuhr, was the purpose of his creation; and historians, ancient and modern, are greatly in error, who suppose that from the first he possessed that unlimited power which belonged in after-times to Sylla or to Cæsar. The patricians also withdrew the election of the consuls from the centuries. If for a while they seemed inclined to a more liberal policy, it was only while the fear of the exiled Tarquin compelled them to court the plebs. The want of political liberty was not the only evil under which they suffered; the two orders had a different law of debt; the person of the patrician was not pledged, nor was he sentenced to servitude by the law; the plebeian was exposed to both these hardships, and as the patricians were the money-lenders, and the plebeians the borrowers, and the rate of interest usurious, the most cruel oppression of the inferior order was the conse-

quence. Every patrician house was a gaol for debtors, and after the sitting of the court, herds of sentenced slaves were led away in chains to the houses of the nobles. All share in the conquered lands was denied to the plebeians, though they formed the infantry of the line; and the spoil was not distributed among them, but taken *in publicum*, i. e. not to the national treasury, but according to Niebuhr's view, the chest of the populus, the patricians. It was not then by the refuse of the people, poor through their laziness and their vices, like the plebs of Rome in later times, nor by factious malcontents, but by men driven to despair by oppression, that the retirement of the plebeians to the Mons Sacer was brought about; and those who took the lead among them, though as Romans they were degraded to an inferior rank, yet by extraction in the countries, whence their families had originated, were on a level with the proudest patricians. The plebeian Mamilii traced their line to Telegonus and Circe; the first leaders of the plebs, the Licinii and the Icilii, were not inferior even in birth to the Quinctii and Postumii.

With the Secession and the establishment of the Tribunate, the first volume ends. In the very brief sketch which we have given, omitting a multiplicity of details and subordinate discussions, very curious and interesting in themselves, the reader will perceive views of Roman history, not only new to our own times, but such as would equally have startled Livy and Dionysius, Cicero and Tacitus. Yet it would be rash to reject them on this ground, unless it could be shown that we can extract a consistent and probable account of the early state and constitution of Rome from these authors, or that they, and those whom they followed, had solid evidence for what they have given us as history. If not, we have not conjecture against authority in Niebuhr, but one conjecture against another, a modern hypothesis against one grown venerable by time, but after all only an hypothesis. Now he who inquires with a truly critical spirit, will find that no such consistent history has ever yet been given. What part of Niebuhr's opinions will be found to stand the test of investigation, it would be premature to pronounce; so wide is the range from which he derives his arguments, that nothing less than the consecutive study of the whole history from his point of view can authorize a decisive judgment on a single chapter of his work. We shall, however, briefly notice some things, which are more easily detached from the chain of the argument.

I. In proof of his important position, that the *populus* meant originally the patricians exclusively of the plebs, Niebuhr [p.

366] relies much on a passage of Lælius Felix [*Gellius*, xv. 27], who says, "Qui non universum populum sed partem aliquam adesse jubet, non comitia sed concilium edicere jubet;" and therefore when he finds in Livy *concilium populi*, he interprets it always of an assembly of the curies. Now *universus populus* means here, according to Niebuhr himself, the whole nation; if, then, none but an assembly of the whole nation could be called *comitia*, there could have been no such thing as *comitia curiata* at all, for they included only a part. Consequently Lælius Felix cannot have meant by *aliquam partem* one order to the exclusion of the other, but a detached part of either order, or parts of both, as distinguished from the whole.

II. A most conclusive proof that the comitia of the curies was an assembly of the patricians, Niebuhr finds [p. 289] in those passages of Cicero de Republica [ii. 13. 17. 18], in which Numa, and the kings who followed him, are said to have proposed a *lex curiata de imperio suo* after their election. This, says he, is the same thing with the *auctoritas patrum*, which, according to Livy, gave validity to the election by the people; consequently the comitia curiata were the assembly of the patres. Now Cicero distinguishes, as expressly as words can do, the *lex curiata* from the *auctoritas patrum*. Numam, regem alienigenam, *patribus auctoribus* sibi ipse populus adscivit. Qui *ut huc venit* quanquam populus curiatis eum comitiis regem esse jusserat, tamen ipse de suo imperio curiatam legem tulit [ii. 13]. The patrum auctoritas clearly preceded his coming to Rome; his election would have been void without it; the lex curiata which he himself proposed defined the extent of his prerogative. With this the account in Livy agrees, except that he does not mention the lex curiata [i. 17]. Is it not, too, something whimsical, that Niebuhr should reckon Numa with the shadowy personages of the mythic times, and yet quote and reason upon the public acts of his reign? Had these passages stood in his way, how easily would he have disposed of them by saying, that the antiquity of the *lex curiata de imperio* had been exalted by a fabulous reference of it to the times of the kings!

III. Niebuhr justly says, that the contemporaries of Camillus would have laughed at any one who represented the institution of the senate as a politic measure, issuing from the free will of the founder of the city [p. 290], but would they not have heard with equal incredulity, that the city existed for more than a century without a *plebs?* The word itself (*plevs* whence *plevitas*) is the Greek πλῆθος (as from ἔθαρ came the Doric ἔφαρ and the Latin *uber*) the *multitude*, and where can a state

of society be pointed out in which a corresponding body does not exist? What community was ever wholly made up of nobles and their dependents? That the clients were the artisans and tradesmen of Rome is argued by Niebuhr from *Dion.* iv. 51, whose words, that after the secession of the plebs, there were left to defend the city only θῆτες καὶ πελάται καὶ χειρώνακτες may just as well be urged as a proof that the πελάται were *not* θ. καὶ χειρ. Dionysius may seem to contradict himself [p. 520] by saying in one place οὐδενὶ Ρωμαίων ἐξῆν, οὔτε κάπηλον οὔτε χειροτέχνην βίον ἔχειν, in another, representing Romulus as assigning to his Romans γεωργεῖν καὶ κτηνοτροφεῖν, καὶ τὰς χρηματοποιοὺς ἐργάζεσθαι τέχνας, but there is no inconsistency, nor any need to refer the two things to different ages. The father of Demosthenes was a sword cutler, and exercised a money-making manufacture; but only the exaggeration of a satirist would represent him as a blacksmith *ardentis massæ fuligine lippus*, χειροτέχνην βίον ἔχων.

IV. That the clients were not a part of the plebs, as Livy and Dionysius distinctly declare is inferred by Niebuhr [521] on insufficient grounds. The numerous passages in which Livy represents the clients as taking part with the patricians against the plebeians, will occasion no difficulty to one who remembers how short a time since Catholic forty-shilling freeholders came in droves to the poll, to vote for their landlords, and against the friends of their own cause. There is apparently more force in the argument [p. 522], that when the election of plebeian magistrates was transferred from the comitia of the centuries to the tribes, Livy observes [ii. 56], that it took away from the patricians "omnem potestatem per clientium suffragia creandi quos vellent tribunos." But the clients would naturally be enrolled in the civic tribes, which were a small proportion of the whole, and their votes could no longer influence an election. Livy does not say they lost their suffrage, but their power of electing whom they chose, by the change.

These doubts suggest themselves on the review of Niebuhr's opinions on the early part of the Roman history. The second volume, which the world is eagerly expecting from him, will bring us into a period more properly historical; in that through which we have past, while it is easy to object to any system, it is very difficult to devise another which shall not be equally assailable.

ART. VI.—*The Book of the Boudoir.* By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. post 8vo. Colburn. 1829.

FASHION is one of the curses of this country. The classes above manual labour are engaged in one race of vanity; and to assimilate in modes and habits to the aristocracy, is the aim of the most despicable ambition that ever possessed a people. Extravagance, and frequent ruin, are not the only evils resulting from this besotting vice, which has the pernicious effect of strengthening the power of the ruling oligarchy, while it perpetually ministers to the gratification of their enormously bloated pride. The prevalent passion for genteel, or fashionable associations, requires sycophancy, and sycophancy is a cheap substitute for any of the common motives to dishonesty. There are thousands of men above pecuniary temptations, or any mode of intimidation, whose expressions of opinion and actions are yet to be influenced by so poor a bribe as the dinner, or even the bow, of a lord! Throughout the country it may be observed, that the *new men* of wealth are the readiest and most pliant tools of their patrician neighbours. Their wives, their sons, their daughters, all, for the grand object of notice, conspire to produce the parent's prostration of independence, though his own individual habits or taste should disincline him to sacrifice manliness and free agency to the favour or mere toleration of the great man of the place. Thus these people are made the willing slaves of the aristocracy, against whom their new wealth, and new condition, should be raising up a new power. To break their bondage, to shew its abject character, to discountenance its empty and despicable objects, should be the aim of liberal and enlightened writers, who make the manners of society the chief subject of their observation, and whose playful wit is best adapted to produce impression on the classes upon which it is desirable to act. But in this lady Morgan, democratical professor as she is, we have a devoted apostle of fashion, and all its worst fooleries. There is not a pernicious vanity or affectation belonging to tuft-hunting or *modishness*, which she does not labour to confirm and strengthen, by precept, sentiment, and her own goodly example. Her peculiar capacity, too, lamentably well fits her for the undertaking. She has a vivacity, a playfulness, which may pass for wit, and a perception of the ridiculous, which carries her far enough to raise the laugh without suggesting the truth which often lies skin-deep beneath the ludicrous. Detach her from manners, and her mind appears capable of superior inquiries; but the field of manners should be the field of her utility, and there it is actually mis-

chievous. All the good general principles the lady has ever propounded, advocated, or indicated, are overbalanced in effect ten-thousand fold, by the sanction and encouragement she affords to the idlest and most debasing of the frivolous prejudices. The book before us is enough to poison half the little drawing-rooms in the land. It might be aptly styled, "The Tuft-hunter's Vade-mecum," the whole gist and effect of it being to shew the joy and glory of aristocratical associations—to illustrate the pride and pleasure of distinction by persons of quality. Nor is this pitiable fault peculiar to the work immediately in question; the blemish extends over all those productions of lady Morgan, with which we happen to be acquainted.

The morality of the old gingerbread-covered nursery books used to be, that the pains-taking hero "saved a great deal of money, married his master's daughter, and came to ride in his coach and six, all very grand, as you may see in the pretty picture facing the title-page." The morality of lady Morgan is, that, by great desert, elegant accomplishment, and eminent talent, persons may come to enjoy the society of lords and ladies, and dine in duke's houses, "all very grand;" and she in herself presents the living example of such rewarded merit, parallel to the Billy Goodboy in coach and six, pictured in the "Tall copy" of his true history. If this manner of stuff proceeded from the author of "Vivian Grey," or of "Sayings and Doings," we should think it undeserving of more comment than a simple spurn of contempt; but it is the circumstance of lady Morgan's carrying liberal colours which makes the lading of vanities doubly exasperating, and renders it necessary to expose their evil destination.

Men of all parties and opinions competent to form a judgment on the character of society agree, that the mania for fashion has spread to a ruinous and unexampled extent, and whatever serves to sanction or flatter it, must be a performance of an immoral tendency. As such we consider this book—its trifling nature is no palliative, for its trifles are calculated to make or confirm mischievous triflers, and to set off with tawdry adornment, things intrinsically evil.

The degree of cleverness which lady Morgan undoubtedly possesses would give us to apprehend more danger from her works, were it not for the discovery she makes of certain follies which cannot but detract from her credit or authority with all readers of ordinary sense and observation. She presents in herself so salient an example of the foible her writings tend to encourage, that we are not without hope the specimen may operate more strongly in the way of warning, than the lessons

in that of seduction. The Helot, reeling, and hiccupping the joys of wine, would hardly invite to intoxication.

The vanity of our authoress is of a most unreserved quality, and its character is not calculated to recommend its food. It will not endure suppression or restraint for a moment, and before our lady gets to the twentieth line of her address to the reader of her "Boudoir Book," she delivers herself of this appropriate passage, "Living, as I occasionally have lived, among whatever is most noted, eminent, and distinguished, with reminiscences of all," &c., and she closes her second short paragraph with an encomium on her temperament, which she affirms to be "as cheery and as genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character." Certainly this is a soil apt for aristocratical vanities. The vain necessarily delight in all the distinctions they can accumulate upon themselves.

There is something characteristic of the author, as well as admirably illustrative of the business of book-making in the following account:

'All *who have the supreme felicity of haunting great houses,* are aware, that those odd books, which are thrown on round tables, or in the recesses of windows, to amuse the lounger of the moment, and are not in the catalogue of the library, are frequently stamped, *in gold letters,* with the name of the room to which they are destined: as thus,—"Elegant Extracts, Drawing-room;" "Spirit of the Journals, Saloon," &c. &c. As my Book of the Boudoir kept its place in the little room which bore that title, and was never admitted into my bureau of official authorship, it took the name of its *locale,* which, by the advice of Mr. Colburn, it retains.* I must, however, here declare, for the sake of truth, and the benefit of country ladies, that the word Boudoir is no longer in vogue in any possible way; that it is a term altogether banished from the nomenclature of fashion; and that I could scarcely have given my work a title less likely to advance its interests with the enlightened of the *bon ton.*'—Vol. i. pp. viii., ix.

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* 'Having mentioned how this trifling work came to be written, a word may be said on how it came to be published. While the fourth volume of the "O'Briens" was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, *the horses literally putting-to*—when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. I could not enter into any future engagement; and Mr. C., taking up a scrubby MS. volume, which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked, "What was that?" I said it was "one of many volumes of odds and ends, *de omnibus rebus;*" and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the Opera. "This is the very thing," said the European publisher; and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *déshabille,* before its tribunal.'

What a picture of a literature, which might be more appropriately called *litter*-ature, is that! Mr. Colburn disappointed of a bargain, catching hold of the first *scrubby* volume of manuscript he could lay hands on, and asking, "*What is that?*" as though all that is written were fit for print; and then that ready induction *ex pede*, from the single opera paragraph to the "*very-thing-ism*" of the whole *farrago!*

We now pass to a chapter which is an epitome of the writer's mind—point, pleasantry, an ostentatious confession of error, without any of the self-correction which would seem an inevitable consequence; tuft-hunting, toad-eating propensities, all jumbled together.

'Of all metaphysical mysteries, there is nothing more difficult to get at than the mystery of memory. Montaigne, complaining of his, observes, "*et suis si excellent en oubliance, que mes escripts mêmes, je les oublie, pas moins que les autres.*" This is precisely my own case. I never could remember any thing I wrote, beyond the moment when it was going through the press. The other evening I found a book lying open on the piano-forte, which somebody had just laid down, on being called to take a part in the *Preghiera* in the opera of the *Mosé*, and I chanced to light upon a high-flown and rather nonsensical passage, of which I could make nothing. This induced me to look at the title-page. It was "The Wild Irish Girl," seventh edition. I had not seen it for years. I was amused, and a little surprised.'—Vol. i. p. 98.

The phrasing is very exquisite—"*I chanced* to light upon a *rather* nonsensical passage,"—according to our recollection the chance was at least as good as that of blanks in a state-lottery, and indeed the lady very frankly explains the philosophy of such unlucky chances.

In *diebus illis*, it was with my style, pretty much as with the oaths of Frère Jean de l'Entommoures—"*Comment, vous jurez, Frère Jean?*" "*Ce n'est (dit le moine) que pour orner mon language: ces* [*ce*] *sont couleurs de rhétorique Cicéronienne.*" All, that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition, was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me. The imagination, or feeling, or whatever it was, that carried the "Wild Irish Girl" through seven editions in less than two years, was wholly unsupported by any of the advantages which reading, the world, society, or the judgment and taste they bring with them, could confer. I began to write almost as soon as I could read; and the premature development of imagination, which enabled me to combine and invent, was inevitably destitute of that command of language, which books and reflection only give. Hurried on by the "thick-coming fancies" of a fervid but uncultivated mind, I did not always pause to secure the best and most precise expression by which they could be conveyed; and except when I had to

give utterance to some strong feeling (for feeling always finds its own language), I was often, as the sportsman's phrase is, "at fault." Conscious of the poverty of my vocabulary, I frequently borrowed a word, or adopted a phrase, as Frère Jean did an oath, not for its precise application or intrinsic meaning, but simply "*pour orner mon language.*"—Vol. i. pp. 98, 100.

The obvious reflection suggested by this would seem to be the worthlessness of the popularity which such writing obtained; but no such thought occurs to the lady, and she repeatedly alludes to the praises bestowed on her rhapsodies as just matter of pride, and fails to perceive, that even by her own shewing they are attributable, either to idle compliment, or vicious taste. She receives an invitation from lady Cork—

'Every body has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl, so she must bring her Irish harp.

'M. C. O.'

'I arrived at New Burlington-street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high-sounding titles of princes and ambassadors, and dukes and duchesses, announced, long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the porter, and was bandied from footman to footman, as all names are bandied, which are not written down in the red-book of fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials. How I wished myself back in Tireragh with my own princes, the O's and Mac's; and yet this position was among the items of my highest ambition! *To be sought after by the great, not for any accidental circumstance of birth, rank, or fortune, but simply "pour les beaux yeux de mon mérite," was a principal item in the Utopia of my youthful fancy.* I endeavoured to recall the fact to mind; but it would not do: and as I ascended the marble stairs, with their gilt balustrade, I was agitated by emotions, similar to those which drew from my countryman, Maurice Quill, his frank exclamation in the heat of the battle of Vittoria, "Oh, Jasus, I wish some one of my greatest enemies was kicking me down Dame-street!"

Lady C———k met me at the door of that suite of apartments which opens with a brilliant boudoir, and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilights fall upon fountains of rose-water which never dry, and on beds of flowers which never fade,—where singing-birds are always silent, and butterflies are for once at rest.

'"What, no harp, Glorvina?" said her ladyship.

'"Oh, lady C———!"

'"Oh, lady Fiddlestick!—you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope-street, for Miss Owenson's harp."'—Vol. i. pp. 101, 103.

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'Presenting me to each and all of the splendid crowd, which an idle curiosity, easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed

to amuse every one but its subject. "Lord Erskine, this is the 'Wild Irish Girl,' whom you were so anxious to know. I assure you, *she talks quite as well as she writes!* Now, my dear, do tell my lord Erskine some of those Irish stories, you told us the other evening at lord C——ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abington says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her, she will be here by and by. This is the duchess of St. A——, she has your 'Wild Irish Girl' by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear Mr. T—— (this is Mr. T——, my dear—geniuses should know each other);—do, my dear Mr. T——, find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh! here he is! what! you know each other already: *tant mieux*. This is lord Carysfort. Mr. Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much—but you must not read his works, they are very naughty." But here is one, whose works I know you have read. What, you know him too!" It was the hon. William Spenser, whose "Year of Sorrow" was then drawing tears from all the brightest eyes in England; while his wit and his pleasantry cheered every circle he distinguished by his presence.

'Lewis, who stood staring at me through his eye-glass, backed out at this exhibition, and disappeared. "Here are two ladies," continued her ladyship, "whose wish to know you is very flattering, for they are wits themselves, *l'esprit de Mortemar*, true N——'s. You don't know the value of this introduction. You know Mr. Gell, so I need not present you. He calls you the Irish Corinne. Your friend Mr. Moore will be here by and by. I have collected "all the talents" for you. Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet: and find me lady Hamilton. Now pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's, in the rebellion, that you told to the ladies of Llangollen; and then give us your blue-stocking dinner, at sir Richard Phillips's; and describe us the Irish priests. Here is your countryman, lord L——k, he will be your bottle-holder."

'Lord L——k volunteered his services. The circle now began to widen—wits, warriors, peers, and ministers of state. The harp was brought forward, and I attempted to play; but my howl was funereal; I was ready to cry in character, but endeavoured to laugh, and to cover out my real timidity by an affected ease, which was both awkward and impolitic. The best coquetry of the young and inexperienced is a frank exhibition of its own unsophisticated feelings—but this is a secret learned too late.'—Vol. i. pp. 106, 109.

In the latter sentiment we entirely agree—the secret is indeed learned too late, by old as well as young, and though known, too often disregarded in practice.

But is it possible that lady Morgan, often, nay generally, so shrewd in her perceptions, fails to see what consummate fools, idle talkers, or fulsome flatterers, those exalted persons must have been who were thus overwhelming her with praises, of a book, the trashy manufacture of which she has frankly confessed.

Lady C——k says, "The Wild Irish Girl talks as well as she writes;"—how the Wild Irish Girl wrote, she has with equal ingenuousness and truth explained. But thus it is that vanity blinds to inferences the most necessary and immediate to the view of reason.

Here comes a perfect pattern of conceit in aristocratical associations:—

'Talking over this scene, not long since, at lady C——k's, with a lady who had been present, it came back with all its circumstances to my memory, and with a keen recollection of the pains and penalties incidental to inexperienced and unprotected female youth, when forced by necessity to step across the threshold of domestic privacy, and to carry to the mart of public suffrage the feeling and fancy, intended by nature for home consumption. Between my first and my last appearance in the elegant and hospitable salons of New Burlington-street, what a difference! — in person, feeling, sensations, intellect,—the all that should make identity, yet does not! I cannot trace the least similitude between Mr. Kemble's "little girl," and the proscribed of emperors and the excommunicated of popes. There is more philosophy in the little woman who went "to market her eggs for to sell," than the world is aware of: and I have been tempted to quote her "Lord have mercy on me! *sure this is none of I?*" as often as my illustrious countryman Daniel O'Connell has applied to his own Ireland his favourite quotation of

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flow'r of the ocean [ocean?], first gem of the sea."

I have repeated it, when telling a droll Irish story to the minister who had set his seal to Ireland's ruin; in the Tuileries, when I stood face to face, "bandying compliments with majesty;" in the Quirinal, when in *tête-à-tête* with a cardinal secretary, amid scenes that belonged to the middle ages; in the palace Borghese with the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; on the Pontine marshes, when receiving the confessions of a Carmelite monk, on his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Peter; and in the vice-regal circles of Dublin castle, when a liberal lord lieutenant shook my right hand, at the same moment that a grand master of an orange lodge shook my left!

'I remember relating my *début* at lady C——k's, and my scene with Mr. Kemble, to the late marquess of A——, as something more true than possible.'—Vol. i. pp. 112, 114.

Under the head of "My Visiting Book," a phrase which is the very musk of conceit, we find this edifying disquisition:

'"*Ainsi cuit, on aurait mangé son père,*" says La Reynière of his favourite dish; and there are ridicules in dress, manner, and bearing, which might excuse one's *cutting*, if not "*eating*" one's mother. The want of birth, rank, or fortune, are such mere, such inevitable accidents, such universal liabilities, that nothing above the lowest order of intellect, or the most degrading toadyism to the great of all sorts,

could stoop to exclude from their society those who, with the exception of such accidental distinctions, possessed every other. But *dress and address are within the attainment of every body; and the man who visits you in the morning in a milk-white waistcoat,** *or the woman, who, in the evening, when she is announced, stops to make a curtsey at the door of your drawing-room, must be wholly beyond the pale of social redemption.*

'Such anomalies are always indicative of *mauvais ton*; and *mauvais ton* is the want of good sense *or good company*. If, however, the white waistcoat is held out as a flag of singularity by a marked man, why then it becomes a *grade* in itself, like Jerningham's blue stockings, which founded a sect in literature. But since curtesies went out with hoops and all other grotesque things, the woman who curtsies is lost. She is inaccessible to all improvements, and will bring up her children to hate Catholic emancipation, gas, steam, and M'Adamised roads; her sons will stick fast by 1688, and her daughters will propagate the family curtesy to endless generations.'—Vol. i. pp. 139, 141.

If these insolent maxims were thrown out for the pleasantry of extravagance, they might pass as mere badinage; but the attempt to support them by reasoning denotes the intention, and stamps their offensiveness. The author of Vivian Grey pronounced school-ushers execrable wretches, *because* they wear pepper-and-salt pantaloons; lady Morgan improves upon him, declaring the man who wears a white waistcoat in the morning, or the woman who curtsies at a drawing-room door, out of the pale of society;—and why, because "such anomalies are always indicative of *mauvais ton*, and *mauvais ton* is the want of good sense or good company." And suppose that the scholar in his study, the chemist in his laboratory, the mathematician in his retirement, has lacked, or been denied, by the lowliness of his condition, the opportunity of association with good company; suppose that while promoting discoveries useful to mankind, while enlarging the sphere of knowledge, and extending substantial benefits to the world, he has lived in a heathen ignorance of the concord between white waistcoats and wax lights, is such a man to be rejected with insult for his deviation from the insignificant customs of the idle *beau-monde?* This is the pestilent shibboleth of the aristocracy—it is the slang in which they delight—the cheap terms of contempt accepted by fools

* 'I do not mean to say that in the progress of things it may not become perfectly justifiable to wear a white waistcoat in the morning; or that certain developments of mind, or combinations of circumstance, may not render it imperative to do so. I go but with my age; and I appeal to lord A——y, or to my old friend lord A—n, whether, *de nos jours*, a man who pays a morning visit in a virgin-white Marseilles waistcoat, is admissible within the pale of civilized society.'

which they hold at the command of their insolence, for the bolstering-up of their ideal exaltation; and to such idle arrogance lady Morgan panders. It is a corollary of her argument, that the want of access to what she calls *good company* is a deficiency meriting social proscription. What an apostle of Almack's have we here! What a preacher of *haut ton* and exclusion among men! Her essentially Irish logic is simply this—talent, without the accidents of birth or wealth, should be a passport to *good company;* but if its possessor has not been used to *good company,* and acquired its signs and tokens, he should peremptorily be chased from *good company!*

Let the aristocracy be as enormous fools as lady Morgan paints them; but it awakens honest anger to see the attempt to give to their most insolent nonsenses the character and sanction of reason. Let not the impositions be extended; let the great be left to make their own laws, and shew the little how to laugh at them. The pleasure of these people does not consist in acting upon their maxims of *ton* among themselves, but in the effect of them on the inferior world. Dissipate the *prestige,* and you deprive them of the delight. The envy is at the root of the pleasure. The trifles which ought to be made the world's scoff, such writers as lady Morgan, tend to consecrate in the estimation of the vulgar. Their zeal too is accompanied with some exaggeration, for the apostles are more violent in their frivolities than their masters. Thus lady Morgan, who would slam the door in the face of any woman, who in ignorance of the usages of *good company,* made a curtsey at it, was herself, at one period, ignorant of the usages of *good company,* and yet she was not excluded. Perhaps she did not commit the specific enormity of a reverence at the door, but from her own account, she must have been abundantly aukward in divers other respects.

In a chapter on her Reviewers (of some pleasant impertinence) the same despicable rule of judgment discovers itself again. She enters Mr. Colburn's study just as one of her critics is flying from it at her approach, and in time to "catch a glimpse of *the long leg* and *ci-devant white stocking* of the Reviewer, in his escape by another door."

Now it is written in the Book of Ton, that any male who wears apparent white stockings in the morning is accursed; and we have not a particle of doubt, that lady Morgan threw in this article of apparel for the consummation of odium. The white stockings, *per se,* would have been sufficiently hateful to imaginations polite—hateful as the pepper-and-salt pantaloons of Vivian Grey's ushers—but the antipathy is finely exasperated by the *ci-devant* whiteness, and also the length of the leg. A

long leg cossacked, booted and spurred, is no offence; but a long leg cotton-stocking'd aggravates the iniquity, and merits nothing short of amputation. Having thus well charged the minds of the refined reader with aversion, her ladyship goes merrily on in a strain of extremely vulgar slang remark on the described man of hose. Stockings are things of great import in fashionable and would-be-fashionable eyes. They are criteria of vulgarity in many cases: inferentially so in that of servants, whose cotton at routs is shewn by Mr. Theodore Hook to bespeak the despicableness of their masters. A cotton-stocking'd Reviewer, to argue in lady Morgan's manner, must either be a man of unfashionable addiction to shoes, or who cannot afford to wear boots. In either case he is to be abhorred, whether his poverty, or his will consents. But yet if all the ornaments and graces of literature, the benefactors of the world in arts and science, were to be traced to the clothing of their legs, we suspect that the hose of penury would greatly preponderate over the silk of luxury, together with the cavalier's or modern coxcomb's spurred boot. In sober earnest, are these points on which liberality should dwell? Are they points which intelligence should maintain in the idiotically false importance that frivolity and fashion attach to them? These tendencies constitute the ground of our quarrel with lady Morgan, who is doing more mischief in the field of vanity than she can ever compensate for in that of philosophy, though there we are far from depreciating her efficiency. To teach wisdom is a grand object; but a preliminary labour, essential to its success with the idle world, is to unteach it folly. We must not be doing and undoing —we must not be railing against institutions or customs in the general, and honouring the particular vices which grow out of them.

Locality, we observe, according to the fashionists, has much to do with literary consideration. Thus lady Morgan not only imputes to her critic cotton stockings, but attaches to him the damning epithet of *Bow Bell*—"my Bow Bell Reviewer." We know absolutely nothing of either the writer or the article (one in the Edinburgh Review—the Life of Salvator Rosa) which has kindled the lady's wrath; he may be the ablest and justest of critics, or he may be the most incompetent, and as lady Morgan powerfully puts it, "knowing as much of Salvator and the arts, as he does of *the interior of Devonshire-House*, or the Vatican." But whatever his qualifications or disqualifications may be, his residence is surely immaterial to them, and propriety of sentiment would forbid its conversion into a reproach. Why are the enemies vilest arms, and the slang of the John Bull, thus adopted

by a professor of liberality? What have we to do with the place in which a man writes? Johnson composed in Clerkenwell, and in his days the proximity of Bow was not discovered to be incompatible with learning or talent. When nothing more substantial is urged against a critic than the additions of *Bow Bell, Johnny Raw, Journeyman Sawyer*, &c., the natural presumption is, that he has performed his task with disagreeable effect to the author's self-love, but withal offering matter for reasonable impeachment. As we have touched on these modes of vituperation, we would suggest the inquiry whether the terms quoted, and many others of a like quality, are proper to the vocabulary of the Boudoir. "Spoonies," "top-sawyers," "Johnny Raw," "stirring up with a long pole," are odious slang expressions, the use of which, correct taste, and the habit of decorous speech would forbid in all places. And yet, though lady Morgan can descend to Tom-and-Jerry nick-names, and phrases of the bear-garden, she is furiously scandalized at a deviation from the polite nomenclature in an old friend, and thus records his enormities and her shame:—

'What a horrible thing it is to be ashamed of one's old friends, merely because they are old-fashioned. The other day some "*English epicures,*" top-sawyers of London ton, dined with us; when a dropper-in, from Connaught, took a place (left vacant by a late apology). I had dined with my provincial guest many years back, and *thought it the greatest possible honour to be asked to his Castle Rackrent.* He then appeared to me a very fine person, and his table a very fine table. But, horror of horrors! what were my feelings when, uncovering the *entrée* next him, before the soup was removed, he asked one of the most noted Amphitryons of the day, if he should help him to some of the savories; and when, after calling *bouilli*, bully-beef! *petits-pâtés*, mutton-pies! soup, broth! *crême-au-pistache*, "*raspberry crame!*" and *fondue*, "*podden!*" he ended by sending back his glass of ale, not because he "never touched malt," but, because, as he told the servant, "he preferred his porther out of a *pewther-pot*, after the ould fashion."'—Vol. ii. pp. 131, 132.

We cannot understand how a person of good sense, and any justness of feeling, could sit down and note these circumstances upon paper. We can conceive the vexation of a lady at an old friend's committing blunders which exposed him to the ridicule of her finer guests; but the act of chronicling his slips is to us of incomprehensible meanness. What a passage is here painted from respect to contempt! Her ladyship had thought it the greatest possible honour to dine with this man, and she is made to blush for his friendship, because he mispronounces some words and misdescribes some dishes! Cicero in the treatise *de Amicitiâ* has overlooked such essentials to friendship. This

practice of blushing for *unmodish* friends is entirely English, and belongs to the fashion-mania. Every thing is referred to the taste of the Exquisites, and "what will or would my fine friends think," is the ruling inquiry in morals as well as in manners. Lady Morgan may start at the word morals, but gratitude, we conceive, to come within that province.

Observe on the other hand, how indulgent the same person from the same cause can be to the absurdities of a person of quality, who does not indeed call '*bouilli*' '*bully*,' but who commits the more considerable mistake of esteeming a king an usurper, and herself a queen!

The countess D'Albany, the widow of the Pretender, calls upon our lady of the Boudoir. "Here was an honour," she exclaims, "which none but a Florentine could appreciate. Madame D'Albany never paid visits to private individuals, never left her palace on the Arno, except for the English ambassador's, or the grand duke's,"—or the fact shews lady Morgan's; and after this introduction comes one illustrative anecdote:—

'We had received very early letters from London, with the account of the king's death (George III); I was stepping into the carriage, to pay Madame D'Albany a morning visit, when they arrived—and I had them still in my hand, on entering her library on the *rez-de-chaussée*, where I found her alone, and writing, when I suddenly exclaimed, with a French theatrical air,

"Grande Princesse, dont les torts tout un peuple déplore,
Je viens vous l'annoncer, l'*Usurpateur* est mort."

[Does lady Morgan fancy this to be French poetry?]

'"What usurper!" asked madame D'Albany, a little surprised, and not a little amused.

'"Madame, *l'Electeur de Hanovre cesse de vivre!*" The *mauvaise plaisanterie* was taken in good part; for, truth to tell, though the countess D'Albany always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude of the royal family, and felt (or affected), an absolute passion for his present majesty, whose picture she had, she was always well pleased that others should consider her claims to the rank of queen as legitimate, of which she herself entertained no doubts.'—Vol. i. pp. 195, 196.

Thus we see the great difference between an old friend's miscalling his beef, and a noble person's mistaking her own character. Shame attaches to the former error, while the other is pampered wit, pandering to the conceit. Lady Morgan styles the term, indeed, a mauvaise plaisanterie, but there was obviously more of sycophancy than of sport in it.

We have stated our objection to the tendency of lady Morgan's familiar writings, rather with the design of warning the public, than in the hope of producing any effect upon the

authoress, for her condemnation of the fault which possesses her; her railing against aristocratical insolence while adopting or ministering to it; her scorn at subserviency, while holding out the associations of the great as the joy and glory of life—these contradictions indicate a case which admits of no cure. Clever thoughts she throws out in abundance, but *medio de fonte leporum* there rises something of the besetting and besotting vice. She scarcely records an event, or alludes to a circumstance, which has not occurred while she was staying with a dear friend a princess, a duchess, a lord, lady, or in a castle, palace, or place of honour of some description. It is thence matter of inference, that if her associations are determined by virtue or talent she has found so much among the great as seldom or never to have been compelled to seek them in her own humbler order.

ART. VII.—*Archæologia*, Vol. XXII, Part II. *Vetusta Monumenta*, Vol. V. Plates, LI—LX.

LITTLE more than two years have elapsed, since the attention of the public was called to the state and labours of the Society of Antiquaries of London, by which the above-named works are published, in an article on the Twenty-first volume of the Archæologia in the Westminster Review. That article was the first attempt which had ever been made to rouse the members of the Society to a sense of its condition; the waste of its funds; the worthlessness of its publications; the absurdity of many of its regulations; and to the manner in which it had been rendered the scene of petty intrigue. The statement produced some immediate and unexpected effects. The subject has since been, from time to time, noticed in the newspapers, and in other periodical works; but, better than all, a few Fellows of the Institution, sensible of the truths which were thus pressed upon them, endeavoured to produce that reformation, which, to all but those interested in the existing state of things, appeared indispensable, if the Society was to enjoy any reputation, or to be attended with any advantage to the objects for which it was incorporated. These struggles on the part of the reforming few, against the too-easily satisfied many, have unfortunately proved nearly useless. They were beaten by an overwhelming majority, and since their defeat, the autocrats of the place have themselves proposed some alterations, but proving by the manner in which they have been made, the justice of the charge that those persons were incapable of managing the

Society; whilst the nature of some of the improvements are characteristic of the judgment and taste of those with whom they originated.

Our former paper contained a rapid notice of the foundation of this Society of Antiquaries, of the regulations by which it is governed, and the manner in which its officers and servants are elected. It also noticed the unfitness of many of the individuals who now fill these situations, and especially of the persons selected for the councils. Our remarks were peculiarly strong upon the conduct of the noble president, on the ground that he had never evinced the slightest interest in the institution, and that his deportment was cold and apathetic; but we more particularly commented on the statutes, as being repugnant both to sense and to grammar, and we described the whole affair as being conducted in a spirit of jobbing worthy only of a select vestry. Recent events have fully confirmed the view then taken of the subject, with one exception only,—the feelings by which the President is actuated; for it is but an act of common justice to say, that when appealed to, at the commencement of the attempts to reform the Society, he listened with the utmost courtesy and attention; and though he refused to support the plan which was submitted to him, because he would not sanction so strong an opposition to the other officers, a line of conduct which was to be expected from one whose political feelings are not supposed to be favourable to any species of reform, yet it is due to his understanding and to his candour, to state, that he is desirous of introducing such meliorations as shall not appear radical ones: he has too, evinced his liberality, by giving the annual dinners to the auditors and council, which for many years were paid for out of the Society's funds. But, in fact, he, like the council and even the treasurer and director, is little else than a puppet in the hands of the secretaries, who having the patronage of engraving, printing, &c., can command the votes of the inferior part of the Society, who have no pretensions to belong to it, nor indeed any other desire than to minister to their own pecuniary interests, or to support their friends, the secretaries, in return for their support of themselves.

Previous to the annual election in April 1828, divers skirmishes had taken place between the officers and some of the reformers. An application to increase the salary of the second secretary, who, it appeared to many, was already amply paid for doing little, excepting to help the senior secretary to do nothing, and the statutes having been violated by the usual notice not being given of the measure, it was opposed on the ballot, by a minority which shook the confidence of the council in the stability of

their power. Here, however, as faithful historians of the campaign, it is necessary to notice the tact which the officers displayed to crush the hydra that had raised its head against them. The fact is, that remarks were made when this grant was bestowed, on the negligent manner in which the articles communicated by the second secretary were prepared; and that it was even asserted that these compositions were not unfrequently copies of articles which had been printed before. So serious an imputation, could only be met by producing in the next assembly so learned and novel a paper, as would shame all opposition to the increase of salary, and place the talents of the communicant as much beyond suspicion, as it would establish his reputation for deep and laborious research. The eventful evening arrived; the vice-president's official cocked-hat was duly squared; the senior secretary on his right hand was looking as usual "unutterable things;" the treasurer, having secured the entrance-fee of some unfortunate wight, had composed his features into the good-natured quiescence for which they are remarkable; and the tongues of all the other members of the assembly, each of whom hearing that so much was to be expected, had brought the full number of friends allowed by the statutes, were "hushed to silence," when the junior secretary commenced the perusal of — The Narrative of the Attempt to steal the Crown from the Tower by the notorious Blood! The event was not auspicious. The members evinced that this was no great discovery; and more than one said it was printed by Echard, in his History of England: others whispered "this is given verbatim in Stow's Survey:" a third proclaimed "that it was referred to very fully by Rapin," and a fourth, wiser still, observed, that there were two copies in MSS. in the Museum, on one of which the places where it had been printed were specially marked! These observations did not however deter the learned secretary from reading so much of his discovery as remained after this meeting, at the next; but we owe it to the council to state, that the paper in question is not printed in the Archæologia; and to the junior secretary himself to add, that either from the other Fellows having sent papers; from better fortune, or, if he pleases, from more vigilance, he has not since that time communicated above two or three papers to the Society which had been published before,* and some of these are in such

* An extract from the Description of Pembrokeshire, by George Owen, relative to the game of Knappan—Printed *verbatim* in the Cambrian Register, 1795, and *reprinted* in Roberts's Cambrian Popular Antiquities; and a Memorial presented to lord Burleigh in 1595 by the bishop of St. David, and other justices of Pembrokeshire, relative to the

rare books, that even a better antiquary may be pardoned for not being aware of the fact.

The next indication of zeal in the institution, was a demand to see the accounts and such papers as had from time to time been communicated to, but which had not been printed by, the Society. Both these requests were refused; and the opinion of the Attorney-general having been taken by the applicants, they learnt that the council were not bound to shew their accounts. Violations of the statute were pointed out on the election of members in the absence of the president or his deputies, so that all those persons, amounting to eight or ten, who had been so elected, were illegally admitted, and their votes liable to be disputed. Shortly afterwards, several instances were pointed out to his lordship where the council had spent much larger sums than they were authorized to spend, without first obtaining a vote of the Society at large, and his attention was called to the wasteful manner in which they were expended, by the mode in which the plates were engraved and the works printed. The object of these measures was, to shew to the fellows the absolute propriety of a reform: first, as it proved that the members had no right to see how the money, which they contributed, was expended; secondly, as they evinced that the officers and council knew not what they were about, since they had illegally usurped a power which was alone vested in the general body; thirdly, as they shewed that neither the president nor the vice-presidents would condescend to preside, so that rather than send the multitude home uninstructed, the treasurer was obliged to take the chair, and by thus performing their duties, improperly receive new members; and lastly, that all these facts admitted but of these inferences, that the rights of the fellows were invaded, and the funds of the Society improperly dissipated, so that useful knowledge had been by no means advanced; that an institution capable of affording to British history those illustrations which it so much requires, had been exposed to scorn and derision; and that by its proceedings the very name of an antiquary had become synonymous with that of a literary charlatan or learned merry Andrew,—cutting capers over pieces of old glass bottles, or masquerading with ancient stew-pans and rusty armour. The remedy was an obvious one: an infusion of knowledge, zeal, activity, and economy into the council. As the president had declined

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Haven; which is printed at length in the Topographical Dic-
Mr. Ellis, colleague of Nicholas Carlisle, esq. the *senior secre-*
Society of Antiquaries. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcviii.

to recommend the measures of reform which were so urgent, the only course was, to make an appeal to the good sense and independence of the Society, to select for themselves a council able and willing to improve the institution, from those members who had distinguished themselves by their labours, and who had some literary reputation to support. The result was anticipated by the reformers, because they knew the materials of which the Society was composed, and the immense odds in point of influence against them. The same spirit of servility, which so often decides great political questions, might be seen even in so trifling a dispute as this; learned persons could not only desert the cause to which they were pledged, but find something to say for the other side; whilst some could suddenly change their minds when the prospect of being on the council was held out to them.

The attempt at reform was defeated by a majority of *one hundred and two* to *twenty-three*, the remaining six hundred, or six hundred and fifty, of which the Society is composed, not having attended. With so signal a mark of the sentiments of the "learned body," all hope of improvement ceased.

Soon after the opposition was thus stifled, it was intimated, that the council had determined to re-model the statutes, and as it was insinuated, that important changes were meditated in the application of the funds, it was hoped that there would at length be a termination to the Archæologia, so wittily termed by Horace Walpole, "Old Woman's Logic," and that the Society would do the only thing which such an establishment can do, to promote historical and antiquarian literature, publish some of the numerous inedited MSS. with which public repositories, and even its own library, abound, which present authentic materials for history, and contain more data for historians, and information on the manners, customs, and personal character of our ancestors in one page, than is to be found in any one volume of the Society's Transactions, excepting where they have printed articles of that description. About the same time an effort was made by some well-meaning persons to prevent the meetings being any longer the mere waiting-room to the Royal Society, by changing the nights of assembly: but, as if there was some fatality in all plans of improvement, this proposition was mixed up with another, that of converting the sittings into a tea-drinking party! Fortunately for the credit of our veracity, we possess a copy of the petition presented to the council on the subject, to which we seriously assert one person of high literary character affixed his name, the others being chiefly those of "persons to fame unknown." As we profess

to amuse our readers in this paper, and are anxious to afford them means of judging for themselves of the quantum of active talent in the members of the Antiquarian Society, a few passages shall be copied from this memorable petition. The preamble is unparalleled, excepting in the Archæologia and the statutes, for its grammatical accuracy, and for the truths which it contains.

'Owing to the great change which has taken place in the hours of business and relaxation, since the establishment of the Society, some alterations appear to have become absolutely necessary in order to place the Society on a more independent and *respectable footing* than *it has lately enjoyed.*'

It then proceeds to notice, that each meeting originally continued for two hours, but that "owing to the *contraction of the period* little time remained" for conversation. Now this complaint of the short time which each meeting lasts, is really extremely unreasonable to all parties; for the sittings often consume from *fifteen* to *twenty minutes,* and when it is known that about a fourth of that time is occupied by the chairman and the members, who are introduced for the first time, exchanging grimaces and bows; that to each new member the portentous cocked hat must be thrice raised with a flourish from, and thrice replaced, with a similar flourish, on the head of the wearer;* and that the remaining three-fourths are consumed in the perusal of some historical discovery, similar in novelty and interest to Mr. Ellis's chef d'œuvre about Blood and the Crown—we ask whether human strength can endure more than the labour which the said chairman and reader undergo, or human patience suffer a longer infliction of such utter folly and absurdity? It seems to us, therefore, that the idea of prolonging the meetings until something was done to render them worth attending at all, was placing the cart before the horse. The gravity of the next paragraph is irresistible.

'"It is," the memorialists say, "the public opinion, that one object of the Society is to elucidate *whatever* may be submitted to it for that purpose; and when it is found that no information is obtained, the natural inference is, that none can be afforded!"'

The petitioners go far beyond our claims on the learned

* The effect of this ceremony is so truly ludicrous, that on the admission of lord Prudhoe a few weeks since, he no sooner saw the huge cocked-hat placed on the head of the Vice-president, that it might be raised in honour of him "in due form," as the statutes say, than, to the horror of the senior Secretary, the gravity of the place was disturbed by the reciprocal mirth of the noble Candidate and the Chairman; neither of whom could compose his features for the rest of the evening. Will such mummery never cease?

fraternity; but they take the name of the public in vain, for the public directs towards them an exceedingly small portion of expectation, or even of attention, and by no means calculates on their elucidating *whatever* may be submitted.

After detailing various evils which attend the present mode of carrying on the proceedings of the Society, some notable suggestions are made "with a view," they observe, "towards remedying these defects, and *restoring* the Society to its *intended* use and purpose." One, and the only one, of these remedies worthy of adoption was the change in the nights of meeting; but, like a lady's letter, the real motive of the petition was reserved for the last, namely, that they might have "TEA AND COFFEE," "the effect of which," *i. e.* the tea and coffee, and, we presume, their usual companions, buttered toast and muffins, "would," the petitioners assure the council, "be papers of more importance and length, as the interchange of ideas has a tendency to elicit subjects for communication."

Spirit of Wamba, the son of Witless! heard ye this petition read without the re-animation of his dust, and proclaiming the chair of the President of the Society of Antiquaries of London your own peculiar throne? No! he was passive, and wisely, for, endowed with the prescience of a spiritual being, he knew that great as was the folly of the proposition, still greater remained to be exhibited by those who were to decide upon it; for the "collective wisdom" of the "learned body" not only did not return the address whence it came, as a hoax, but refused the only useful part of the proposition, that of changing the nights of meeting, and actually granted the tea, coffee and buttered toast! The most amiable of vice-presidents, whose purse is ever open to promote "the interchange of ideas," in order that the said interchange might "elicit subjects for communication," munificently presented the Society with a set of cups, saucers, spoons, and bread-and-butter plates, not, however, as one of the newspapers has said, "modelled after the most improved specimen of the antique," but closely resembling those used generally by old women, who, until now, were the exclusive patrons of this beverage, he being possessed of that good taste which renders a gift strictly suitable to the objects of it, and too benevolent to excite a rivalry between his *confrères* at Somerset-house, and his fair friends in the country.

Here ends act the first, in the Farce of "Improvements in the Society of Antiquaries." In that act some of the members played the principal parts, the council having only assisted in rendering the whole more truly amusing than the agitators intended, whilst the result is, that in addition to a large sum

spent annually in paying for a dinner given to such members as will partake of it, the funds of the Institution are now taxed weekly to refresh with *tea and coffee!* the distinguished literary characters who attend its meetings.

Act the second, and last, was performed by the council; for though they were obliged to obtain the vote of the Society to carry their plans into execution, there was no more chance of its questioning the will of its masters, than there is of a chapter refusing to adopt the recommendation which accompanies a *congé d'elire.*

Sensible of the truth of the charges brought against them, of exceeding their powers in expending sums of money without the sanction of the Society, and of having suffered the statutes to be violated by the admission of members when neither the President nor one of his deputies was present, it became necessary either to obey the rules and regulations more strictly in future, by which the absolute control they then enjoyed would be at an end, or to alter the statutes so as to suit their purposes. The law as it stood was, that no sum of a greater amount than 50*l.* could be spent without a vote of the Society, which, in fact, vested the management in the hands of the body at large, insured its being informed of whatever was about to be done, and rendered it requisite to obtain its sanction before any work of much importance was commenced: that any public body should surrender so valuable and useful a privilege, is scarcely more credible than that its servants should have had the hardihood to ask them to do so. It may appear at first sight that we attach more importance than it deserves to the attendance of the President or the Vice-presidents at the meetings, as it may be said, it matters not who presides, if the business be properly conducted. This is not, however, strictly true. The Presidents and Vice-presidents of literary institutions in England, are, to the reproach of the respective Societies, more frequently chosen in consequence of their rank or wealth, than from their peculiar fitness for the situations, and it is a pretty certain criterion of their estimation of a Society, when out of *five* it is difficult to get even one to be present at a time. No Society can rise in public esteem if those placed at its head treat it with indifference or contempt, and instead of the officers, or, more properly speaking, the dictators of the Society of Antiquaries acquiescing in the conduct of the President and his deputies, by passing a statute to dispense with their attendance, they ought to have represented the case to those whom it concerned, and intimated, that if they did not perform their duties, others must be found who would,

This, however, would have been an act of zeal and independence in the service of the Society perfectly new in its annals, and the present managers are not likely to create so useful a precedent. In our former paper we pointed out the sycophantic homage which the statutes enact shall be shown to rank. One of these is to the following purpose: "As persons of high rank and dignity become an honour and an advantage to any Society, any peer of Great Britain or Ireland, or the eldest sons of such peers, or any of his Majesty's privy council, or judges of either kingdom, may be propounded by a single member, and put to the ballot for election the same day;" and another, "that all letters to peers shall be carried by the porter," regulations, undoubtedly, peculiar to the Scientific and Literary Institutions of this country, and the object of scorn to those of others. Let this homage to rank be compared with the conduct of the Institute of France, the forced admission into which of the first peer of that realm produced him such derision, that he actually died of chagrin; but when literature and science thus voluntarily lick the dust from the feet of greatness, can they wonder that they are treated with the neglect and contempt they court? The privilege of belonging to such institutions in consequence of great literary or scientific merit, is one species of distinction; hereditary or personal honours are another; and when the possessors of the latter look down and scarcely condescend to associate, certainly never on a perfect equality, with the former; when only two instances exist of these hereditary, and very few indeed of the personal, honours being conferred for science or literature, does it become them to share what ought to be their peculiar privilege with men who have no other claim than their titles, much less to admit them with an alacrity which is not evinced towards a Newton, a Davy, a Byron, or a Scott?

It was necessary to advert thus briefly to these parts of the statutes of the Society of Antiquaries to be able to understand and appreciate the alterations which the council have lately proposed, and the Society quiescently adopted.

Not long before the last session terminated, a circular was sent to each member, entitled, "Proposed Alterations in the Statutes," but carefully withholding any information as to the time when they were to be discussed. Each statute was cited, and such as were to remain unchanged were so marked; hence the whole code has been revised, and we may therefore receive the amended one as the deliberate sentiments of the council of the Society of Antiquaries in the year of our Lord 1829, consisting of twenty-one sane and, doubtless, learned men, as to

what are the wisest and best regulations for such an Institution. In the first place it seemed proper in their eyes to retain the statutes in their present form, having at least twenty additional ones made at different times, contradicting, or explaining, or altering previous ones, instead of condensing the whole into about six pages.

Secondly, they have tacitly at least evinced their opinion that the nonsense and bad grammar for which the statutes are conspicuous, are perfectly correct and intelligible English, since this remains as it was.

And to proceed *seriatim*, according to the paper before us:

Chap. I. & II. unaltered.—These relate to the manner of making and repealing statutes, and to the obligatory clause to be signed by each fellow, which obligation is a promise that the new member shall promote the honour and interest of the Society to the utmost of his power, and obey the statutes. The words of the statute are, "*every* person that now *is* or shall become a fellow of the Society, shall subscribe *an* obligation," &c., and yet the said obligation is drawn up in the plural number. "*We*, whose *names* are hereunto subscribed 'promise that' "*we* will to the utmost of *our* power," &c. As this appears to be nonsense, we will explain what is meant. When the Society was instituted, this obligation was entered into and signed by the founders, and every subsequent member signs the book which contains it, so that it ought to have been said, that every member on his admission shall sign the obligation by which the Society was bound, and not that he should sign *an* obligation, which, from the context, appears to relate exclusively to himself, though the form proves it to be a general one.

Chap. III.—Of the Payments by the fellows of the Society. The only alteration in which is, that a list of all persons whose subscriptions are in arrear two years, shall, at the discretion of the council, be suspended in the meeting-room. There has been, from time to time, great difficulty in collecting the funds, and this regulation was made in March 1784 by the council, but repealed by the same authority in 1791, and the statutes are crowded with petty attempts to enforce payments, all indicative of the trifling and undecided measures which are the characteristics of the place. Why not enact at once, that all members in arrear for three years, after having been thrice applied to, shall, *ipso facto*, cease to belong to the Society, instead of niggling in this manner, which is as useless as undignified, since more than one, two, or three persons have been fellows for thirty years, and never paid a shilling?

Chap. IV.—Of the ordinary Meetings of the Society. By

this chapter the meetings were to take place at seven on every Thursday evening, and continue until nine, *i. e.* two hours, to be presided over by the President, or one of his deputies, or the senior fellow then present. Now, as the meetings never commence until eight, and always close at the expiration of twenty minutes; as the President or his deputies seldom attend; as the Treasurer is particularly fond of wearing the insignia of office—the said far-famed cocked hat; and as there are many older fellows than himself, it was requisite that this chapter should be altered. It is therefore provided, that the ordinary meetings shall commence at eight o'clock; that in the absence of the President or Vice-presidents, the Treasurer or Director shall take the chair; and not a word occurs as to when he shall rise, thus sanctioning the absurdity of assembling for so short a time.

Chap. V.—The method of voting is unaltered; and we have now come to the chapter containing the discreditable statute relative to the admission of peers and persons of high rank, on which we have commented. This was the touch-stone of the sense and feeling of the Society's legislators, and they have treated it in a manner as peculiarly felicitous as it was worthy of them to do; for they have repealed the preamble, but retained the privilege, thus publicly confessing that they are not ashamed to do what they are ashamed of assigning a reason for doing. If peers, &c., are not to be so admitted on account of their rank, in the name of Confucius why are they to be so distinguished? In 1752, it was thought that "they were an honour and an advantage to any society," and if this was true, it was right to catch them as they could, no matter with what the trap was baited; but if in 1829 they are no longer "an honour and an advantage" to the Society of Antiquaries, whatever they may be to the Royal or any other society, why reserve the privilege, and insult them by forbearing to state the grounds on which it was conceded? Had this statute been passed over in silence on the revision of the statutes in the nineteenth century, the meanness and the folly would have been sufficiently remarkable; but by thus altering it, the council has evinced that they had just sense enough to know what was wrong, but were too destitute of spirit to do what was right by wiping away this stain on the Institution. It remains, then, in its altered form, a memorial of the minds of its original creators, and of the lamentable want of judgment and propriety of those who have now identified themselves with it. The other alterations have for their exclusive object to increase the powers of the treasurer, director, and council, by

giving to the two former the same authority as the president and vice-presidents, and vesting in the latter such rights as render them almost wholly independent of the body at large, and the ability to do whatever they please, without asking for its sanction. Instead of abolishing the penalty of expulsion for criticising the proceedings of the Society, a provision which has been often justly ridiculed, additional force is given to it by a new statute regulating the form and proceeding in cases of that nature; thus evincing a determination to enforce the penalty against all who dare to doubt that the Society is not the model of perfection. With respect to the expenditure, the council are empowered to spend whatever they please, excepting "in the case of any expenditure of an extraordinary nature exceeding the sum of 100*l.*," when the proposition "is to be first submitted to the Society at one of their weekly meetings:" but this is in fact quite nugatory, for as it publishes nothing but the Archæologia and Vetusta Monumenta, and as these appear at certain intervals, nothing relating to them is an extraordinary expenditure, and hence, if two hundred pounds may be spent on a plate which ought not to cost ten, the body at large are precluded from preventing, or even knowing it, it not being, as all who are initiated into the mysteries, too well know, any thing extraordinary, whilst as the statutes stand, no one excepting the council has a right to see the accounts. In effect, then, as the council are the passive instruments of their creators, the secretaries; as the officers allow these gentlemen to play the game as they please; and as they are all independent of the general body, every thing is managed as snugly as the paid servants of the Institution can possibly desire. These propositions were adopted by the Society, if not without observation, at all events without effectual opposition;* the session closed soon afterwards, and the result of the strenuous efforts of those who wished to render the Institution of use, to rouse its members to a sense of their own rights, to put an end to the system which has so long consumed its resources, and to wrest the management of its affairs from the feeble hands which have so miserably conducted them, has ended in what?—in confirming the council in their power, and permitting them to make laws to give them increased authority, and to render it in their power to set the whole Society at defiance! It has been proved, beyond dispute, that these persons have brought the Institution to the

* On the night when these alterations were submitted to the ballot, only twenty-three members attended, of which number twenty-one voted for, and two against, them!

lowest possible ebb; that without consideration for the pretensions of the fellows, they have selected most improper individuals for the council; that they have wasted the funds by publishing the most unworthy trash and the vilest plates; that they have shewn themselves ignorant of its constitution by violating the charter and statutes; that they have opposed, not fairly and openly, but by secret and unworthy means, the attempt to renovate the Society; and that when forced to make some alterations in the statutes, they have proved themselves far behind-hand with the age in which they live, by retaining all which disgraced, and proposing nothing which improves, the Institution. The members have thus permitted themselves to be deprived of the control which they hitherto enjoyed, though they seldom thought proper to exercise it, and have gained nothing from the struggle with their masters but shame, and —tea, coffee, and buttered toast!

So much for the sense, feeling, and spirit of the eight hundred persons who compose the Society of Antiquaries of London, excited as they have been by the public press, and by the active personal exertions of a few of its members. After such conduct, nothing is to be hoped from them; and the end must be, either that the Society will be dissolved on the death of the present fellows, a circumstance extremely likely, from the very few who, since the exposures which have been made relating to it, seek admission into the fraternity; or that it will drag out a disreputable existence, affording shelter and a pension to one or two dependents of great personages, but utterly profitless to literature or science: one among the many striking proofs which disgrace our country, of the way in which folly and personal interest combine to paralyse institutions which were founded with excellent intentions, and capable of rendering essential services to general literature.

Before concluding this notice of the Society, we ought to observe that the hint thrown out in our former paper, that his majesty had not placed medals at its disposition, though he had been pleased thus to honour every other society, has been attended to, and lord Aberdeen lately announced this gracious mark of the royal favour, which doubtless his lordship's influence was the means of obtaining. As, however, there should be something peculiar in every thing done in that place, the boon so far from being thankfully received, is very unpopular with the dictators, who dread its creating something like discussion or rivalship. "The medals will" they say, "become apples of discord; they will raise disputes, and put things out of the old routine. The Society has gone on very

well without them, and we do not want any thing new." As yet, to their great joy, the medals have not been received; but what could more fully mark their love of "the dull stagnant pool," than this fear of its being agitated; or what can form a better criterion of their dread of improvement, or their alarm at the probable effects of any thing like energy or zeal, to themselves personally, than this hatred of an innovation which might act as a stimulus to the palsied intellects of the fellows? This trait is, however, strictly consistent with their whole conduct, and we fully concede the prudence of their fears.

Having made the last publications of this Society, the pin on which to fix this account of its proceedings, since public attention was first called to it in our pages, it may be expected that we should conclude the article with a few words on their contents. The second part of the Twenty-second volume of the Archæologia contains a transcript of a chronicle in one of the Harleian MSS. entitled "An Historical Relation of certain passages about the end of king Edward the third's reign, and of his Death:" "Observations on an ancient Bracelet found on the sand hills near Altyre," by Mr. Ellis, in which he has displayed unusual research and information: some uninteresting pages on, and useless plates of, "Remains in the island of Goza near Malta:" "An account of a few British Coins found near High Wycomb:" "An account of certain Hill Castles near the Land's End:" "An ancient Norman French poem on the Erection of the Walls of New Ross in Ireland in 1265:" "A copy of the Instructions sent from the Council of queen Elizabeth to Henry Killegrew, Esq., resident at the court of Scotland, on the arrival of the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew:" "Notes on the office of Ragler in Cardiganshire:" "An account of some recent Discoveries at Holwood Hill in Kent:" the conclusion of the interesting old English poem on the Siege of Rouen which was commenced in the former volume, and from which we made some extracts in our number for April 1827; and "A Disquisition on a passage in king Athelstan's Grant to the abbey of Wilton." Of these papers scarcely one, excepting the Chronicle, and the two Poems, are worth paper and print, so that the value of this part of the Archæologia consists almost exclusively of the transcripts of historical manuscripts, the publication of which and the translation of early chroniclers we hold to be the most useful object to which the funds of the Society can be applied. For the transcript of the chronicle we are indebted to Mr. Amyot, the treasurer, who has added some good notes, and appears to have taken considerable trouble to edite it well. Even if space permitted, the chronicle does not allow of any extracts: though

undoubtedly a desirable addition to the materials for a history of that reign, so strong a party feeling is manifested throughout, as to render its assertions very suspicious; and Mr. Amyot has justly remarked, that it must be read with great caution, for "that whilst the facts bear the authority of a diligent observer, the inferences are those of a partizan." It is presumed to be an early translation of a contemporary writer, but has not been consulted by any historian excepting Stow, a circumstance not very creditable to the research of the numerous individuals who have written what are termed "Histories of England." The conclusion of the poem on the siege of Rouen, as well as that on New Ross, have been discovered by Mr. Madden, one of the librarians of the Museum, who is well known for his intimate acquaintance with early MSS., and who by availing himself of the Archæologia to give these very curious pieces to the public, has rendered an acceptable service to antiquarian literature, whilst his notes evince the historical and antiquarian information that might have been expected from him. He is, we believe, a young member of the Society, but he has already enriched the Archæologia with some of its most valuable papers, and it is to be hoped that his zeal may prove contagious.

So much has been written on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, that any new evidence on the subject is deserving of attention. Unfortunately, however, neither Mr. Ellis's remarks, nor the instructions of Killegrew, throw much light on the subject; for all which the latter state is, that the council "at the first supposed it to have come but of private quarrels and contention betwixt the House of Guise and them," but that now they "in a manner perfectly doe see that this hath bene premeditated and minded of longe tyme before, and that it is concluded amongst them to erradicate and utterly to destroy all such as make profession of their true religion," and other surmises, and other fears, are then expressed; but, without there being any other fact proved by the article than what could scarcely have been doubted, that the Protestant council of queen Elizabeth were quite ready to interpret any act of Catholics into a design against the reformed faith. In the appendix to the volume, which contains "such *curious* communications as the council shall not think proper to publish entire," are similar speculations to those which have established the fame of the Society on "Druidical Circles and Roman Remains:" on "the oldest perfect Sword in England;" and on "Instruments for catching Thieves;" which, by the bye, should have been addressed to the new commissioners of the Police, by Dr. Merrick, whose

learning on every thing relating to "cold iron" is too generally known to need our eulogy; on one or two seals of no interest or rarity; and an engraving of one of those brass effigies which are common in every parish church.

Here we take leave of the Society and its labours. To the brief summary which we have given of the results of the efforts which have been made to improve it since April 1827, we shall add an equally brief statement of its publications in the same period, from which it will be seen that their tortoise-like pace is still the rate at which its proceedings advance. In two years it has published one volume containing four hundred and sixty-nine pages. Of these pages, more than half are filled with copies of chronicles, official instructions, or other papers, the labour of which consists in transcribing them from the originals. The remainder are what is termed in the Society, "stuffing" of the said papers, that is, the few remarks that are prefixed to them; and original articles on various subjects, the greater part of which are of the promising description of "suits of armour," "pieces of bricks," "stones presumed to be Druidical," "monuments usually presumed to be Druidical," "Mosaic pavements," "Roman remains," "Roman baths," marked with the impression of dogs' toes, and therefore accurately engraved; "Roman lime-kilns," "bracelets," &c. &c. all and every of which we specially commend to the perusal of those persons who may desire to form an accurate estimate of the talents and researches of the Society; or who having in vain swallowed as much opium as their physicians can with safety prescribe, may still wish for a powerful and irresistible soporific.

ART. VIII.—*Travels in North America, in the years* 1827 *and* 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. In 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1829.

A YEAR or two ago a gallant lieutenant of the Royal British Navy obtained leave of absence for a few weeks from his duties on the North American coast, and hastened on the wings of curiosity and expectation, to survey the moral and political phenomena of the United States. He penetrated as far south as Baltimore and Washington, measured the great ship at Philadelphia, and recorded in a book his impressions and opinions, with a very unfavourable report of the state of soap and towels in the taverns of the Union. Another gentleman of the navy, somewhat better qualified than the lieutenant, availed himself of an interval of professional leisure, and spent an entire year in examining America "from end to end," in disputing

with "the natives," and collecting materials for about thirteen hundred pages of adventures and dissertations.

To make such a selection from the varied matter of these three volumes, as will add to the stock of correct information on the subject of the United States, and at the same time do justice to Captain Hall's opinions, is a very difficult, and perhaps an impracticable undertaking; for the impression that remains after reading these travels as they are called, partakes of that "bamboozlement," which the Captain on one occasion experienced from the velocity of an American stage.* Between the bright green spots of personal adventure and local description, huge wastes of lengthy essays extend, like the never-ending pine-barrens in the southern states, where the way-worn traveller strains his eyes in vain to catch a sight of the neat tavern or substantial log-house. But this comparison (the author himself is always making comparisons) is not sufficient; something is wanted to convey an idea of the infinite variety of subjects incidentally touched on, or elaborately discussed; and nothing seems more appropriate than one of those interminable congress speeches, in which every thing is examined and settled except the subject in debate. Captain Hall has, however, one decided advantage over the congressman; in the midst of his numerous excursions he never forgets the main object of his voyage across the Atlantic; and as his mind seems turned to political and moral investigations, it is to these most important subjects that his essays are principally dedicated.

A short sketch of the extent of the Captain's travels in the United States, of his design in visiting them, of his mode of obtaining information, of his own behaviour to the people, and that of the people to him, will assist us in understanding many of his remarks and conclusions. He has not himself presented us with a tabular view of this kind, but has scattered these curious facts and hints all through his three volumes, from which it is rather laborious to collect and arrange them in the most convenient order. It is true, he tells us in that part intitled the preface, that "the chief object he had in view in visiting America was, to see things with his own eyes," &c.; but the real preface is cut up into little pieces, and strewed through the thirteen hundred pages.

Captain Hall is a Scotchman, a native of Edinburgh, and a distinguished naval officer, who has visited nearly all parts of

* "Sorely shaken and bamboozled with the velocity of this mode of travelling."—Vol. i. p. 93.

the world; he has had a classical education, probably at the University of Edinburgh, which he never mentions; his connections and friends belong apparently to that class of Scotch and English society, whom he would call the class of "permanent money-spenders." The sea has been his home "more than half his life;" and he has witnessed the workings of numerous political and moral experiments in different quarters of the globe. These facts are not unimportant for the proper interpretation of his laborious essays.

On the 15th of May, 1827, he landed with his wife and child at New York; and with them he sailed up the magnificent Hudson, followed the line of the great Erie canal, and visited the falls of Niagara, where he took sketches with the *camera lucida,* and gazed on the mighty stream, till he thought he was talking to Sir Isaac Newton.* After a pretty extensive tour in Canada, he re-entered the United States by the route of Lake Champlain, and after visiting Boston, Hartford, and a few other places, we find him again at New York. From this commercial emporium of the Americas, he proceeds southward through the great towns on the sea-board, making at each important station a convenient halt to study men and manners. The southern limit of his travels on the Atlantic coast may be defined, astronomically speaking, by a few degrees elevation of the star Canopus† above the horizon; and, in the language of commercial geography, by the cotton plantations of St. Simon's island. A dreary and monotonous route conducted the Captain and his little party across Georgia and Alabama, through the despotic territory of a Georgian landlady, and over the swollen waters of the Yam Gandy, to the half town of Mobile, of which the other half had been burnt down just before his arrival, an event not very uncommon in some parts of America. New Orleans is the next great resting-place; for a more particular account of the society and manners of which city, it will be necessary to refer to other books of travels, as the author either had not sufficient opportunities for accurate observation, or, what is more probable, has not thought proper to publish this part of his Journal. He then sails up the Mississippi in one of the enormous steam-boats that navigate the Great River of the Indians, as far as the confluence of the Mississippi and the Missouri. This spectacle he describes in his usual lively manner; but he cannot refrain from subjoining a short and not conclusive argument on the

* Vol. i. p. 353.

† He had the pleasure of seeing this remarkable star when he was in Georgia. See Vol. iii. p. 214.

propriety of giving the name Missouri or Mississippi to the stream below the junction of the two rivers. The travellers then "turn their faces fairly homewards," and cross the prairies of Illinois; and here it is not possible to help regretting with the Captain, "that he had not left himself any room for describing his adventures in detail in a country quite recently settled." Unfortunately the essays and dissertations had already swelled the book to such a size, that it would have exceeded a marketable bulk, had the latter part of the travels been given with the same particularity as the first. The journey from New Orleans to Philadelphia occupies not quite fifty pages, the other twelve hundred being appropriated to the earlier stages of the journey, and the political essays. Really, as the Captain on another occasion observes, this is travelling in seven-league boots. But he has just found room to describe the grand prairie of Illinois, and when people can describe so very well, it is a pity they should be led from this object by a love of essay-writing. It is probable that the author in his account of the grand prairie, had in his mind Xenophon's picturesque description of the Arabian Desert, through which the army of Cyrus marched. The want of the occasional solitary prairie tree, that looks in the horizon like a ship under sail, is compensated in the narrative of the Greek, by the ostrich scudding along with expanded wings. During an absence of fifteen months from England, captain Hall twice crossed the Atlantic, and travelled in America eight thousand eight hundred miles, "without meeting with the slightest accident." All this speaks well of the good American ships that took him across the ocean, and of American travelling; and it is no less creditable to the exertions of the author, and the lady who accompanied him in this extensive tour.

The voyage to America appears from his own account to have been a "business;" and to tell truly what he saw was a "duty;" he seems to consider himself as a kind of accredited agent sent out to examine and report. Accordingly he did work very hard indeed, and in real earnest, sometimes expressing a wish that the Americans themselves would only take a small part of the pains that he was taking, to make himself master of the subject. Inquiry, discussion, reading books and public documents, and combining with his own observation the various and contradictory explanations of the "natives," were the means that he adopted for judging of the working of the political machine. It happened fortunately, that captain Hall was in America during parts of the years 1827 and 1828, amidst the ferment of the preparations for a presidential election; at a time

when, as he says very truly, every other question was merged in this important one, and the merits of every man and thing were decided with reference to the names of Adams and Jackson. From the "absence of all idle concealments in America," from the ready access which every respectable foreigner has to every person and institution in the country, it may easily be seen that so accurate an observer and so dexterous a note-taker must have collected a large mass of curious and useful facts. Captain Hall, as we may judge from his own narrative, took as much pains faithfully to accomplish the object of his mission, as the most zealous partizan of Adams or Jackson to place his favourite on a four-years throne. He disputed on all subjects, and with all persons, from the schoolmistress in New York on the pronunciation of the word chivalry (his touchstone of orthoepy, which he applied also to Noah Webster the great American lexicographer), to the learned and the great of the land, on morals, legislation, and government. Sometimes he rather lost his temper, perhaps said rather hard things, but the "native" was always calm and self-possessed, considerate and kind, making due allowances for a stranger's errors.

'I had many sharp, amicable discussions with my friends at Boston, on the thousand and one topics which arose between us; but I must do them the justice to say, that I have rarely met a more good-natured, or perhaps I should say, a more good-tempered people; for during the whole course of my journey—though I never disguised my sentiments, even when opposed to the avowed favourite opinions of the company—I never yet saw an American out of temper. I fear I cannot say half so much for myself; for I was often a good deal harassed by these national discussions, when the company and I took our stations on the opposite poles of the question. But it is pleasant to have it in my power to say, that I cannot recollect a single instance in which any thing captious, or personally uncivil, was ever said to me, though I repeated openly, and in all companies, every thing I have written in these volumes,* and a great deal more than, upon cool reflection, I choose to say again.'—Vol. ii. p. 184.

The author makes declarations and admissions similar to these, in many other parts of his work, and leads us, in spite of any prejudice to the contrary, to acknowledge, that of all people in the world the Americans are the most truly polite, and well-bred. Their kind attentions and forbearance towards a foreigner who attacked with no little asperity those institutions to which they

* He says also, vol. i. p. 15, that "every word he now publishes to the world he has repeatedly and openly spoken in company in all parts of the United States"—"or if there be any difference between the language I there used in conversation, and that in which I now write, I am sure it will not be found to consist in overstatement, but rather the contrary."

are ardently and sincerely attached, will atone for the minor sins of spitting on carpets, eating with their knives, and wearing ill-made coats. The whole forms a remarkable contrast with the reception which would have been given in England to a foreigner who should have conducted himself in the same manner, more particularly if he had been of a profession redolent of destroying Westminster Bridge, and setting fire to the House of Commons.

The notes and memorandums, on which the "travels" are founded, were apparently written on the spot, or soon enough after the discussions, to enable the author to state fairly the impression then made on his mind. A remarkable instance of this occurs in the third volume [p. 125], where we find him in the evening at a little tavern in North Carolina, "jaded with the labours of the journey," equally indisposed to speak or listen, "half asleep," but still with sufficient energy of purpose left, to make a memorandum of a conversation "before rolling into bed." In reading over these notes, previous to publication, the author found that his opinions on some subjects frequently changed during his tour in the United States; that some parts of his journal flatly contradicted one another, and that on many of the topics included in his remarks, he has not yet learned to think clearly. This honest and manly avowal will be duly appreciated by those who have kept journals of the occurrences of many consecutive months, and while it confirms us in our opinion of captain Hall's strict veracity and honest intentions, it presents a natural and easy solution of some of the apparent, and perhaps real, contradictions observable in his work.

To understand any book well, and particularly works on manners and national peculiarities, it is absolutely essential to know from what point of view our informant contemplates moral phenomena. Captain Hall's object was "to describe, not how things might, could, or should be, but truly how they are; or to speak in language still more critically correct, what they seem to my eyes." [vol. ii. p. 162.] But the image formed in the traveller's eyes will receive every variety of figure and colour from the media through which it passes; all then that can be done in this case by a really honest truth-loving man, is to let us look at the picture, and tell us how it was made. Captain Hall has done this, by giving us an exact portraiture of all his opinions and habits, and with so little reserve, that to read his book is the same thing as to be acquainted with him. No gentleman that we are acquainted with, except Montaigne, says half so much about himself. He is a sincere admirer of every thing in England (of Scotland he says nothing), and of more things than are found in it; long,

curious, and mystifying dissertations on English society and manners being occasionally substituted for a clear exposition of facts. If he went to America with the most kindly feelings, but has returned with all his anticipations and hopes overthrown, the only thing he can do on the occasion, is to tell us fairly what he thinks. The other alternative of saying nothing at all perhaps did not occur to him.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Americans, is their eternal bepraising of their country and its institutions; the traveller was early struck with this peculiarity, and all subsequent experience confirmed the accuracy of the first impression. He ventures to make a few general remarks on this American propensity, which it is to be hoped will not be lost.

'These taxes upon a traveller's admiration, like other taxes, are never cheerfully paid; and the people of every country would do well to recollect, that in this matter, whatever it be in finance, a voluntary contribution, however small, goes for more than any amount of extorted approbation. The expression of heartfelt and unexacted praise, like the quality of mercy, is twice blessed, being equally grateful to him that gives and him that takes. But, in the other case, whatever a traveller's real opinions may be, he feels when praise is thus strained from him, pretty much as he would do, if he should find his pocket picked by the beggar who was soliciting his charity.'

With that quickness of observation for which the author is remarkable, he could not fail to notice the curious signs over the shop-doors in New York :—

'*Flour and feed store—cheap store—clothing store—cake store and bakery—wine and tea store,* all explain themselves. *Leather and finding store* puzzled me at first. I learned, upon inquiry, that *finding* means the tape and other finishings of *boots and shoes. Uncurrent notes bought,* required investigation likewise. It seems that of late years many town and country banks have failed, or fallen into such bad repute, that their notes were not held as good payment by the generality of the people; while other persons, knowing exactly how the case stood, were enabled to turn their knowledge to account, and thus to make a profit by buying up the depreciated paper.'

It is strange that no person has ever undertaken to print a *catalogue raisonné* of American and English advertisements, shop-door notices, &c. A small octavo of this kind would give more real information of the state of a people, than twenty elaborate essays; the chapter of school-advertisements alone would be full of instruction and amusement. The shop for buying up depreciated bank-notes, is an institution closely connected with the banking system as it is conducted in some parts of the United States, and, if it were fully developed,

would lead to some account of the mode of getting up and working these paper-manufactories. In some parts, by allowing no notes under five dollars to circulate, and by limiting the number of the banks, many inconveniences have been avoided, which result in other places from the facility of getting up a bank and issuing notes as low as one dollar. A traveller, in going two or three hundred miles, will sometimes collect the greasy notes of a dozen banks without having any means of ascertaining their value. On his arrival at New York, he will have the opportunity of learning this at some of these convenient little off-sets of the original establishment.

Captain Hall, during his stay in New York, examined with attention the houses of refuge for male and female juvenile delinquents, which seemed to be admirably adapted for amending young offenders, who might otherwise soon qualify themselves for the Penitentiary. The whole subject of prison discipline he looked into with great diligence at the excellent state prison of Sing Sing on the Hudson River, at various other places in the New England States, and again at Philadelphia. To ascertain the best mode, both for society and the criminal, of confining and educating those who cannot be allowed to go at large, is the object of the unceasing exertions of a benevolent society in America; * and we have the testimony of a very accurate observer to the real efficacy of the system which has been adopted. The only wonder is, that in a democracy, where the mass absolutely govern every thing, and where, as we are told, there must be "a permanent conspiracy against property," the people will ever consent to build such thick-walled prisons to shut themselves up in, and to support by their own hard labour.

There has been some controversy in America about the merits of the two systems of Philadelphia and Auburn; the latter is that which has been adopted in the State of New York, and in the Eastern or New England States, and is described with great minuteness in the second chapter of the first volume. The valuable information which the captain has collected on this subject, so interesting to every civilized community, ought to be diffused as widely as possible. This is his account of the leading principles of the two systems:—

'The Auburn plan, it may be useful to remember, consists in the strictest solitary confinement at night; in hard labour, but in rigid silence, by day, and always in company, though under constant superintendence; in solitary meals, under lock and key; in regulated

* The Boston Prison Discipline Society.

marchings to and from their workshops; in subjecting the prisoners to stripes for the infraction of prison rules; and in their never being placed in absolute solitary confinement, except as a punishment of a temporary nature; in having prayers, morning and evening, said regularly by a resident clergyman, with whom alone the prisoners are allowed to converse, and that only on Sundays.

'The Philadelphia plan is widely different from this. It is intended (in the new Penitentiary) that the prisoners shall be subjected, during the day as well as night, to separate confinement, either in solitary idleness or solitary labour; along with which, they are to be allowed no more exercise than what they may themselves choose to take in their little courts. The keeper is the only person, besides the clergyman, who is ever to see them, and a Bible is to be placed in each cell.'

The main, or rather the only, point of discussion between the advocates of the respective systems, relates to the reformation of the convicts. On the head of economy there is no dispute, because, in the one case, the prisoners, by their labour, defray the greatest part of the expenses; in the other, the whole expenses are paid by that part of the democracy which is not in confinement. The plan of solitary confinement, without labour, has not many advocates; there cannot be need of much discussion to decide between the merits of two systems, one of which accustoms the convict to labour and regular habits, while the other drives him mad, and, instead of teaching, makes him forget the very trade or occupation by which he is to subsist if ever he leaves his solitary den.

In the chapter on the Sing Sing Penitentiary, there is a curious comparison taken from the report of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, between the productiveness of some of the best-managed prisons in England, and in the Northern States of America. The result, commercially speaking, is this—the American produces in money-value between seven and eight times as much as the incarcerated Englishman. This great difference in the returns from the labour of the convicts, captain Hall attributes principally to the difference in discipline, but partly also to the diet. The American prisoner eats about a pound of meat each day, and is well worked; the English convict has the small allowance of a pound, or half a pound a week, and consequently cannot get through so much.

From the details of the best-managed prisons in America, it appears that even in them there is room for improvement, which will, doubtless, soon be effected by the zealous and able citizens who are engaged in their superintendence and control.

A large part of the persons imprisoned in America are such as in Great Britain would be transported to foreign coun-

tries at a great expense. In considering this important subject of protection to the public and reformation to the criminal, it would appear probable, that a judicious system of domestic punishment would be both more economical to the state, and perhaps more beneficial to the prisoner. But as the colonial policy of Great Britain, in her own genuine plantations, is based on the notion of transportation beyond the seas, it may be difficult to sever the association; one of the latest-announced schemes, however, of emigration to a new settlement, excludes the convict labourer.

The prisons of America are productive in very different degrees, and some are a heavy charge. Perhaps the money-making part has been occasionally attended to, more than is consistent with the real interests of the state,* which require that the prisoner, when discharged, should not be under the immediate necessity of pilfering for his subsistence. A small sum of money, sufficient to convey him to some remote part where he is not known, or to maintain him for a short time, should be given to all prisoners who are discharged. When the penitentiary system was first tried in Philadelphia, the prisoner was charged with the expenses of the prosecution and his support; while the produce of his labour was placed to his credit. For some years the system was successful, and most of the convicts, on leaving the place, had a balance in their favour, which was regularly paid to enable them to begin the world again. What aid the prisoners receive at present on leaving the penitentiaries, captain Hall has not stated.

The domestic habits and manners of a people form generally the most interesting chapter in a book of travels; and who is there that knows any thing of the grand democratical transatlantic experiment, who does not wish to learn how the people dress and eat and sleep and get through a thousand other little necessary or pleasant duties? Captain Hall, like any other respectable foreigner, was admitted without reserve into the best society that the country affords, and he had as many opportunities as he could wish of contemplating the people on

* There are many badly-managed prisons in America, as the prison reports amply prove; but the people are aware of the importance of the subject, and desirous to remedy the evil. That profit has been too much attended to in some penitentiaries, and has been one cause of partial or entire failure, may be inferred from some remarks in the American public papers. The state prison in Massachusetts is said to have produced one year a nett income of 10,000 dollars; and, of course, must have been well filled to turn out so profitable. It should be mentioned that, in the American prisons, foreigners generally form a very respectable portion of the inmates.

all public as well as private occasions. He has adhered strictly to his rule of not introducing the names of his temporary or permanent friends, nor has he said any thing that can hurt the feelings of any family into whose circle he was admitted. In doing this, he has followed the only plan that a gentleman can condescend to adopt, though he has thereby impaired the interest of his book for a large class of vulgar readers. With respect to the general habits, which are characteristic of the nation, though he considers these a fair subject for observation and discussion, he evidently labours under the greatest embarrassment when he wishes to tell us any thing. Instead of a bold sailor-like course, he goes timidly creeping along, first steering one way, then the other, as if he were entangled amidst coral reefs.

Every opinion on dress or manners is prefaced by a suitable apology; after which, if he ventures to make a confession, it is often done in a style more likely to give offence than if the unvarnished honest journal were allowed to speak out. There are often half-mysterious hints of something that he could tell if he would; many a comical story is ready to break forth, but the recollection of some kind American friend, who may perhaps be hurt at it, stops his pen, and checks his merriment. The remarks on the American male attire are curious:—

'The ladies in America obtain their fashions direct from Paris. I speak now of the great cities on the sea coast, where the communication with Europe is easy and frequent. In the back settlements people are obliged to catch what opportunities come in their way.—While touching on this part of the subject, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words, without giving offence,—certainly without meaning to give any,—respecting the attire of the male part of the population, who, I have reason to think, do not, generally speaking, consider dress an object deserving of nearly so much attention as it undoubtedly ought to receive. It seems to me that dress is a branch, and not an unimportant branch of manners,—a science they all profess themselves anxious to study. The men, probably without their being aware of it, have, somehow or other, acquired a habit of negligence in this respect quite obvious to the eye of a stranger. From the hat, which is never brushed, to the shoe, which is seldom polished, all parts of their dress are often left pretty much to take care of themselves. Nothing seems to fit, or to be made with any precision.

'It is very true, they are quite at liberty to adopt that form of dress, as well as that form of government, which pleases them best; but, on the other hand, I hope it will be granted that both the one and the other, contradistinguished as they are so much to what is seen elsewhere, are perfectly fair points of remark for a foreigner.'—Vol. i. p. 156.

But why does not the captain say at once in that plain and hearty "John Bull spirit," which he admires so much—why does he not say he has seen and conversed with lawyers, doctors, senators, and judges, of whom there were *some*, whose shoes were seldom cleaned, whose hats were never brushed, and whose round stooping shoulders were cased in coarse homespun cloth?* It would be more intelligible to his countrymen, and perhaps less offensive to the Americans, for whom this book is principally written.†

At Baltimore the traveller was fortunate enough to meet with a book that enabled him to extend his picture of American manners without the fear of offending by original remarks. A gentleman of the Philadelphia bar had published an abridgement of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, with an additional chapter addressed to the Americans. Captain Hall has dexterously availed himself of the American Chesterfield's evidence, and has made an extract from him,‡ in which are enumerated all the great sins of our transatlantic brethren—such as spitting on carpets, on grates, and in churches; carving with one's own knife and fork; lolling back, balanced on the two hind legs of a chair; and putting the feet on tables or desks in open court, thereby elevating the heels above the head, and, in the opinion of the captain, illustrating at once the principles and practice of democracy.§

The American Chesterfield has one remark from which we must dissent. "When in a house, and a person has occasion to spit, it should be into one's pocket-handkerchief, but never upon the floor or into the fire; the meanest and rudest clown in Europe is never known to be guilty of such an indecorum, and such a thing as a spitting-box is never seen there, except in a common tavern." The American Chesterfield's notions of

* Roundness of shoulders is nearly as characteristic of the Americans as tone of voice.—Vol. i. p. 91.

† Captain Hall says, that he writes principally for his *countrymen*; in which he is mistaken.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 405.

§ The English residents in India are in the constant habit of the last of these practices; a proof that it proceeds from the enfeebled circulation consequent on a relaxing climate, rather than from democratic principles. The object of the luxury is to facilitate the return of the blood from the extremities, by placing the feet highest, and so bringing gravity in aid. It produces a peculiar sense of satisfaction, a kind of *bien-être inexprimable*. At a dinner party, when ladies have retired, it is a common thing for the gentlemen to smoke their *hookahs* with their feet upon the table. An amiable old colonel built a house, and then found it had one fatal defect; the frames were not of the proper height for him to sit with his feet out of window.

the universal refinement of Europe have certainly not been got by travelling; and to spit into pocket-handkerchiefs is a dirty practice, which is more offensive than the one he is preaching against. If "in a house," and the "occasion to spit" should come on, the obvious remedy is to retire from the room.

The condition of the females in any country is generally considered to be indicative of the degree of civilization and refinement. A drive which captain Hall took with an obliging and intelligent friend to a great cattle-show in Massachusett's, prepares the way for a short essay on the comparative situation of women in the United States and in that part of the British empire called England. The state of manners in Scotland or Ireland hardly enters into the comparison, as the author generally appears to use the word "England" in its strict and limited sense, and much that he predicates even of England is true only of certain parts of it, or of certain classes of society.

This cattle-show was a very serious and solemn thing, as most matters appear to be in the New England states. There were only about nine females to be seen amongst a crowd of several thousand persons, and the little children seemed as grave as their elders.

'But in all the numerous booths placed over the ground, parties were hard at work with the whiskey or gin bottle. In some, companies of ten or a dozen people might be seen working away at hot joints or meat-pies—all very ordinary sights, I grant, at a fair in any country; but the peculiarity which struck me was, the absence of talking or laughing, or any hilarity of look or gesture. I never beheld any thing in my whole life, though I have been at many funerals, nearly so ponderous as this gloomy, lumbering, weary sort of merry-making. I felt my spirits crushed down, and, as it were, humiliated, when suddenly the sound of a fiddle struck my ear, literally the very first note of music I had heard out of a drawing-room in the whole country. Of course I ran instantly to the spot, and what was there?—four men dancing a reel!'

Of course he spoke to several gentlemen on the field about it; some half-ridiculed him for his pains, and one gentleman assured him, it was only another example of the impossibility of making strangers comprehend American manners. This fact of the four men dancing a reel, coupled with previous observation, leads to the conclusion that there is a strong line of demarcation between the sexes, and that women do not enjoy that station in society, and that influence which they have elsewhere—which probably means, in England. The reasons of all this are then to be given, which lie in the political and moral circumstances now operating in America; these prevent the

men from raising the women to the same level with themselves, though they have a sincere and strong desire to do so. It would have been perhaps quite as reasonable to have suggested, that the reel was a remnant of the edicts of the English Puritans against "*promiscuous dancing.*"

There is no doubt that captain Hall is as fully and conscientiously convinced he has ascertained the causes of the phenomena, as he is of the truth of the facts on which he builds his demonstration; and when so acute an observer as he really is, detects, or imagines he detects, such strange moral appearances, there is good reason at least for a careful investigation of them. His fault seems to be in generalizing perhaps a little too hastily, in taking as his standard of excellence whatever he imagines to exist in England, and in doing the very thing for which he blames the Americans, extolling his own country at the expense of another.

Perhaps some American, who may read the chapter on the condition of females in the United States, will be so good as to tell us why no women, at least why so few, go to cattle-shows in Massachusetts. In the mean time it may be suggested, that it is not thought delicate for females in America to look at bullocks, and rams, and bulls, the very name of the last animal being in some "sections" of the country unmentionable in female presence. But yet this will not account for their not going to see the specimens of domestic manufactures that were exhibited at the cattle-show, or hearing the agricultural discourse; besides, in other parts of the United States, they go to horse-races, and balls, and fourth-of-July celebrations, and orations in general, which are frequent occasions of assembling together.

Captain Hall, however, admits "fully, and with great pleasure," that the women are treated *kindly* by the men all over the United States; this admission is something for these poor people, and clearly elevates the "native" above his Indian neighbour. Democracy, of course, must be the parent of this kind treatment, as it is the fruitful mother, according to our author, of every institution and opinion "from end to end" of the continent.

The chapter on dram-drinking is rather a serious one for friend Jonathan, and as his elder brother John has really made some reformation in this respect, he may be fairly entitled to give advice to his junior. What an enormous consumption of ardent spirits there is in the United States may be easily conceived, when we consider that diluted spirits is the national drink; beer, wine, or iced water, being only occasionally called in as auxiliaries. From captain Hall's "Views of American

Society," a reader will be apt to suppose that almost every man in the United States has frequent calls to the "bar." * The temperance and sobriety of that class of Americans who would be designated as gentlemen in England as well as at home, are exemplary; but the same cannot be said of a numerous class, who, by the courtesy of the country, take the title of gentleman. Open, manifest, beastly drunkenness is not a common vice; the man is always drinking, yet he is never drunk; but as he is always doing a little, it follows necessarily that he is seldom quite sober. This practice is supposed by the author to have its origin in democracy.

'I may remark in passing, that in a country where all effective power is placed—not indirectly and for a time, but directly, universally, and permanently—in the hands of the lowest and most numerous class of the community, the characteristic habits of that class must of necessity predominate, in spite of every conceivable device recommended and adopted by the wise and good men of the nation.' †

From the number of paupers admitted into certain large almshouses, it is calculated that the whole number of paupers‡ in the United States amounts to two hundred thousand, and the reports quoted by captain Hall seem to agree in considering the intemperate use of ardent spirits as the chief, if not the only cause of all this poverty and misery. Another quotation from the Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, published at Philadelphia, gives to the disgusting picture additional colouring, which, as it is vague and indistinct, is not so trust-worthy as the less eloquent statement of the Boston Temperance Society. There are probably various causes besides democracy, which tend to create tippling habits in America. The American mode of life, particularly of the unmarried man, is more public than ours; he generally lives either in a boarding-house or some tavern, and the well-stored bar, so neat and "trig," is a powerful temptation. It is the focus of news, the centre of political discussion, the repository of good liquor, over the distribution of which the bar-keeper presides with most inviting solemnity.

The chief inducements of the lower class to drink (there *are* lower classes in America) are perhaps the heat of the climate in summer, and its coldness in winter; or it may be, more probably, the low price of domestic spirits, whiskey, and apple

* The bar in an American tavern is a much more important apartment than the corresponding place in an English hotel.

† Vol. ii. p. 81.

‡ It would be desirable to know how many of these are Irishmen and other foreigners.

and peach brandy. In London, it is said, the consumption of gin increases rapidly with the diminution in cost, and instances are on record, of men, not in the lowest ranks, taking two dozen glasses of gin before dinner without being intoxicated. An increase in the price of spirits in the United States would of course diminish the consumption. But to return to the excise on spirits would be impracticable, such a measure being in direct opposition to the interests of a large class of spirit-makers, and the taste of the numerous spirit-drinkers. The introduction of beer, wine, and cider, as the national drinks, would probably tend to expel the democratical whiskey. Captain Hall saw very little real turbulent drunkenness, and perhaps it may be affirmed that it is a rare thing in the United States; it certainly would be a very incorrect conclusion if an English gentleman were to infer from all that has been said, that in visiting the United States he would have to mingle extensively with a class of dram-drinkers. It is true, he would often see that "eternal bar" which has perched itself even "on some of the most picturesque spots in the country,"* and the mingled smell of whiskey and tobacco would occasionally salute his nose. But to charge the better classes with these pernicious habits, would be to fall into an error common to the Americans, who, when they read in our newspapers of the astonishing freaks of some of the "permanent money-spenders," inconsiderately confound with them, a large class, who are yet unacquainted with the proper way of spending money.

It is surprising that captain Hall has not noticed another species of American intoxication as pernicious as that of whiskey, one that is occasionally checked by legislative interference, but on the whole encouraged and cherished—the lottery system. As formerly in England, so still in some states of the Union, it is looked on as a source of revenue, it being in fact a voluntary taxation to which fools submit who will be taxed in no other way. If a canal is to be made, a school to be got up, or even if a book is to be published, a lottery is in some cases the readiest resource; the unwary give their money, the lottery is drawn, but the pay-master is not always found. Some states discovering it to be impossible to prevent their citizens from contributing in this manner to the public works of neighbouring states, come to a resolution that they may as well get up some little matter at home, instead of letting all

* For example, near the prettiest parts of the Trenton falls; and one on each side of the Cauterkerskill cataract, judiciously placed to heighten the effect, with great B, A, R, written over the door.—Vol. i. 125.

their citizens money be drained off to pay for their neighbours schemes. The following very singular view of lotteries was taken by a distinguished American lawyer who is occasionally quoted by captain Hall.

'The speaker was no friend to lotteries in general, but he could not admit they were *per se* criminal, or immoral when authorised by law. If they were nuisances, it was in the manner in which they were managed. In England, if not in France also, there were lotteries annually instituted by government, and it was considered a fair way to reach the pockets of misers and persons disposed to dissipate their funds. The American Congress of 1776 instituted a national lottery, and perhaps no body of men ever surpassed them in intelligence and virtue,' &c. &c.—*New York State Convention,* 1821, p. 565.

Captain Hall's remarks on the colleges and the general state of knowledge in the country are more likely to mislead than to give any precise information to his English readers. As some of the facts which he states are erroneous, nearly the whole of his ninth chapter [vol. ii.] which is on education, may be omitted in the perusal; there is truth in it, but no one who has not resided in America can separate the truth from the error.

His visit to Union College, in the State of New York, serves only to make the beginning of a sentence;* about Harvard College, near Boston, the largest public literary institution in North America, his remarks are limited to some vague and common-place commendation. Yale College in Connecticut receives a little more of his sympathy from "so many good old usages and orthodox notions being kept up as rigorously, all things considered, as possible."

The general picture of American college education, which our traveller has made, is something of this kind. Imagine a boisterous unruly lad turned over by his father, who cannot manage him, to the care of a schoolmaster, who finds the job still more difficult. The youngster is impatient to get off to college, and when he is there, the learned professors try all the arts of persuasion, reason, or force, as much as they dare use, to keep the young fellow from the woods. But all in vain; out they burst in shoals, each adventurer with half a dollar in his pocket, an axe on his shoulder, and a wife by his side; straightway he begins chopping down trees, and *raising* children at the rate of half a dozen in six years.

None but a "native" can give a full account of their collegiate system; perhaps he might be inclined to palliate its

* 'Next day after visiting Union College we left Schenectady in the canal packet,' &c.—Vol. i. 118.

faults, and make the most of its virtues, and, therefore, a foreigner, with some, though very imperfect information, may be excused for attempting to draw a picture where captain Hall has made only a caricature. The subject is of some importance, since nearly all the legislators, lawyers, and other public men receive, at least, some short training at these places. The mass of the people, by a strange oversight of theirs, having fixed the expenses so high, that they have as fairly shut themselves out of the colleges, as they have shut themselves up in the prisons.

It is difficult to speak with perfect accuracy of the system of elementary instruction in a country of so great extent as the United States, but as it is very uniform, the few varieties that occur must be left for the notice of the "natives." The study of the Latin language forms the basis of the education of a very large part of the community.* It is conducted, in general, on a plan very nearly resembling our own; the same grammars, dictionaries and other elementary or subsidiary works, being generally, though not always, used in the United States. Some of these works, as Adams's Latin Grammar for example, have been re-edited with improvements, and all that have obtained much circulation, are American reprints. Over the immense extent of the Southern states, the most complete uniformity of instruction prevails; a little Latin, and sometimes Greek, often very imperfectly taught, is almost the only knowledge communicated in the schools. It is almost unnecessary to mention, that there are honourable exceptions to this general description; and that there are a few schools where Latin is taught with reasonable success, and where the pupil may learn a little Greek, French and Spanish, mathematics and geography. Native teachers, except those poured out by the mother of nations, the New England States, are not very numerous in the South; but many respectable Scotch and Irish teachers, particularly the latter, establish themselves in these districts, where by diligence and prudence, they may nearly always succeed well. English teachers are not so common in the United States. Some of the New England adventurers who turn their faces southwards, are said to possess respectable acquirements; others of them often take up the trade of a schoolmaster as a temporary resource, just as they would go about peddling with tin ware, cheap clocks, and wooden nutmegs. Learning and modesty are not their

* Those who can afford to pay for it. In the charity system, where the whole expense is defrayed by the community, we believe Latin is not included.

most striking qualities. In the Northern States, and more particularly in those called the Eastern or New England, there is a general zeal for improvement in education; which improvement both in America and England, implies change, and this is a thing that captain Hall does not like. From the inspection of elementary books on all subjects published in this part of America, from the printed courses of studies, and from information obtained by inquiry, it is certain that much real improvement has been effected, and that more is in progress. The improvement consists in a more efficient and complete instruction in Latin, Greek and elementary mathematics, which are the staple commodities, and in the introduction of geography, the modern languages, and other useful branches of knowledge.

The universities and colleges of the United States where degrees are conferred, perhaps exceed thirty in number. Several of them being originally colonial establishments possess good permanent endowments, which in some instances have been increased by subsequent donations; others have been founded by the state legislatures, and derive their income from the act of the legislature, that is, from the will of the people; some are very badly provided both with money and pupils, are subject to great fluctuations, and occasionally shut up for want of business. A few months, however, will often bring about a favourable change, or, to use the expressive language of some American sectarians, *a revival.*

The course of studies marked out in the American colleges comprises a greater variety of subjects than that of our English universities, but no one part is filled up by the student with so much completeness and accuracy as in our more limited scheme. Professors of the Latin, Greek, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, ethics, medicine, law, theology and its collateral studies, and in some few cases political economy and modern languages, form the literary staff of an American university or large college. Perhaps few establishments contain professors in all the branches enumerated, though several of them comprehend all with a few exceptions; and Harvard college comprises even more.

In all these literary institutions (as far as we know) except one,* a course of studies is prescribed by the college authorities,

* In the university of Virginia, each student chuse[illegible] which he wishes to attend. A majority of the whole, and [illegible] students, attend several of the following classes—[illegible] matics, natural philosophy, chemistry, and modern

and a certain number of years is assigned for its completion. A short account of the system at Harvard college, which has a considerable influence over many of the smaller institutions, will explain this better.

The undergraduates at Harvard are divided into four classes, and the course of instruction for them occupies four years. To be received to the freshman or lowest class, the candidate for admission must be examined by the president, professors, and tutors, in Dalzel's Collectanea GræcaMinora,* the Greek Testament Virgil, Sallust, ancient and modern geography, vulgar and decimal fractions, and the elements of algebra. A student may be admitted into a higher class, and consequently may shorten the period of study, if on examination he is found qualified for it; but the conditions specified are such as evidently tend to check this practice, and in the published prospectuses of some colleges it is expressly discouraged. The Harvard course of instruction, besides certain Latin and Greek authors, (the latter however being in a great measure limited to the contents of the Græca Majora of Dalzel) comprehends pure and mixed mathematics, logic, Hebrew grammar, and parts of the Hebrew Bible, with moral and political philosophy, and political economy. Some of the text books are not good, and the whole course has rather a confused and motley appearance. Without being able to say exactly what is the working of this system, it may not be unfair to state from general knowledge the opinion that the plan of education is defective, and that parts of it might be altered advantageously.† But all this, the captain will say, "I well know," and you shall not convince me in this way that the young men ever stay long enough to take a degree; they will go to the woods, and they do go, in spite of the four years. It is no doubt true that some of them take to the woods or the sea, or go off nobody knows where; while others ramble about from one college to another to find out where they will be allowed to

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other classes also are respectably attended. It is not usual for a student to join more than three classes in a session; consequently those who wish to make much proficiency, must stay several years, two, three, or four. Some have stayed as long as four years, though there is no time fixed by the college authorities; a proper certificate being given in any class, when the student is willing to undergo the requisite examination.

* Jacob's Greek Reader (reprinted at Boston) was adopted instead. 1826.

† The fault of American education is want of exact and complete knowledge; which is the consequence of inefficient teaching, as well as of defects in the general plan. Mr. Ticknor, Smith Professor in Harvard university, made in 1825 some judicious remarks on this subject, in a pamphlet titled "Remarks on changes in Harvard College."

—W. R.

enjoy most liberty. A great many, however, do arrive at the degree; witness the number of these honours annually conferred in the American colleges, and the finely-written diplomas which so many can display. The fact is, that degrees are bestowed and rained down in such showers, that they have scarcely any value. Hardly a word of praise for the poor American student, can the captain find in his heart to bestow; all his sympathy is reserved for the professors who strive so hard to keep him from the woods. Though much may be said that is not very favourable to these youths by any one who has had experience of them, it must also be in his power to name many signal examples of unwearied industry, docile disposition, and great acquirements. He may remember with pleasure the noble nature of a few, whose merits atone for the faults of others.

In some parts of the north there are, we believe, certain eleemosynary aids for poor students at colleges, where they are trained for the ministry; similar endowments* exist also in some parts of the western states; but it is contrary to the general principle in America, by which each man pays for what he receives. The annual expenses of a student at Harvard college, may vary from about 450 dollars (£. 90) to 600 dollars (£. 120); this includes the whole of a student's expenses, supposing him to spend his vacations at the college. The annual necessary expenses at the university of Virginia, which is a new institution, are between three and four hundred dollars for the session of ten months and a half; at the old college of William and Mary in the same state, they are about 185 dollars for the session of eight months, not including books, clothing, or pocket-money. Some colleges are in money-prices lower than this; the expenses at the Theological Seminary of the State of Ohio, where Dr. Chase presides, assisted by two teachers, are given at about 60 dollars per annum. But if a person judges by money-prices only he will be deceived: in 1827, wheat was advertised for sale in Ohio at 31 cents per bushel, consequently no person could enjoy the advantage of Dr. Chase's instruction, unless he could offer him about two hundred bushels of wheat or its equivalent. In every part of the United States it is only those who may be called the wealthier class, certainly not those who are of the labouring class, that can have access to the

* In 1827, the trustees of Cumberland College, Tennessee, gave notice "that they will receive pious young men, destined to the Gospel ministry, for half the expense of board and tuition, i. e. it will not exceed 80 dollars Tennessee currency." Eighty dollars in Tennessee currency [illegible] would not perhaps exceed in exchangeable value 60 dollars of [illegible] States bank.

colleges; and it is a singular feature in this democratic government, that the people should found colleges, and exclude themselves from them. What kind of education those have who do not go to college, or who do not require or cannot command that kind of instruction, we cannot precisely state. Some, no doubt, learn a little Latin, but most of them must be contented with their own language, reading, writing, arithmetic, and perhaps geography. In Philadelphia, and in Boston also, as we learn from captain Hall, and probably in other places too, * schools for the poor are supported at the public expense; but this system can hardly be extended efficiently into many of the thinly-inhabited districts of the United States. A large part of the population then must necessarily be very ignorant, and there are extensive districts, in which, for some time, the chances are, that they will rather grow worse than make any great improvement. A knowledge of reading and writing, it is true, are very generally diffused, though not universally; and from the cheapness of newspapers and novels there is a large reading community. These facilities give to many the appearance of a degree of knowledge which they do not possess; and captain Hall is right, when he says he could not discover that universal intelligence and high-mindedness to which the whole American nation lays claim.

The Captain says [vol. ii. p. 169], in the dissertation on education in America, that "classical studies are, in fact, so much neglected from end to end † of America, that they may be said to have little or no existence, except in the prospectuses, or printed courses of study, nominally required at the above-mentioned institutions." He might say, they are badly conducted, and that the professors are often incompetent, or that the student, after much waste of time, often learns very little—all very ordinary kind of things, that occur in many other places—but he cannot make this remark with due knowledge of the subject, or without a gross charge of dishonesty against the supporters of such a system of deception. The education of America is the education of England; it was transplanted there, and it still grows: it will be further improved when they lay aside some more of "those good old usages," which the English have already rejected, and are daily rejecting. A few

* There is a literary fund in Virginia, from which a donation is made to each county, to aid in instructing those who cannot pay for learning; but it is an inefficient aid.

† "From end to end," a favourite phrase of the author, which, with "I don't at present stop to inquire wherefore,"—"whatever the causes may be," &c. assists him materially in his argumentations.

facts will tend to show the extent to which classical studies are pursued in the United States, and to a certain degree, successfully.

The sale of American-printed classical works, not of the highest kind, is very considerable; editions of Latin authors (for example, the complete works of Cicero in 20 vols. Boston), grammars, dictionaries, and various other subsidiary works.* A translation and new edition of Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon has come out at Boston. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, one of the most incorrect English books ever published, has received considerable additions and corrections in New York, and it is now reprinted in England with these American improvements. The good old English edition, with all the blunders and all the dirty stories, is still extensively used in England for the purpose, as our author would say [vol. ii. 179, note], "of purifying the taste, filling the mind early with images of the highest excellence, and sharpening all those faculties, with which the future fortunes of our youths are to be carved out." A very inaccurate American translation of Buttmann's smaller Greek Grammar has been reprinted in England, with all the errors; and is very extensively used. It would be easy to say more on the subject, if more were necessary.

In the first chapter of the second volume, we find the Captain sailing down lake Champlain, on his return from Canada to the State of New York. The following two short extracts contain the substance of what leads to the dissertations on "the ignorance of America in England, and of England in America," and to the most connected view that he has given of the American language and literature. During the voyage on lake Champlain—

'I went upon deck once or twice, when worried almost to death by the incessant bustle, but the scenery was not very interesting; for though the moon was only a little past, or a little before, the full,† I forget which, and the sky over head clear and sparkling, the lower atmosphere was filled with a muggy sort of red haze or smoke, arising, I was told, from the forests on fire, which gave a ghastly appearance to the villages and trees seen through such a choky

* The Collectanea Græca Majora of Dalzel, was reprinted at Boston in 1826, on stereotyped plates, in a more correct form; and the annunciation was made with no small pomp. See North American Review, No. LI. This fact of the stereotyping is mentioned for the purpose of shewing the great demand for that kind of Greek knowledge which is got from a perusal of the selections in the Coll. Græc.

† It might be ascertained by referring to an alm[illegible] the morning of September 9, 1827.

medium. On one occasion only, when the mist cleared off a little, I was much struck with the appearance of a town near us, and I asked an American gentleman what place it was? "Oh! don't you know? That is Plattsburgh, and there is the spot where our commodore, Macdonough, defeated the English squadron."—I went to bed again.'

He arrives at Saratoga:—

'Lake George, Saratoga, and Ticonderoga, are all classical and popular spots in American history, while their names will doubtless recall many painful recollections to English persons who are old enough to remember the unfortunate details of the American revolutionary war. In America they furnish a never-ending theme of rejoicing, especially to the company at the springs, whose guide-books are full of the details of general Burgoyne's surrender, and our other mishaps at Saratoga. The names even of the subordinate officers who figured in those days, are taught by a kind of catechism at the schools, in order to render them familiar to the memory of every American, of whatever age and sex.'

All nations who have any victories to boast of do the same. Some more remarks follow, evidently written with a degree of pettishness and ill humour, from which our otherwise amiable traveller is never quite free when he is thinking of his profession or the revolutionary war of America. He goes on to explain how the results of the revolutionary war tended to keep us ignorant of one another, and particularly to keep the English ignorant of what was doing in America; he then adverts to the long struggle which followed the French Revolution, and to the want of participation or sympathy on the part of the Americans, with the exertions which "England, single-handed, had so long made" for restoring the arbitrary governments of continental Europe—but which the Captain chuses to describe by "sustaining the drooping cause of freedom."

The reasons why the Americans are not quite so ignorant of England, according to captain Hall, are these:—"nearly all that she has of letters, arts, and of science, has been, and still continues to be, imported from us, with little addition or admixture of a domestic growth or manufacture." This is undeniable, though it must not be admitted so extensively as the Captain would contend for. The returns that America has made to England, though not large, should also be mentioned; and perhaps some American will take the trouble to develope all their moral and political consequences. The Captain does not seem to consider that there is a large part of our older literature to which the Americans have just as good claims as ourselves. We are next told that nearly all that "America learns of the proceedings of the other parts of the world, also comes through the same channel, England—which therefore is her chief market

for every thing intellectual as well as commercial." Nearly all that she learns of both the Americas, of France, Germany, and other important parts of Europe, she gets direct from those countries; if she depended entirely on supplies from us, she would receive as little of foreign knowledge, as she will of our more substantial commodities, unless she repents of her tarif. This information frequently comes to them, as it does to us, by native travellers, who are not few in number, and who sometimes too write books of foreign travels (not always very good); by French and Spanish newspapers;* and from a small number of literary men, who have studied in Europe, and are able to give their countrymen some account of German and other continental literature. But with all their facilities for receiving information about England and its political and moral workings, our author found "a profundity of ignorance" on these topics in America, and though this is a phrase that denotes a great depth, his conclusions are at least true half-way. It is not possible for so many complicated interests as exist in England to be well understood from books only, and one may be almost inclined to doubt the accuracy of any person's remarks on them, who has not been educated in the country.

Perhaps this is growing tiresome; it is captain Hall's fault. His repeated and lengthy, widely-scattered elaborate essays, make a critique on his book more difficult and painful than an examination of the most unmanageable ancient writer. In the next chapter, he is teased by some people at Albany, who get him into a corner and try to make him praise their country, which he will not do; but instead of it, finishes the essay begun in the preceding chapter, and tells us why we and the Americans misunderstand one another. "In America [vol. ii. p. 44, note], it so happens, I do not at present inquire wherefore, that the English language is somewhat modified;" and without going through the whole argument, which ought to be given if there were room, we hasten to the conclusion, which is this;—

'But I will say this, that in all my travels, both amongst Heathens and amongst Christians, I have never encountered any people by whom I found it nearly so difficult to make myself understood as by the Americans.'

* A Spanish and a French newspaper are printed in New York. New Orleans newspapers are printed both in French and English. Even among the Germans of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland, many newspapers are printed in German, which contain information about continental Europe, that is not to be found in English gazettes. In Pennsylvania there are 33 German papers; in Ohio, 2; in Maryland, 1; th[illegible] w be more.

Whether he had any difficulty in understanding what the natives said, he does not tell us.

It is necessary to subjoin the remainder of this chapter. The Captain proposes a tarif much more unreasonable than that of which he has clearly shown the bad results in the third volume;—

'So much for language. But I may take this occasion, though rather premature, to add, that I consider America and England as differing more from one another, than any two European nations I have ever visited. This may look a little paradoxical at first, but is, perhaps, easily shown to be true. The accidental circumstance of their literature being supplied chiefly from us, serves to keep up an appearance of similarity, which, I am fully persuaded, would soon disappear under the influence of causes kept in check by this circumstance alone.

'The fact of the greater part of all the works which are read in one country being written for a totally different state of society in another, forms a very singular anomaly in the history of nations, and I am disposed to think that the Americans would be a happier people if this incongruous communication were at an end. If they got no more books or newspapers from us than we do from France or Spain, they would, I really believe, be much happier, as far as their intercourse with this country has any influence over them.'

This would exclude the Captain's own book, and thus prevent that reformation in feeding, brushing shoes and hats, and other niceties of civilized society, which will doubtless be universally adopted as soon as our author's wishes are known.

'Surely this reasoning holds true in the case of England? Are we not happier in this country, in all that concerns our relations with America, where the great mass of the people never read an American volume, and never even see or hear of one? Do we worry and fret ourselves about what is said of us in America? Certainly not! Yet this does not arise from indifference, but from ignorance. If American newspapers, books, pamphlets, and reviews, were, by any strange revolution in letters, to be circulated and read in this country, I will answer for the sensations they would produce being one of extreme irritation—perhaps not less than what is excited in America by our publications; while, after all, at bottom, the countries may be writing not for each other at all, but for themselves exclusively, and thus, as I have explained, virtually using two languages.'

This explanation is contained in the few pages that follow the extract beginning "In America, it so happens," &c. Now comes the conclusion:—

'If, therefore, the Americans choose to import from us by every packet what is disagreeable to them, but which was really never meant for their perusal, they ought not to blame us for keeping in

that state of blissful ignorance of their daily opinions and feelings with respect to us, which, as I well know, it would be a very foolish sort of wisdom on our part to destroy, by extending our acquaintance with their literature and history beyond its present confined limits.'

At first an inclination may be felt to make comments on such a passage, which is as good for the purpose as the most fertile sermon text; but second thoughts show the folly of arguing with a man who on this topic at least, as he says of the Americans on another, is pretty nearly reason proof.

It is, however, only fair to say, that the Captain is not always in so bad a humour as when he wrote this; for in the same volume, p. 74, he recommends a couple of American novels* to notice, after making acquaintance with the authoress, and expresses his gratification that they are reprinted, and becoming more known in England.

In the United States of North America, the management of ecclesiastical affairs is entirely distinct from political matters; and perhaps there is not a man in America, whatever may be his religious opinions or whatever peculiar notions he may have on general government, who does not firmly believe that this separation is conducive to the public welfare. On all civil matters the whole community act in concert because they agree; in ecclesiastical matters, as all are not agreed, each chuses his own religious party; and these parties, which become large masses, are governed on principles similar to those by which the whole civil community is held together. The principle on which the several religious communities act is this—they are all subordinate to the united civil community, and admit no interference from one another. Captain Hall has a most sincere attachment to the Established Church of England, for which neither Churchman nor Sectarian can wish to blame him; but with a zeal blind to some of its obvious and unavoidable inconsistencies and defects in discipline, and with some real, undoubted ignorance of its precise condition, he can find nothing to commend in the American Church systems. He does not enter into any particulars about them that are worth knowing. He says nothing of the education of their clergy, for which such great efforts are making; nor of the study of theology as a science, which is rising among them, while with us, except in a few distinguished instances, it appears to be

* This and many other American novels have been handled by the "great mass of the people," and they have shown that their taste agrees with that of the Captain, by well thumbing them in the circulating libraries. A list of all the American books reprinted in England would be a pretty long one.

dying away; and he passes over almost unnoticed the exemplary and rigid conduct which the members of each church require from their spiritual instructors. Lost in profound admiration of the civil and religious institutions of England, he has no eyes for any excellence beyond the narrow sphere in which he delights to make his eternal round; he can find no commendation even for the American episcopal church beyond this, "with them religion, like every thing else, is left to take its own course;" by which he means it is not connected with the political constitution. A similar remark, in substance often repeated, has already been applied to the unbrushed hats and dirty shoes.

The greatest part of captain Hall's attention was directed to the working of the political machinery in the United States, and he has expressed at great length his dissatisfaction with its results. His facts are, we believe, generally correct, and undoubtedly meant to be so; accuracy of observation and strict veracity, are merits which he may always claim. It is indeed on these two qualities that he himself appears principally to rely; for his long discussions and arguments are often near turning against him, and sometimes grow unmanageable. Doubts occasionally cross his mind about the accuracy of his argumentation, but he dispels them by a vigorous effort, and pushes on as hard as he can.

At Albany his 'great curiosity' was first gratified by witnessing the debates of a joint committee of the two houses appointed to revise the laws of the state of New York, and make a report to the legislature. This revising of the laws, the author says, is a favourite employment all over the Union; and it is very clear he does not approve of it, because it supposes change. He found that the members of the committee talked a great deal, and very little to the purpose, which is very credible, and is equally true of all bodies of men that exceed half a dozen; generally, however, matters were got through in the way pointed out by the men who really understood the business; yet not always so—but the worse thing remains to be told: these law-revisers were principally "farmers, shopkeepers, and country lawyers, and other persons quite unaccustomed to abstract reasoning." The captain should tell us, first of all, what "abstract reasoning" means, and then explain how it happened that all these law-menders had been deprived of so useful a training. And why blame the people for sending to the legislature "farmers, shopkeepers, and country lawyers," when there is nothing else for them to send? The next complaint is, the "shopkeepers" are annually liable to be turned out of the legislature, and thus lose the benefit of experience in legislation,

Every year there is a large number of new members introduced, who "must of necessity be ignorant of the intricate subjects to be handled."

To be exact in talking of such matters, it is necessary to particularize these intricate subjects, but this is not done by our author. New members will soon learn all the common details of business if they attend to what is going on; and they will be less expert in jobbing and getting up little matters of private interest, if they are called to account once a year. Those questions which are most important for the community, and which come within the scope of state legislation, will be found to be understood as well by a very large part of the people of America, as by the member deputed to convey their voice;—such as the laws on usury, the state of schools, prisons, canals, roads, or the best means of getting justice cheap (another odious thing), and preserving their personal liberty and property. To form a fair estimate of the legislative assemblies of America, there ought to be a statement, not only of what they have done, but of what they have *not* done. They have *not* ruined their country by a debt, incurred for the sake of imposing arbitrary governments upon their neighbours. They have *not* supported Ferdinand in Spain, and Miguel in Portugal. They do *not* keep the energies of their population in a leash, to be let out only when an occasion shall present itself for supporting some form of absolute power abroad, for the sake of the reverberation upon things at home. For all this that they have *not* done, they ought certainly to have a credit in the account.

At Washington the Captain completed his political studies. He found the house of Representatives wasting their time in long unprofitable discussions, which they always contrived to encumber with the presidential question. Perhaps a native will think he has not done them justice; but others, having the same notions or prejudices with the author, will recognize in his description a faithful picture. The few really sensible speakers make but a small figure, and are nearly lost in the crowd of professed speech-makers. The nothingness and emptiness with which these long orations are filled, are sometimes hardly equalled by the unimportance of the subject; the flights of eloquence, and the numerous classical allusions with which they are embellished, cause astonishment and surprise without giving pleasure. Chapters 11, 12, 13, and 14 contain a history of the American Confederation, with remarks on the law of elections, on the theory and practice of democracy (his great chapter), and on other connected topics.

inly is a mistake in authorship to load a book of

travels with such elaborate essays; and it is to be hoped that in a second edition they will appear in a separate and detached form. They may thus receive, from professed writers on government, the attention which they deserve. Captain Hall fully understands the difference between the *state* and the *general* government, but in his remarks on the working of the great system, he appears not to have kept them so distinct as he ought to do; and it is very doubtful if a large part of his readers will be able to comprehend the chapters we have referred to. The Captain apparently leans to that party which would interpret largely the powers vested in the congress.

It is not our intention to discuss these topics, partly for want of space, and partly because we do not profess to understand fully many important subjects which he has debated. And it is hardly possible for any foreigner, after an ambulatory study of twelve months, to think clearly on the general working of a popular government, and on the difficult questions which may arise between the federal government and the separate sovereignties.

A few general principles and leading facts should be noticed. Captain Hall found that the people in America, though they act by deputies, do in fact as much of the public business directly as they possibly can. By annual parliaments, and almost universal suffrage,* they continually exercise a controlling power over every public measure. In fact, the people have the power in their own hands; and in what other hands the captain expected to find it, we cannot comprehend. The representative, he says, is considered as specially, or almost solely, intrusted with the interests of his district; this is true. The effects, according to him, are always bad; in the opinion of others, partly bad and partly good. The Americans think the good predominates. The representative is bound to vote according to the wishes of the majority of his constituents on every great question, where it can be ascertained; this, we believe, is a very general doctrine, and very generally acted on. Proofs of it may be seen by referring to any files of the public papers.

If the people do not like their man, they turn him out, and chuse another; consequently a member is not so sure of his place as in the British House of Commons. With all the control that the American people possess over their delegates, both

* The Captain says, that Virginia is the only state where a freehold qualification is required; we believe that in most of the southern states a property qualification of some kind is necessary.

in the state assemblies and the general congress, it may be doubted if in that country it is too much; the bad effects of the system have not been shewn by captain Hall, except we take the proof to be in the great change of members in every new state legislature and congress. He has given a short table of these changes in the state of New York (where change is most frequent) and in the house of Representatives at Washington. This table shows, that in the latter assembly (for the year 1827-8), the old members had held their seats on an average five-and-a-half years, a period which most people will think long enough. The new members were to the old as two to three.

As the people manage their own affairs, they have, among other modern improvements, discarded a large mass of useless technicalities and forms in law proceedings. Even wigs and stamps are gone, and the loss of both is bewailed by the traveller. Justice is made cheap by these permanent conspirators against property; who have thus, as we are told, inflicted the greatest possible curse on the country. Every man goes to law when he thinks he is aggrieved; and the justice, who is in many parts paid by a fee, we must suppose to be the encourager of this litigious propensity. The author endeavours to discredit cheap justice, by telling us that the magistrate is paid by fees, which may be bad enough; but this is quite a different affair from the principle of making justice accessible to all. The author likewise forgets that cheap justice is a part of our own system; those very meritorious gentlemen called country-magistrates dispense the blessing of justice, without being paid for their labour, at least not with fees.

On the subject of elections, one little remark. The Captain says, that voting by ballot is universal in the United States. This error has probably arisen from haste; he apparently meant to say that it is not universal, but that it ought to be.

From the dark and stormy dissertations of the first and second volume, it is delightful to escape to the more bright and sunny pages of the third and last. At Washington the author left his troubles behind him, and journeyed on to the warm and genial climate of the south. With the exception of the chapter on the theory of military punishments, there is hardly any obstacle to the perusal of this agreeable and instructive portion of the work. The wish which will perhaps be suggested to many persons by the whole, will be that a captain of the American navy, with equal integrity of intention and powers of observation, would give to the world his account of the facts which should present themselves in his passage through the 'envy of surround-

ing nations';—that he would indulge us freely with his impressions of the failings of our government and the feeble places of our state, in order that we may have a fair chance of keeping pace with our Transatlantic brethren in the march of improvement.

ART. IX.—*Petition for Codification, by Jeremy Bentham, Esq., Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.* Robert Heward. 8vo. 1829.

2. *Petitions for Justice.* By the same Author.
3. *Elucidations relative to the proposed Summary mode of Procedure.* Idem.
4. *Plan for an Experimental Dispatch Court.* Idem.
5 *Mr. Brougham's Speech of 7th February,* 1828, *on the present state of the Law.* Colburn. 1828.

"THE schoolmaster is abroad." This great truth was proclaimed in high places by a great man. "The schoolmaster is abroad," and *doing;* and his deeds are manifesting themselves in the signs of the times. There are open universities for the opulent few; there is "useful knowledge" for the unopulent many.

The legislator is also abroad, and though his conquests are less obvious and less extensive, yet their march may be traced in the growing dissatisfaction with law as it is, and in an increased desire to create law as it should be.

There are two great classes of law-reformers professedly labouring in the field of improvement. Of the principles of each, Bentham and Brougham may be considered the most intellectual representatives, the most able expositors. We propose to compare, or rather to contrast, their sayings and doings. Mr. Brougham's elaborate oration has been long before the world, and it has been our privilege, to study, though yet unfinished, the works of Mr. Bentham which head the present article, and which, to our minds, present that state of things towards which all really efficient reform must look, and by which all pretensions to reform will ultimately be tried.

The position of Jeremy Bentham has elevated him far above those impediments to free discussion and bold deduction which embarrass those who are in daily communion with the world. At the close of a life of singular usefulness, a life unsullied by any stain to which malevolence itself can point, his serene and happy old age has been employed in the earnest endeavour to give to his doctrines the higher sanction of his deeds. Other law-reformists, however sincere and able, are often compelled by personal consideration, to wear the mask of prudence. They have prejudices to

humour, interests to conciliate, friends to serve, and enemies to subdue. No mask, however, does Bentham wear; he steers right onward, strong in power, and single in purpose.

'Comparisons,' we may be reminded, 'are odious,' yet they may be instructive. The task of weighing and comparing public men in the balance of truth, may be disagreeable alike to the subjects and the makers of comparisons. Yet in the benefit which results from a correct estimate, all men share.

It might have gratified curiosity to refine on these distinctions which *position* creates; to enlarge on the differences which interest, affections, and intellectual capacity, would themselves produce in the consideration of the various topics as they rise. But a more immediately practical inquiry seems to promise a greater result of utility.

The rival candidates do not start quite from the same ground. Bentham is here, as elsewhere, a decided, persevering, radical reformer; a radical reformer of constitutional as well as of civil law. Brougham, a frequently declared anti-radical. He objects to that parliamentary reform which shall popularize suffrage, and give it the security of the ballot. He thinks the people ought not to be consulted about the laws that govern them: in the department of law, he professes, and no doubt believes himself, to be a zealous reforming labourer; yet he comes in so questionable a shape, that it may well be asked, whether he has brought any really beneficial change at all the nearer by his exertions, unless, indeed, by directing attention to abuses that exist, for which he has proposed to provide no efficacious, no adequate cure.

And this brings the question distinctly before us. What are the prominent imperfections of our laws? How shall they be remedied? To one or other of these heads, all we have to say will refer. Under these the principal contributions of the two great competitors (friendly competitors it becomes us to add) may be properly arranged. Mr. Brougham's position was undoubtedly a splendid one. We apprehend he has missed his mark: He is not the Messiah of law-reform. Into the world of parliament came not he that should come; the people must look for another.

One word, invented by himself, but whose value and usefulness has been slowly, but effectually recognized, one word—*Codification*—has been the text which for more than twelve years has given to Mr. Bentham the occasion to preach the necessity of a complete re-organization of our English laws. Mr. Brougham has preached, indeed, but in a whisper, and with fear and trembling; "præ duritie temporum," he has preached the doctrine

under a disguised name, and as if while advocating law as it should be, he writhed *sub lege graviori* of those who surrounded him.

"The fundamental principle for which I contend," says Mr. Brougham, [p. 112] "is to alter no part of the law by itself or without considering all the other parts;" and again, speaking of "amendment" in the mass, "careful but general" [p. 114] is the inquiry recommended by him. "Partial legislation," he declares "is pregnant with mischief," and though the qualifying words "on such a subject" are introduced, the tenor of the two or three following pages, is wholly favourable to the said "fundamental principle."

If then "partial legislation" is to be avoided, what but general legislation or *codification* can be recommended.

But preaching and practising are not the same thing. Mr. Brougham has added at the end of his own edition of this his renowned speech, an instructive table. Its very first page is at variance with his "principle." He throws out of consideration by name all "Equity law"—he confines it, in terms equally explicit, to Common law; as if an anatomist proposing to inject the blood vessels should fill the veins and forget the arteries. So in the next page, "Equity in every branch," "Criminal law," "Real-property law," are quietly abandoned; while to Ecclesiastical law, Admiralty law, and Military law, scarcely is so much as an allusion any where made.

In the same spirit, and even more adverse to the above declared "principle," were conceived Mr. Brougham's *original* motion, and the amended motion forced upon him by the right honourable Home Secretary; their purpose was to prevent, to put down the "general legislation," for which our learned reformist had feebly pleaded; to split off from the whole body of the law two of its branches; the *regular common-law procedure*, and the *real-property* branch; to put these into the hands of two separate sets of commissioners, and to sink the consideration of all the rest.

Against the payment of judicial services by *Fees*, Mr. Bentham has declared open hostility. He has referred the origin of the system to the period when primæval penury prevented the allowance of a salary. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, looks on the evil effects of this mode of recompense, as growing out of aberrations from the original design.* And thus he deems wisdom and per-

* 'I invite the House,' says he, [p. 5] 'I invite the House to mark what failures in practice are to be found in the system, as it was *originally framed*, as well as what *errors* time has engendered by occasioning a departure from that system.'

fection, the fruit of inexperience—weakness and error of experience, bowing the knee to the wisdom of ancestors as he passes on. Mr. Bentham has demonstrated that the "Fee-gathering System," as he entitles it, swarms with, or rather is made up of abuses—that it places interest constantly in opposition to duty—that in the very proportion in which it serves the ends of judicial ministers, it defeats the ends of justice itself—that it is a system of self-authorised and unpunishable depredation, by which fresh arms are put into the hands of the injurer to annoy and distress the injured—and delay, sale, and denial of justice, *maximised*, to use his own expressive word.

In regard to this same system, what says Mr. Brougham? He takes it in hand: he gives his support to it: he employs it: he places trust in it. Justice (if you believe him) cannot be administered so well without as with it. In this institution, by which, as Mr. Bentham has demonstrated, *delay* has been increased from minutes to the same number of years,—our learned reformist beholds a useful, if not a necessary, instrument of *dispatch*. Fees are "to operate," says he [p. 16], "as an *incentive*"—as an inducement to labour vigorously: thus, though they are to be "moderate"—"very moderate"—"very small"—(what anxious precaution against objection!)—and instead of reason (not a shadow of which is all this anxiety able to produce) we have authority: his own "long reflection" with elaborate display of sincerity, with the assurance of "*agreement*" on the part of "friends of the highest rank and largest experience"—(who can doubt it?)—"who are among the soundest and most zealous supporters of reform." As to the manner in which, by this instrument the dispatch is to be produced, *this* is what he leaves it to his hearers and readers to seek: and seek they may to the end of their lives, before they will find it. As to *salary* it is of course approved: approved by him; for by whom can it be disapproved? But still, be it ever so ample (and already by more than ten times over it is more ample than that which, without fees, the highest-paid judges are contented with in France) still it is, in his estimate, too scanty, unless fees—fees, each paid directly into the hands of these so pre-eminently learned and ever upright and disinterested persons, are super-added to it.

But here Mr. Brougham was *out-reformed* by *anti-reformers*—turned upon even by his quondam master, the solicitor-general, who played his part, and with great eclat, for the first time. "Fees!" O no! they had been abolished by statute—they had been compensated for by increased salaries. Abolished by statute indeed! not they—for notwithstanding the spl[illegible] [illegible]he *now* fee-gatherer of the Court of Common Pleas, the [illegible]trous

existence. Have any of our readers seen a little pamphlet, entitled "Indications respecting Lord Eldon," in which it is proved how in the case of offices disposable by judges, the emolument that had been clandestinely derived from sale, was, after being bought off by salary, openly confirmed to them, when the disposal was made under the name of a *gift*. When lord Eldon gave to his son *four* sinecures in possession, to the value of £.4,000 a year, and an expectancy of *five* others to the amount of about £.5,000 a year more—was he worse off than if he had kept the office for himself! When will an annuity to a son be worth less than a similar annuity to a father? When a son is older than his father, and not before. Facts like these were denounced by Mr. Bentham years ago. Have they been answered? Were they unknown to Mr. Brougham?—to Mr. Brougham, who is said to have repaired, like Nicodemus by night, to sit at the feet of, and gather instruction from, the lore, unedited as well as edited, of another Gamaliel? And was it for Mr. Brougham to recommend addition to this mass of corruption?

The Statute of Frauds.—"It is worth a subsidy," exclaims Mr. Brougham, [p. 90], echoing the exclamation of "the learned judge" of olden time. "Worth a subsidy?" cries the "*Rationale of Evidence.*" Oh yes: well worth: but to whom? to the *payers* of subsidies? Oh no: but to the *receivers*. To laygents? Oh no; but to learned gentlemen. To clients and suitors? Oh no; but to conveyancers, to solicitors, to counsel, to judges' underlings, and to judges. Beneficial is it? Oh yes:—but to whom? to the sheep? Oh no; but to the wolves.

The specific imperfections which Mr. Brougham has pointed out, respect arrest for debt, pleadings, jury-trial, evidence, the exclusion of evidence, and the limitations of actions.

Mr. Brougham would have arrest for debt abolished. "Why should a man *ever* be arrested on mesne process *at all*,"—so asks he, meaning doubtless by "on *mesne process*," elsewhere than at the close of the suit, in execution of a judgment against a defendant. Covered by the term *mesne process*, is (it is evident), the whole course run by a suit over any part of the entire field of procedure. Unless the words *at all* are the result of a slip of the thought, the tongue, the pen, or the press, strange is the haste here: for, four lines further, and by the words, *owing twenty pounds*, you are informed, that the case of debt was the only case he was thinking of, when he was so clear, that arrest on mesne process ought to be abolished in all cases. But why, even in case of debt, exclude from all stages anterior to the last, the use of this instrument of justice? Answer:—

Because abusive applications have been made of it. In these words you have the *reason* for the proposal—the only reason. Well then, if this be a sufficient reason, go a little further, and propose the abolition of all punishment. For is not all punishment a grievous thing? and have not very abominable application been made of it? When you have succeeded here, go on a little further still, and propose the abolition of the use of iron. For of this metal has not application been made to the purpose of cutting throats?

The mischief of our system of arrest for debt consists in the bad purposes to which the power of arrest may be, and is, applied. It enables any man at the charge of a comparatively small sum, to ruin any other man, or any number of men, at pleasure. If you buy (as was well remarked during the adjourned debate of the 29th February 1829), to the extent of £. 10 or £. 20, without paying the money down upon the nail—you become from that moment liable to arrest from the person with whom you have dealt. You may be committed. He who issues the warrant asks no questions—examines no evidence—knows nothing of the facts. This is a part and portion of the *regular* mode of administering justice—by the instrumentality of judges and their agents. How infinitely preferable is the *summary* mode exercised by a justice of the peace. He can commit no man to jail without redemption (for this is the possible result) not for a day—nor for a moment, without instituting an inquiry—without an elicitment of the facts upon oath—without the menace of punishment for perjury hanging over the headof the witness. But it is not against the arrest and confinement of a man that we appeal—it is against arresting and confining him, without providing security for compensation if the arrest was needless—it is against needless arrest—without even inquiring whether it is needful or not—without, in a word, any inquiry at all. The system of arrest is a fragment of the huge fee-gathering abuse. No longer ago than in 1825, it received confirmation from right honourable and honourable houses. What said Mr. Brougham against it? Not a syllable.

No arrest for debt? Certainly (says Bentham), arrest for debt, and for any thing, where needful—for nothing where not needful. Prehension of the *body?* Undoubtedly.—And of the property?—Yes, and of both together where needful; of neither where not needful. Prehension of the defendant?—Aye! and of the plaintiff likewise—body and property, either or both, where needful, as in some cases it may be: prehension at the charge of the plaintiff, and that with quite as little scruple, as at the charge of the defendant.—But as to whether this

same need has or has not place, how are you to know?—How to know this? Just as easy as to know any thing else. You apply to those who can tell you: and, in this case, or in any other case of evidence, on their responsibility—at their peril in case of falsehood, they tell you what they say is the truth.

In page 60 of Mr. Brougham's Speech is written: "Shorten the suits brought, by disposing of them in the shortest time and with the least expense;" and again: "I would put an end to all harassing and unjust defences, by encouraging expedition"—excellent, this, and worthy of all laudation. But if you would dispose of a suit in the shortest time, and with the least expense, there is one, and but one mode in which you can do so. This is by summary procedure—by bringing into the presence of the judge, in so far as they are within his reach, each at the earliest convenient moment, parties, extraneous witnesses, in a word, all persons who have any relevant information to give whether in the shape of demand, defence or testimony!

Well, then, this same mode of disposing of the suits—a mode by which all written pleadings, special and non-special, stand excluded—our learned reformist has he any objection to it? Truly not he: it is even what he himself proposes; provided always that it be on certain conditions. And what are these conditions? They are as follows:—Strip the judge of the powers necessary to his doing justice—the power, to wit, of obtaining, by compulsory means, if necessary, and not preponderantly burthensome, the testimony needful to the formation of an adequate ground for his decrees;—strip him of the power of giving execution and effect to his decrees when framed: reduce him, in a word, to the condition of an *arbitrator*, as [in p. 64] no objection has our learned reformist to *despatch* thus provided for, to *saving* thus made in the expense.

And when, through this same proposed judicatory, the suit has made its way, what will be the consequence? and what will *despatch* and *frugality* gain by it. Why, at the pleasure of any one of the parties, and in particular at the pleasure of any one by whom it has been gone into for the purpose of delay, it may be carried from this spick and span new and powerless court, into any one of the old ones, in which it will be carried on by *written pleadings*.

Our learned reformist approached the system of written pleadings with "awe"—and why? Having established his principle—"short and economical" suits—would he not boldly apply it? Is not the whole machinery of special pleading a machinery of delay and costliness—by which, instead of gathering evidence "in the shortest time," it may be staved off

for months or years—years, two-thirds of each of which represent nothing but blank inactivity? Why did not Mr. Brougham attack the boundless nuisance with a vigorous blow? —boundless, we say advisedly, for if the quantity of truth which any man may have to utter is limited, limitless is the quantity of lies he may invent. This special-pleading system, by which mendacity is advanced both by reward and punishment —by reward stretching with the length of the *plea*,—by punishment visiting the suitor who is not ready with his *replication*,— is it the system by which suits are to be disposed of in the shortest *time* and at the least *expense*?

And this question of the "shortest time" brings us to the system of *terms* and *vacations*—an arrangement by which certain delay is added to uncertain delay; and during one hundred and seventy-four days of the three hundred and sixty-five, *denial* is substituted for *administration* of the costly commodity, misnamed justice. By these vacations some of the proceedings of the judicatories are stopped—others not—in some courts one thing tarries—in some another. The complication would demand a volume to unravel. Mr. Brougham would introduce the reform of fixing the length of these denials of justice,—or rather, he proposes that in two instances they should be fixed; in two others, that they should depend upon the moon.

Mr. Bentham has recorded his view of this portion of law-abuse in four words—strong enough, it is certain, but not too strong for the occasion—"*Written pleadings, pickpocket lies*" —he has denounced them again and again as objects of his unqualified abhorrence. To Mr. Brougham they are objects of indifference—he objects now and then to their superfluity,— but not one word of censure does he find for those who licensed, —who recompensed,—who necessitated and employed this system of mendacity for the purposes of professional gain.

Condemned, like a dormouse, to sleep for half the year is the administration of English justice. Mr. Bentham has said of it, and in rhyme too, for the more permanent impression of the sentiment—

> "When sleeps injustice,—so may justice too:
> Delays the wicked make,—the injured rue."—

And what can be worse than that these delays should be made instrumental to the production of all the irrelevant falsehoods which grow out of the written-pleading system—a system as conducive to justice as a stratum of arsenic between two slices of bread and butter would be conducive to nourishment. But on this matter, and in conclusion, so appropriate are the argu-

ments introduced into the abridged petition for justice, that we shall give them at length :—

'"Art. 24. Addressed to the supporters of the existing system, follow a few plain questions :—

'"If, in relation to any point, it were, on any occasion, your wish to learn the truth of a case of any sort from a child of yours, or from a servant of yours—

'"1. Would you refuse to *see* him ?

'"2. Would you send him to, or keep him at, a *distance* from you ?

'"3. Would you insist on his not answering otherwise than in writing ?

'"4. Would you, on the occasion of such his writing, *insist* on his coming out with a vast multitude of *lies*, some *stale* and notorious, others new and out of his own head ?

'"5. Would you so much as *consent* to his mixing up *false* information, in whatever quantity he chose, and *that* in an undistinguishable manner, with whatsoever *true* information it was that you had need of ?

'"6. Would you establish an interval of four or five months' forced silence, between statement and statement, question and answer, or one answer and another ?

'"7. Would you take such a course if you were acting as *chairman of a House of Commons'* committee, making inquiry into the state of things in relation to any subject for the information of the *legislature ?*

'"8. Would you, if acting in the character of a *justice of peace*, whether singly, or as one of a number of justices of peace, sitting in special sessions, and making inquiry into the matter of a question of any sort, civil or penal, coming within your competence ?

'"25. Well, then, this, however, is all of it, the exact description of what has place, as often as the process of delivering *written pleadings* is carried on ; carried on as it is under the eye and by order of all the judges : and this, as well in the Equity courts as in the Common-law courts, Spiritual courts, and Admiralty courts, in a word, in every court in which the mode of procedure employed is that which, in contradistinction to the *summary*, is styled the *regular*.

'"26. Now, then, on the part of those by whom this was the course in which judicial inquiry was ordained to be carried on ; can you, reader, whoever you are, can you, now that that course is thus laid open to you,—can you for a moment suppose that *justice* was ever the end in view ? Can any man of common sense suppose it ? Can it really be believed by any man, that *despatch* is promoted by an inexorable *standing still* for four or five months ?"'

The jury-trial Mr. Brougham holds to be almost perfect, "wanting *only* to be applied to those cases from which the practice in Equity has excluded it" [p. 85]. Yet, twenty pages before, [p. 65] we find Mr. Brougham declaring that in many

cases its application is impossible—notoriously and confessedly impossible. "Cases," he says, "which are now brought at great cost into courts wholly unable to try them, and uniformly greeted with the observation, from both bench and bar, 'Oh, an account and set-off—a hundred items—so many issues—no judges or jury can try it;'—after all, the expense of trying it has been incurred." What a passage for an equity lawyer to fix on! Sir E. Sugden would have found no difficulty in his court, and would be ready with his Roland for Mr. Brougham's Oliver—"One thing only does the equity system want, to make it perfect; namely, that it should be applied to all the cases from which the practice of common law has excluded it:" for instance, assaults, trespasses on body, goods and land, Old Bailey cases, *et cætera cæterorum.* But Mr. Brougham has gone much farther. The whole machinery of the state is brought to bear upon his laudation.

'In my mind, he was guilty of no error; he was chargeable with no exaggeration; he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see above us, King, Lords, and Commons—the whole machinery of the state—all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.'

All the introductory flourish Sir E. Sugden would probably employ, and merely substitute, as an amendment for the "bringing twelve good men into a box," the bringing one learned gentleman—after making him noble—upon a bench. But let us hear what the arguments are of the learned panegyrist, in favour of the system—"It controls the judge—supplies knowledge—furnishes more competency to weigh evidence—can better estimate injury and provide compensation." Now, *does* our jury-system control our judges, or prevent them from letting men loose, by quibbles, who have chopped off children's heads? Are our jurors better instructed than our barristers and judges?—better able to ascertain the value of testimony—to calculate amount of wrong, and the appropriate recompense? If our jury-system has its value; and its value cannot be doubted under an unreformed and vexatious administration, Mr. Brougham has not been happy in pointing out the grounds of admiration. "This venerable institution has, I lament to say, been of late years attacked by some of the most distinguished legal reformers. Speaking from experience (continues our learned panegyrist), *I* must avow, that *I* consider the method of juries a most wholesome, wise, and almost perfect invention for the purpose of judicial inquiry." Whom he meant by the "most distinguished legal reformers," Mr. Brougham did not condescend to inform

the House of Commons; though he adorned his speech with the names of many, assuredly *not* "of the most distinguished." But the cage is opened, and the bird flies out. "It is fitting *we speak* with reverence of the unfounded doubts of so great a man and profound a jurist as Mr. Bentham." "*We speak*," indeed! in which of our speeches?—In our speech—O no! but in a note at the bottom of *our* page. Within honourable House it was not "fitting" that Mr. Bentham, "great" as he is, should be spoken of at all—and spoken of he was not.

The learned reformist had learnt nothing from him; and why should he tell the world that he had? Then comes the finale—"The system is above all praise—it looks well in theory—it works well in practice." Behold thus our learned jay strutting in a plume, plucked from Canning's wing—works well! Yes! but for whom? For Scarlett and Brougham—even as matchless constitution worked well for Castlereagh and Canning.

To say nothing, then, of the ignorance and incapacity often exhibited; is the system which compels perjury, by requiring unanimity—and sanctions the torture of the severest bodily sufferings in order to obtain unanimity—and, after all, allows even that unanimity of twelve men to be made inoperative by *one* man—if money and malice can be found to send the cause to equity on the wing of an injunction,—is this system to be covered with praise to exaggeration, and nothing to be subtracted from its merits on account of these its monstrous defects?

But, as a matter of simple fact, Mr. Bentham has not indulged himself in "unfounded doubts;" but has drawn the clearest and most thoroughly-grounded distinctions,—adopting, rejecting, restricting, improving, and extending the jury principle according to the demands of justice. Out of the chaos of perplexity and confusion, his Quasi-jury comes forth a beautiful and efficient instrument, cleared of the blemishes, which defile the existing institutions. Mr. Bentham has proposed to give the principle an extension far beyond what the so lively imagination of Mr. Brougham has yet dreamt of. Yet, even with all its present imperfections, Mr. Bentham has been its constant (though not indiscriminating and unbounded) advocate, in reference to a considerable compartment of the field of law. It is not so much, however, because a jury is wanted to give effect to a good system; but because it is of infinite value to thwart a bad one, that Mr. Bentham has defended it. It is the virtual *veto* which the subject many possess to *defeat* the enactments, by which the ruling few oppress and injure them,—the king's veto, applying to *enactment*—that of the people, to its *execution*;

it is the anarchy he admires, which, through the jury-system, is infused into that mixture of absolutism and confusion which make up our "glorious and matchless constitution." In the contest which is continually going on between aristocracy and liberalism, juries, by taking a peg out of the machinery, can at any time stop its motion. That which Orange juries do for oppression, any jury at any time, might do for liberation. The power, exercised to-day for evil, may to-morrow be exercised for good; and, in both instances, in the very teeth of the law.

The subject of *evidence* Mr. Brougham has approached in an evil hour, and to begin with the Statute of Frauds, he doubts,—doubts as if the mantle of Lord Eldon were upon him. Had he kept in view the useful and obviously valuable distinction, suggested by Mr. Bentham in his 'Rationale of Evidence,' between *ambiparte* and *exparte* evidence, he would have found light instead of darkness. But the learned reformist proposes the heaping of more writings upon more writings, forgetting that only as writings are read and remembered can they be of any use. His anxiety seems engrossed by the desire to have the writings made; —that they should be read—that for this purpose they should be accessible—that information should be given of their existence and accessibleness, forms no part of his solicitude.

When in page 5, at the end of the "deep deliberation and public care," which on his learned brow had so long been sitting, taking a parting look into his own "*mind*," he perceived and read the miracles that had been wrought by "simply bringing twelve good men into a box,"—when thus our seer prophesied,—he foresaw not that it was his destiny, a few hours after, to speak of a little operation of husbandry, which required to be added to this machinery; namely, the sprinkling in, as he may be seen proposing, a few grains more of *fraud-seed*, into the rich hot-bed of frauds, the so well-named *Statute of Frauds* is composed of.

Now, against fraud through evidence, or by want of it, Mr. Bentham proposes the remedies that follow:—A code of laws —capable of being made known and understood, and themselves providing for being made known; a separation for the benefit of every individual whose lot is disposed of by the laws, of those parts with which he is concerned, from those in which he has no concern; for all rights and wrongs a provision, as far as possible, and as far as the benefit will allow the expense for the production of *pre-appointed* evidence of all persons, without exception, to be examined at the earliest moment, and where necessary at all succeeding moments. These would be remedies against frauds of a preventive and of an efficient character, far more than

can be applied by shooting down loads of rubbish into a lay-stall, into which no man that is not paid, and richly paid, will ever have the heart to look for it. On the exclusion of evidence Mr. Bentham has established two great principles—That no evidence ought to be excluded on the plea that its exclusion will be a security against deception, and that exclusion can only be justified to prevent a greater evil of delay, vexation, or expense.*

"Ought," inquires Mr. Brougham [85], "the testimony of *parties* to be excluded?" Whereupon, at the end of a string of doubts and questions,—on the ground of one single occurrence—and that little less than miraculous,—forgetful of the rule *syllogizari non est ex particulari*,—he ventures to come out with a conclusion in the negative.

This conclusion is unfortunately situated in immediate continuity with the display of the excellencies and "almost perfection" of the jury-system: the case being, that, on trial by jury, all evidence from this source is completely and inexorably excluded: while, under the *equity* system (from which we shall presently see him so anxious to take by *replevin* at least, if not by *withernam*, so large a herd of suits), it is, to a great, though most irregular and inconsistent extent, admitted. Exclusion is not, indeed, of the essence of the jury-system; and, preserving the judicatory itself untouched, evidence from this source might be let into it, and correction thus administered to its *procedure*. But, by our learned reformist, no such saving distinction is brought to view.

On the exclusion for opinions on the subject of religion, what our learned reformist could find time for was—to *talk*: what he could not find time for was—to think or read. [p. 94.] "No reason," says he, "for excluding any individual, be he of what religion, sect, or persuasion he may, from giving testimony in cases of every kind." Thus far good; but now comes the "want of thought." *Proviso*, in three words: "provided he believes in the existence of a God, and a state of future rewards and punishments; and is not openly infamous by sentence of a court." "*Provided he believes in the existence of a God.*" On this subject, or on any other, what means does our learned reformist know of—what means of knowing what it is that the man, whoever he is, believes? What the man *says* he believes, this indeed our learned counsel has it, on all occasions, in his

* Mr. Brougham's practical experience as a lawyer has enabled him to throw very valuable light on the "tests of verity," and to expose, in consequence, some of the absurd rules by which the knowledge of the truth is shut out.

power to know: and knowing this, he knows (it appears) all that he wishes to know; for this is what he declares his desire to know, and this is all that it is possible for him to know.

Point 2. "*And a state of future rewards and punishments.*" Our learned reformist—did he never hear of any such bishop as Bishop Warburton? the illustrious Church of England bishop? the, at one time, Lincoln's Inn preacher? according to whom neither Moses, nor any man who took his religion from Moses, ever believed in any such state? But suppose this state believed in: will this belief come up to the purpose? Suppose this same belief applied in the manner in which, as above, to the knowledge of our learned instructor, they are so uniformly applied by the revered personages, the *judges*, who stand so high in his admiration—suppose they offer rewards for those who *will* tell lies, punishments for those who will *not*—what is the security for *veracity* that will be afforded by this belief? what will *justice* be the better for it?

"*Principles*" our learned reformist undertakes to give us as well as practice. Let him then look at home; let him conceive, for argument sake, that he had seen his wife, and a child of his, murdered before his eyes, and let him say whether, upon this principle of his, according to which a single lie suffices for putting an utter extinction upon all capacity of speaking truth, if there was no better evidence against the murderer than that of any one, or any score of once-convicted *perjurers*, or of these same *indiscriminate utterers of truth and falsehood*, let him say whether the murderer would not stalk out of court in triumph.

If this be not enough, let him address himself to his "most worthy friend and learned instructor in that art" (the art of pleading) Sir N. C. Tindal; to whom he makes so handsome a bow upon paper: let him ask, whether in all his practice he ever drew a special plea that had not a lie in it—a lie perfectly well known by him to be such—and whether he ever thus told a lie without being paid for it?

Point the 3rd. "*And is not openly infamous by sentence of a court.*" Could he but have turned to the *Rationale of Evidence*, he might have learnt that criminality, though it were in the shape even of *murder*, has nothing to do with *credibility*, any otherwise than as it affects *veracity*: and that as to *veracity*, the depriving society of the benefit of a man's testimony, though the man had been convicted of perjury, is what could not ever have been done by any judge who did not content himself with some of the shallowest of all shallow reasoning: that perjury is nothing but mendacity preceded by an impious and foolish ceremony, the pie-crust quality of which he might learn at any time

from any bishop or archbishop that ever took a degree at Oxford, or any merchant that ever paid a visit to the Custom House: and that, when the pie-crust is broken and swallowed, what remains is—that which every judge, who, since the invention of common-law pleading, and equity-pleading, ever sat upon an English bench, has been in the daily habit (as above observed), of "licensing, rewarding, necessitating and practising." Our learned reformist—has he not heard of *Junius*, and of the consequence which, according to that illustrious unknown, results from "the *indiscriminate defence of right and wrong?*" If yes, then let him tell us, by what it is, that the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong is carried on but by the *indiscriminate utterance of truth and falsehood?* This answered, then let him tell us whether there is not another class, upon whose testimony an exclusion might be put, and upon somewhat more solid ground than upon that of those "who are openly infamous by sentence of a court."

The "Limitation of Action" is the last subject which our learned reformist discusses. "Antiquation of demand" is the more appropriate term which Bentham employs. The question simply is, When, or after what period of time, shall a demand, if not before made, be deemed extinguished?—and Bentham, applying a test growing immediately out of the "Greatest Happiness Principle," insists that the effect on happiness ought to be the measure of right and wrong, and introduces the "disappointment-preventing principle," as the guide to decision. That principle will be found developed in our XIIth Number, with reference to the real-property question; and if the commissioners appointed to consider this portion of the law keep in view this important topic, they will find their progress greatly assisted. To facilitate transfers—to control aristocratical ascendancy—to provide against over-population, are the three great *desiderata*. Under the present state of things you have one species of redress for a short delay of demand, another for a longer, another for a longer still. And, to crown the whole, you have a black cloud, in the form of Holy Mother Church, overshadowing the land, and banishing from the whole field of real property all security: under her holy rule, and for her holy benefit, that which you have all your life long looked to as yours, may be taken from you, provided only she can put in her holy claim to having had possession any day since A. D. 786.

So much for *disorders;* now for *remedies*. Treading in the footsteps of our eloquent reformist, or quasi-reformist, we shall follow him through the whole field of his prolusions, and

pick up, without designedly omitting any one of them, his remedies.

But, to judge of his remedies, call to mind, reader, once more call to mind, that you may confront them with it, the sum and substance of the *grievance*. Law delayed, sold, denied—delayed to all—sold, at extortionate price, to the favoured few—denied, utterly denied, to the vast many; to all besides those few; all this in the very teeth of Magna Charta. Such is the grievance—now for remedies.

I. Remedy the first. In addition to the twelve judges, two more: all fourteen proceeding, of course, in the same *regular*, and fee-gathering mode of procedure.

II. Remedy the second. In addition to the eleven masters *in chancery*, eleven masters *at law*.

III. Remedy the third. Arbitrators, in some, not said what, cases, added, or substituted, to judges.

IV. Remedy the fourth. County courts revived with improvements.

V. Remedy the fifth and last. Suits taken by equity restored to common law.

According to our conception, the result is briefly this. By every one of these remedies but the fourth, is the grievance aggravated. Of the fourth, the description is so vague, that nothing determinate can with propriety be said of it, except that it is widely inadequate; and that unless, and until, it is particularised, no one can say, on sufficient grounds, whether the grievance would be lightened or increased by it; while by Bentham's system of narrow local judicatories revived, with the correspondent changes made in the judiciary establishment, and the summary mode of procedure universally substituted to the existing regular mode, the removal of all grievance would be complete. Under all these several heads,

Remedy the first, then, is—To the twelve judges, to add two others. Want of time for the work being the grievance, addition thus made to the number of the workmen is here the remedy. To a lord Eldon or a Mr. Peel, good; proportionable the addition to patronage under their system of political therapeutics, no recipe could be more palatable. In the eyes of a man who had neither patronage nor prospect of any, nor of the fruits of it, *division* would, in this case, be a more acceptable rule of arithmetic than *addition*. Our learned reformist's additional two, make the most of them (and more than *he would* make of them), could add but two to the existing number *three*, of common-law judicatories. But the [illegible] judges would, if each of them were taken and set [illegible]

bench—set down at common law as in equity—make no fewer than twelve judicatories; they would not then, as now, ease one another of *responsibility* (meaning always to the tribunal of public opinion, for, to any other tribunal, responsibility on the part of a Westminster-hall judge there is none), ease one another of this burthen, sit in one another's way, and by consultation, or the pretence of it, add one stratum more to the strata, of which the mountain of factitious *delay* is composed.

But, in the estimation of our learned reformist, or any other learned gentleman, on what is it that the number of judges needed in a judicatory depends? On what? Why on *names* to be sure; on the names which you give to the *judicatory*, in which your judge sits. Call it an *Equity Court*, a *single* judge is as good as a host; call it a *Common-law Court*, *four* is the exact number it must have. Call it a *Privy Council*, having one judge for use, you may have any number of others for show, any one number being as good as any other. Call it a House of Lords, any number whatever from five to five hundred or so, provided always that among the few appealed *to*, there be the one who is appealed *from;* and that he be the only one who bestows, or is capable of bestowing, a thought upon the business. As to *interest*, the more you have of those who are interested in the suit (and you may have them in any number), the greater, of course, is the interest they will take in it.

"Twelve common-law courts instead of three—plausible enough" (we think we hear him saying); but "even supposing that a single judge could suffice for determining a common-law question, which is what, if it be of any importance, a single judge *never* does or can do, elsewhere than at *nisi prius*—still the twelve would not be *courts* enough to sit in the Great Hall, unless any two judges were added to them. For, amongst the whole number, says he [p. 20], there would always be some one *favourite court;* rendered so either by the idiosyncrasy of the judge, or by circumstances belonging to the *practice—i. e.* the mode of procedure. Of this, says he [p. 10], anno 1821, an experiment was made, and "it failed entirely." A second experiment followed, and, in consequence, another failure. Exhausted was the genius of lord Lyndhurst; anorexy, apathy, and immobility, the final consequence.* By the side of his lordship, on a neighbouring floor, exhausted in like manner, lies now a much stronger genius—that of Henry Brougham.

Does he then really want a remedy? A complete bar to all

* For the details, see p. 10.

such failures—to all failures—he may have, if he really wants one, in a *dictum* of unsophisticated common sense. Wherever, and in so far as *choice* produces evil, *chance* good, or chance more good than evil—shut the door against *choice*, call in *chance*. Unless suits were marshalled, marshalled according to their subject matter, or otherwise, according to their nature—which is what has never been proposed, who of the whole body of suitors would have reason to complain, if, at the appropriate point of relative time, lot were to determine either or both of two things? namely, that one of the courts, in which each suit should *originate*, or the order in which when a multitude are ready for trial, they should respectively be *tried*. But a still more simple remedy has been proposed somewhere—that of a *rota*. When court the first has had so many causes allotted to it, say *ten*, let the next ten be allotted to court the second; and so on.

But such an effectual, such an economical reform as this neither suits the interest of judges nor supersaturated barristers. Look at the gradations as they follow one another in the order in which they are to be provided. Judges first—then silk-gownsmen and sergeants;—thirdly, official men, of whom the judges are the patrons;—fourthly, the mass of practising barristers;—fifthly, solicitors and attornies;—sixthly and lastly, if at all, the unhappy suitors—that is, if honest suitors—for the interest of dishonest suitors are involved in that of the preceding classes. For leading-counsel, competition increases as they rise in eminence; with competition a higher rate of fees; divide the suits into many courts, the competition will be lowered, the fees will fall. Were there twelve courts, four-and-twenty leading silk-gownsmen would be at once reduced, for the benefit of suitors, to a level.

Now for another scene. While on this ground, between learneds, honourables, right honourables, and nobles, sparring and scrambling are carrying on, justice is at a stand-still. Up rises his honour or his lordship, and, for non-appearance of pre-eminently learned gentlemen, they being engaged elsewhere, orders suits—suits by dozens or by scores—to be "struck out of the papers,"—and what, to the suitors, is the consequence? To the plaintiff's side, if it is in the right, either utter loss of cause, or, at best, vexation and expense in fresh fees, and delay, proportioned to the length of the line, composed of those suits which have thus been placed before it.

Thus, to give a scratch, in ceremony to learned gentlemen, miserable suitors are thrust through and through. Thus, for injury done and suffered, the injured punished, the authors of the injury rewarded.

Thus where it is only on one side that there are parties injured, but in suits, in large and most disastrous proportion, no party is there *on either side in the wrong*. Like sheep driven into a fold to be sheered, Englishmen in large companies, each member of the company alike blameless, are driven, not one of them by another, but with equal reluctance, all of them together, by the protecting hand of law, into an Equity court to be plundered. Thus, for example, in case of last wills and bankruptcies.—Calculate who can, the number of families, which, within these few years,—without blame so much as imputed to any one member of them,—may thus have been consigned to ruin: thus dealt with without thought—all by a dash of the pen—the outstriking dash—as in a school-boy's game round o's are slaughtered.

Nor does the mischief end here. Under the existing system, from the stock composed of these advocates of the first eminence, must the judges be draughted; and, in the case of each of them, to buy him off from the trade of an indiscriminate dealer in right and in wrong, to the service of justice in the situation of judge,—proportioned, at the expense of the whole community, must be the quantity of *official*, to that of antecedent *professional*, emolument.

The second remedy proposed by Mr. Brougham is no better than the first. It is, to double the number of *Masters*, or subordinate judges so styled. The end proposed, we have seen is, to shorten and economise proceedings, and the means such as if, with the intention of shortening a piece of wire, instead of cutting part off with a pair of scissors, the learned gentleman were to dispatch it to the wire-drawer. "Let the court of King's Bench have an equal number of Masters" [p. 59] to do business of course, as do the Masters of Equity, and to be paid in the same manner,—for the learned reformist suggests no change. His principle—it cannot too often be referred to—is to *shorten* suits by disposing of them in the *shortest* time, and at the *least* expense [p. 60]. His practical result, looking at the office of those whom he proposes as models—"*to lengthen*" suits by disposing of them in the *longest* time and at the *greatest* expense. The plan is but a ramification of the fee-gathering system, and by self-payment too: for every act performed, for every document signed—a fee. The occasions on which the fee is to be exacted to be decided by the judge who appoints to the office, and the value of whose patronage rises with its emoluments. The same system of fraud, mendacity, and obtaining money under false pretences is recognised to an alarming extent. And why is the court of King's Bench to monopolise

the projected benefit—the court which, according to the eloquent reformist's own showing, is already in a state of *plethora*, ready to burst with business and fees, while the two other courts [p. 9] are pining in gloomy *atrophy*—the common-law side of the Exchequer bearing resemblance to nothing but the living skeleton lately exhibited—with from half a dozen to a dozen causes, while "King's Bench is swallowing up no fewer than eight hundred and fifty." Whence the "predilection so little accordant with the public good?" The Exchequer court has the benefit of one of this sort of subordinate judges, called a *Remembrancer*, and when the Equity-halves, of the minds of the learned barons are doing their part of the business, the *Remembrancer* is doing the business which, in the Chancery Equity courts, falls to the lot of the eleven Masters. The common-law-halves of these pre-eminently learned minds are less encumbered than their Equity-halves, for while in the three Chancery Equity courts, they have forty millions of other men's money to play with, and to diminish in its passage through them for the benefit of learned and honourable lords and gentlemen;—the Equity-halves of the Exchequer court judges have little less than two millions. And is it a portion of this exquisite machinery that Mr. Brougham proposes to transfer?

We approach his third remedy—vain and inefficient too: "Arbitrators publicly appointed" [twice repeated, pp. 59, 168]. We suppose *publicly*, means by the Crown. And in what consists the difference between an arbitrator and a judge? If in any thing, in this: that the judge can give effect to his judgments—decrees, orders, rules, or other manifestations of his authority—which the arbitrator cannot do. He is not able to accomplish that for which alone it is proposed he shall be appointed. The suggestion is mischievous. It would create another court with all its concomitants of delay, vexation, and expense, and little else would it do. We shall be told of precedents. In France there is the Cour de Conciliation; in Denmark also; in Holland, "in certain mercantile causes"; and conciliation is so mellifluous a *word!* In France there is nothing *but* the word, there is no separate judicatory. In Denmark there is, and a detailed exposition of it will be found in Mr. Bentham's petition for justice. In Denmark it is a useful make-shift—in England altogether inapplicable.

But supposing these arbitrators appointed, what is the use our learned reformist proposes to make of them, "parties themselves," says he [p. 64], "might go before them in the first instance, state the grounds of contention, and hear the calm opinion of able and judicious men upon their own sta

well, and what then? why, "their anger would often (he says) be cooled, and their confidence abated, so as to do each other justice without expense or delay."

And three pages before [p. 61] "The interest of a court of Justice being (so he has the goodness to assure us), to make both parties come out with the whole of their case as soon as possible, the law should never lend itself to its concealment." "The court"? of what court is this the interest? of an unfeed court, yes: but directly opposite has been the interest of every one of those courts of which he speaks, that interest which we have seen him taking so much pains to *preserve*, not to say to *advance*.

But if, indeed, there is so much use in the parties going, in their own persons, before a set of unempowered judges styled *arbitrators*, why should there be less use in their doing the same thing before a sufficiently empowered judge, called by his own proper name a *judge*. If there be but so much as one single case, in which it is of use to justice, that the parties themselves should go before a judge, is there any one other case whatever, in which this same communication of light would not be of use, of use if thus made in *an immediate* way, without having to pass through a turbid medium, by which some rays of that same light would be so sure to be absorbed, and others to be refracted and distorted? a medium composed of the minds of lawyers, of different sorts and sizes, in strata, one behind the other, all habitually steeped and drenched in unpunishable and custom-sanctioned mendacity. But no: no such truth-ensuring, deception-preventing, prompt, and unexpensive course was proposable. Why? because the fee-harvest would thus be dried-up, and *written pleadings*, the choicest instruments of this husbandry, annihilated.

"Able and judicious men," says Mr. Brougham, are to be these proposed *substitutes* to judges? Be it so. But what does he get by this. The judges themselves—are they not still more so? these same judges, whom, one and all, on every occasion, from the beginning to the end of this same speech he keeps plastering over with the so invariably accustomed praises. Is not the fiction here realized, of the heedless cow, who, after giving her sweet milk, kicked down the pail.

All this while, how much of the case is he observing? how much beyond one corner of it? that in which the parties on both sides are in *bonâ fide*, every one believing himself to be in the right, but led to mistake the wrong for the right, by the violence of his passions. On the occasion of this narrowness he shares, or at least appears to share—in the blindness of the

uninstructed vulgar of all ranks—or the blindness into which they are led by the fallacy involved in the word *litigation*. Against the charge of *selling* and *denying* justice—this to the whole garrison of Harpy Castle, (the strong hold, consecrated, and dedicated to the Demon of Chicane, by the pious hand of Blackstone):—this—even this—is the grand tower of defence. *Litigation*, is it not a bad thing?—a very bad thing? Well then, we sell justice, it is true: we deny justice, it is true: but what is the consequence? In proportion as we do so we diminish *litigation*: the higher the price we put upon it, the greater the number of those to whom we deny it: and the more effectual the check to an evil so unquestionable. This sung and said, closes the song of triumph with Blackstone's tolderol chorus. And "every thing is as it should be." Sing Tantara-rara *good* all—*good* all—sing Tantara-rara *good* all! Such being the fallacy, now then how stands the plain truth? In the first place, in the capacity of *plaintiff*, on condition of paying the price to the judges and their partners in iniquity, every man is invited, and every one who accepts the invitation, enabled, to persecute to ruin, all who, to a certain degree, are less opulent than himself: so on the other hand in the situation of *defendant* is every man invited and enabled to defraud of his due every other such man to whom he owes money or any thing else that is worth having and capable of being received.

We come to the fourth remedy, County-courts; and we find Mr. Brougham tinkering up the old and evil, and Mr. Bentham moulding what is new and good. Both agree, however, to reprobate *partial legislation*—but it will appear that the project of Mr. Brougham will not bear the application of his own test.

Mr. Bentham, who, with his usual analytical acumen divides the field of judicial services, into two portions, the *local* and *logical*, proposes the establishment of *judgeshires* or districts, to form, as nearly as possible, a square, equi-distant and of similar size; the seat of justice, as nearly as may be in the centre of each: the court to sit six hours a day, and from its adjacency to allow to the suitor the facility of reaching it, dispatching his business there, and returning home to sleep. A radius of twelve miles would be enough for all this; and one hundred and twenty-five courts or thereabouts, would suffice for England and Wales. But as the population of cities and towns is entitled to consideration, seventy-five other courts would amply provide for these. To these courts, Mr. Bentham would commit all suits whatever (military and ecclesiastical excepted). To the details of this project we regret not to be able

space they demand. They will be found in a work now passing through the press, to which we must refer our readers. Mr. Brougham says, [p. 63] "the county courts ought to be diligently reformed—their process extended to matters of a larger amount, and of greater variety; their officers rendered more able and effective."—The remedy is well intended, and intended doubtless to forward the ends of those who originated the "County-Courts bill" a few years ago; but it is wholly inadequate. Its benefit small, its expense enormous; and by its expense alone likely to have thwarted any more extensive reform; for it proposes to allow the continuance of all the existing judicial machinery, to the charges of which, enormous as they are, it would have added its own. Both logically and locally considered the county-court plan is in every respect inferior to the departmental judicatories constituted by the Napoleon Code.

These observations have been extorted from us, because it is fitting that he who undertakes to be the school-master of legislators, should have his credentials thoroughly examined. Mr. Brougham wants the true inspiration in his advocacy of Law-reform. He ought not to have tampered with selfish interests, or prejudices growing out of selfish interests; still less did it become him to urge forward projects, respecting which any doubt could exist in any honest bosom, as to whether they diminished or aggravated the evil complained of. He has left to others to labour with greater acceptableness in the vineyard of improvement, and to seize the prize of high renown, which all circumstances combined to offer to himself. But he had not learnt that no man can serve two masters—God and Mammon are not farther asunder than the interests of the serving many from those of the ruling few. Yet what is to be done—what ought to be done will not want an eloquent, an efficient, "a learned" advocate, and the world will look with intense curiosity on the part which Henry Brougham will play, when *Radical Law-Reform* presents itself to his acceptance, and asks for his advocacy. Had we not known the value of his opinion, as an *authority*, had we not, with grief and apprehension, anticipated that his *authority* would be exercised, would be referred to, would be relied on, in opposition to all really efficient reform, we should not have sought to lower it to its true and diminished value. Schoolmaster of legislators he might have been, schoolmaster of the people he is—and while labouring for them, as he has laboured, it is delightful to bring to him the meed of respect and admiration. If to Bentham belong the title of *fundator incipiens*, of a better system of legislation for mankind, Brougham at least deserves the honour of directing so much of public attention to

the topic by his exertions in the House of Commons, and for all the good which, out of such a Nazareth, may chance to come. From the commissions appointed, and which grew out of Mr. Brougham's address, we expect but little, the very fact of their separation must be fatal to their extensive usefulness; but we know the Real-Property Commission have had the good sense and courage to ask, and the magnanimity to engage, to give insertion in their report to all the communications which our illustrious Jurist may be able and willing to convey to them. This is among the signs of the times, and encouraging they are.

Though it will have been sufficiently clear that in the great suit now pending, of Reform *versus* Corruption, we should be unwilling to recognize Mr. Brougham, as a competent judge, we cannot but set the highest value on his testimony as an intelligent and scientific witness.

To resume—the *substantive* branch of the law—THE LAW—whether as written in books, or expounded by judges, is one vast chaos—the *adjective* branch, that is the administrative, a huge mass of corruption. This result is boldly stated by the venerable jurist, and acknowledged in whispers, while it is supported by the facts of our learned reformist. Instead of a body, or code of laws for our protection, we have a sort of phantasmagoria called Common Law, by which all certainty, all confidence is excluded. An instructive exemplification of this appalling truth, in the case of last wills, occupies many pages [95—98] of Mr. Brougham's oration.*

As to the administrative part of the system, Mr. Bentham has, in a few words, declared the main end to be rectitude of decision, and the collateral ends avoidance of all needless delay, suffering, and expense. Nearly a third of Mr. Brougham's speech is evidence of the inaptitude of the existing state of things for securing any of these ends.

The Morning Chronicle, among its many contributions to the cause of reform, has rendered few services more valuable than the frequent exposure of the misconduct of that class of judicial functionaries, which it so happily denominated the "Squirearchy." It were indeed to be wished that the excellent articles on the unpaid magistracy were collected into a volume,

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1. Construction of wills assumed by Courts, p. 95. 2. Rules of construction formed by them, p. 95. 3. Debts released without intending it, p. 97. 4. Wills revoked without intending it, p. 97. Wills revoked by things done to enforce them, p. 98. Wills revoked by power, p. 98. Understand by power, the giving execution and effect to what would, by this same revocation, be rendered impossible. No bad finish this. Led blind-fold by absurdity, the force of nonsense could no further go.

and they would serve as useful accompaniments to that picture of ignorance, folly, and wickedness, which Mr. Brougham has so happily drawn. No portion, however small, of judicial power can be safely intrusted to such inappropriate and worthy hands. In honourable House, indeed, a huge tub of laudatory-varnish is kept, of which a large portion is liberally spread over the "Squirearchy," as occasion may require. Vague and cloudy generalities, pompous professions of purity, bold and authoritative negations, are brought forth as answers to the specific facts, which sometimes break out to disturb the complacency of honourable gentlemen.

Mr. Brougham has done other service, though he may be unconscious of it, to the cause of law-reform. The abuses which he has vainly sought to defend who shall hope to preserve? *Si Pergama dextrâ defensi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent:* and, again, per contrà, has he drawn forth the arguments in favour of the abuses he attacks, and enabled us to weigh and to sift them.

In estimating Mr. Brougham's merits and defects, let not his position be forgotten. His position—his profession will serve as the comprehensive apology for his errors and deficiencies. *De vinculis sermocinari* is the condition in which Cicero tells us he was compelled to *sermonize*. *De vinculis* Anglicè in a *strait-waistcoat*, and strait indeed was the waistcoat our modern Cicero was on this occasion condemned to wear. There were those not far distant from the English Cicero as likely to affect his spirit as the thoughts of Cæsar affected that of the Roman, while pleading for Ligarius. Mr. Brougham has lost a great occasion of glory—other advocates, eloquent as himself, and placed by his failure in a noble contrast, are coming forward. For the Rolls, such as those whose shop is in Chancery-lane, there are proud stomachs that feel no craving. There are those who, no longer indiscriminate defenders of right and wrong, will stand up only for the claims of justice—superior to a barrister's hopes, as they are superior to a barrister's fears. To lead, is no longer Mr. Brougham's destiny; but if he will follow—if making atonement for past precipitation—or, as we must speak out, for past flexibility—if he will take the part of second in that cause of causes in which he might have been a leader, abundant honours will yet attend him, and human nature will gain a splendid victory.

Art. X.—*The Loves of the Poets.* By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." 2 Vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1829.

THE Loves of the Poets! that we may understand why the conjunction of ideas represented by these words, presents the most resplendent image of beauty, grace, and happiness, that the human mind can well conceive, let us analyze them, and learn what Love, and what a Poet is.

There is much in the world afforded by nature and contrived by man, to yield satisfaction and enjoyment to our senses and our physical wants. In this northern clime the rich engross much of these. Carriages, horses, palaces with all their appendages, costly dress, and luxurious tables. The poor, (*i. e.* the unopulent, not the absolutely poor, those shut out from nature's table, the starving and miserable), have a counterbalance in a keener sense of the delights of leisure—they bring appetite instead of fastidious taste to season their plain viands; repose after labour, instead of downy beds, and silken hangings. With the omission of the necessitous and sick, our physical nature is replete with agreeable sensations; and yet how many ministered to, even to superfluity, are unhapppy.

The mind requires more contribution than even our corporeal frame; ennui is the offspring of plenty and comfort; and while we contrive to shut out the evil elements, listlessness and weariness pervade the soul and pall every enjoyment. If the poor suffer less from this annoyance, it is not because they receive more pleasure; but because care, anxiety, or labour, occupy them; the rich also invent employments; books, operas, concerts, hunting, shooting, balls, picture-dealing, building, planting, travelling, fanciful changes of dress, and gambling. Yet these suffice not, nor professions, trades, nor ambition, to afford pleasure, though they waste the time; even the pursuits of wisdom, and the discoveries of science, engrossing as they are, and often delightful, are inefficient to take the sting from life, changing its burthen to gladness: this miracle is left for the affections; and the best form of affection, from the excess of its sympathy, is Love.

Who can feel satiety or sorrow when he loves?—"Love," Plato says, "showers benignity upon the world; before his presence, all harsh passions flee and perish. He is the author of all soft affections, the destroyer of all ungentle thoughts, possessed by the fortunate, and desired by the unhappy, therefore unhappy, because they possess him not; he is the father of grace and delicacy, and gentleness and delight and persuasion, and desire; the cherisher of all that is good, the abolisher of all

that is evil, our most excellent pilot, defence, saviour and guardian, in labour and in fear, in desire and in reason; the ornament and governor of all things human and divine; the best, the loveliest."*

"Love," Shelley writes, "is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an inefficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. The meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own, an imagination which should enter into, and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; this is the unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules."†

If so imperious, intense and pervading, be the spirit of Love, most powerful in the best and most delicate natures, how earnestly must women, whose being is formed for tenderness and sympathy, desire to know among whom in the harder, harsher sex this feeling exists in its greatest purity and force. And is not a poet an incarnation of the very essence of Love?

What is a Poet? Is he not that which wakens melody in the silent chords of the human heart? A light which arrays in splendor things and thoughts which else were dim in the shadow of their own insignificance. His soul is like one of the pools in the Ilex woods of the Maremma, it reflects the surrounding universe, but it beautifies, groupes, and mellows their tints, making a little world within itself, the copy of the outer one; but more entire, more faultless. But above all, a poet's soul is Love; the desire of sympathy is the breath that inspires his lay, while he lavishes on the sentiment and its object, his whole treasure-house of resplendent imagery, burning emotion, and ardent enthusiasm. He is the mirror of nature, reflecting her back ten thousand times more lovely; what then must not his power be, when he adds beauty to the most perfect thing in nature—even Love.

Lady Morgan who writes many things, not because they are true, but because they come into her head, has devoted some

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* Plato's Symposium.

† Essay on Love by Shelley, published in the Keepsake for 1829.

pages of the "Book of the Boudoir" to the villifying a poet's love. Another scrap in the same volume may serve as a comment. The few lines she has written on "Sentiment" sufficiently show why she depreciates the breathing sentiment of love, which is a poet's treasure and his gift.

Let us instead of refuting an opinion which this lady may already have discarded as false, turn to the pages of the book before us, which propose to give us the history of the Loves of the Poets, of modern poets that is, for with many declarations of ignorance, yet with no little presumption, the fair authoress sweeps out of her list the loves of the classic authors; she shall have her way, however, and with her we will confine ourselves to the poets of modern Europe.

This work is the production of the authoress of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," a book we have heard described as the offspring of a singular union of a light head and a heavy heart—whose defect is to have made reality and fiction, who are brother and sister, and who may not therefore too closely unite, marry, and produce an offspring which is neither true nor false. Yet notwithstanding this defect, which disturbs and confuses the reader throughout, it is an interesting, clever, and graceful work.

The book dwells somewhat on the Troubadours, and then commences with the early Italian poets. So much has been said concerning Petrarch and Laura, that we find the account here given concise. She seems to have neglected his letters, which are abundant in testimonies of the truth, ardour, and reality of his attachment, and to have confined herself to his poems only, and to repeat what is already known, without research, to every one. Dante and Beatrice are a pair more veiled in obscurity. Dante, like our own gentle affectionate Milton, has been stigmatized with the accusation of moroseness. Few know, that while bad institutions and bad men awoke stern resistance and severe animosity in the fervent souls of both, their hearts were the abode of Love, the realm over which sweet womanhood reigned and ruled. Dante's "Vita Nuova" is a beautiful and fanciful history of his love; and who that reads the vivid description of his trembling before the beauteous girl he almost worshipped, would figure the harsh proud Dante, so often pourtrayed to us? The loves of Ariosto, but little known, are on that account interesting; while the melancholy, impassioned, mysterious sentiment of Tasso, borrowing its grace from suffering, fascinates the imagination. In these pages this sad romance is unravelled much to our satisfaction. An extract on this subject will serve as a specimen of the work, and excite the curiosity of the reader to peruse the whole of

these little volumes, replete as they are with the beautiful and unknown.

'Leonora then was not unworthy of her illustrious conquest, either in person, heart, or mind. To be summoned daily into the presence of a princess thus beautiful and amiable, to read aloud his verses to her, to hear his own praises from her lips, to bask in her approving smiles, to associate with her in retirement, to behold her in all the graceful simplicity of her familiar life, was a dangerous situation for Tasso, and surely not less so for Leonora herself. That she was aware of his admiration, and perfectly understood his sentiments, and that a mysterious intelligence existed between them, consistent with the utmost reverence on his part, and the most perfect delicacy and dignity on hers, is apparent from the meaning and tendency of innumerable passages scattered through his minor poems, too significant in their application to be mistaken. Though that application be not avowed, and even disguised, the very disguise, when once detected, points to the object. Leonora knew, as well as her lover, that a princess "was no love-mate for a bard." She knew far better than her lover—until *he* too had been taught by wretched experience—the haughty and implacable temper of her brother Alphonso, who was never known to brook an injury or forgive an offender. She must have remembered too well the twelve years imprisonment and the narrow escape from death, of her unfortunate mother, for a less cause. She was of a timid reserved nature, increased by the extreme delicacy of her constitution. Her hand had been frequently sought by princes and nobles, whom she had uniformly rejected, at the risk of displeasing her brother; and the eyes of a jealous court were upon her. Tasso, on the other hand, was imprudent, hot-headed, fearless, and ardently attached. For both their sakes it was necessary for Leonora to be guarded and reserved, unless she would have made herself the fable of all Italy.'—Vol. i. p. 296.

The reader must be referred to the volume itself for the proofs brought of these premises.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of these volumes, is that dedicated to the commemoration of conjugal poetry—the poets being for the most part women. The soft sweetness of Clotilde de Surville, the impassioned grace of Vittoria Colonna, bear the palm Complaint here is superseded by tender regret; solicitation by acknowledged sympathy; jealousy and suspense by gratitude and joy. The authoress is not pleased that while women mourn till death the loss of their companion, men usually change the elegiac strain composed for their first love, for epithalamiums on a marriage with a second. It is probably one among the many superstitions which rather injure than exalt the characters of women, which makes us, in spite of ourselves, set so high a price on their constancy even to the dead. Human beings in every stage of life need companions;

women protectors; and except that, for the highminded and delicate, there are few worthy companions and protectors, and that if once a woman find one man on whom she may bestow without sorrow her tenderness, it is very unlikely that, losing him, she find a second, we know no cause in reason and morality, and hardly in good taste, which should condemn the lovely, bereaved, and ardent heart to perpetual widowhood.

A woman's love is tenderness, and may wed itself to the lost and dead. A man's is passion, and must expend itself on the living. A woman's domesticity is of her own making, and her home may be replete with elegance though she be alone. An unmarried man has no home. A solitary woman is the world's victim, and there is heroism in her consecration. A man whose fate is not allied to a female, from whatever cause, is divested of every poetical attribute—there is something rugged, harsh, and unnatural in the very idea. After all, the worthiness of the beloved object must always stand as an excuse for inconstancy; or, with a poet, the fervency and truth of his passion: since, through the force of his imagination, he may dress in jewels richer than those that adorned the doll at Loretto, a black-visaged Madonna; nor be aware that the beauty of the object resides in his eyes instead of in her mind or form.

The latter part of these volumes forms a very amusing and sentimental scandalous chronicle. We pity Pope, who, in default of better, lavished his verses and his poetical attentions on so uninteresting a personage as Martha Blount. Our authoress says, "me thinks, had I been a poet, or Pope, I would rather have been led about in triumph by the spirited, accomplished lady Mary, than chained to the footstool of two paltry girls." [vol. ii. p. 284.] Yet as no satisfactory account is given for the cause of the quarrel between Pope and that lady, we may believe, judging from the hardness and peremptoriness of her character, her love of ridicule, and her talent for sarcasm, that she first awoke the sting of the "Wasp of Twickenham;" and he, with all the bitterness of one whose person was but too open to vulgar derision, could not bear to have his genuine tenderness scoffed at; while the spiteful, jealous, bitter disposition, usually characteristic of deformed persons, gave poison to the wound she had provoked.

If we smile somewhat at the loves of the "Wasp" and the Sappho of the satires, whom Horace Walpole so amusingly describes [vol. ii. p. 307], what shall we say to the French philosophers by nature—poets by courtesy—Messrs. Du Chatelêt and Voltaire. Had either of them had one spark of real poetry in their composition, it had led to different results than those

ridiculous, disgusting, violent and laughable scenes commemorated in these volumes [vol. ii. p. 222]. The same observations may apply to Swift. Lovers in verse are not, therefore, poets. Swift's victims were beautiful accomplished women. He was clever, and could forge even rhythm and rhyme in his head, but the spirit of poetry disdained to take up its abode in his coarse-grained, ill-fashioned, hard-natured soul. Of these modern moderns the greatest portion of interest has been thrown over the rustic loves of Burns,—thus redeeming a poet's name,—shewing that the high born and bred, and clever lady Mary Montague, Voltaire and his *femme terrible*, and Swift, were lovers, but not poets, and therefore neither gentle, imaginative, nor interesting; while the lowly-born Burns, being instinct with Apollo's fire, sheds a glory over the humble objects of his attachment, which a princess might envy [vol. ii. p. 195]. Monti and his wife are also an interesting pair [vol. ii. p. 209], and we are charmed by the sweetness displayed in the loves of Klopstock and Meta [vol. ii. p. 154], though there is a Germanism about it, which, giving effeminacy to the man, dims the picture by a mist of what appears to us almost like affectation.

The authoress sums up her work by a glance at the poets of the day, and their loves—a chapter as well left out, for she, fearing to tread on forbidden ground, tells us, in fact, nothing. Unable to throw the ideality of distance over the near and distinct—and afraid, justly so—for the practice of shewing up our friends is the vice and shame of our literature,—of dragging into undesired publicity the modest and retiring,—she does not even bestow the interest of reality upon her undefined sketches. Besides, there are certain names she dreads to mention. May we not say, in the somewhat hacknied phrase of Tacitus: Sed perfulgebant, eo ipso quod *nomines* eorum non visebantur?

ART. XI.—*Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principle of all Evidence and Expectation.* By the Author of 'Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions.' London. R. Hunter. 1829. 8vo. pp. 302.

IF a man could be offered the paternity of any comparatively modern books that he chose, he would not hazard much by deciding, that next after the 'Wealth of Nations' he would request to be honoured with a relationship to the 'Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions.'* It would have

* London, R. Hunter. 1826. 8vo. pp. 320.

been a glorious thing to have been the father of the mathematics of grown gentlemen;—to have saved nations from fraud, by inventing the science of detecting the pillage of the few upon the many, the 'practical men' protesting the while against its inferences, as defaulting purse-bearers protest against arithmetic. It would have been a splendid triumph, to have set up the 'lever which will move the world;' and have originated the process of discovery, which heads of Houses are called on to prohibit, lest knowledge should become insupportable, and Oxford 'man have too much light.' But next to this, it would have been a pleasant and an honourable memory, to have written a book so *totus teres atque rotundus*, so finished in its parts and so perfect in their union, as the 'Essays on the Formation of Opinions.' Like one of the great statues of antiquity, it might have been broken into fragments, and each separated limb would have pointed to the existence of some interesting whole, of which the value might be surmised from the beauty of the specimen.

Another book from the same author, must have a powerful claim to the attention of those who have been delighted with the first. It is in fact but the prolongation of the other; or relates to subjects so closely joined, that it may be a question whether the two make two existences or one. The first Essay is the pursuit of truth, and on the *duty* of inquiry.' There is a fund of novelty in that word *duty*. It is not every body that has found it out, but still the truth is, that what men have hitherto been taught, is that it is their duty to accept of certain propositions *without* inquiry; or which comes to the same thing, that their inquiries shall be directed in such a course as shall lead to *one* result. All the instructions given from the bench to the great jury of mankind, have purported that 'You shall well and truly try, and a *verdict for defendant* give;'—a man was not supposed honest, who contemplated the possibility of the decision being on the other side. Rules were laid down, concerning the frame of mind in which evidence was to be received and gone into,—and touching the cases in which it was meet or not meet that the evidence should be looked into at all, —the whole having a direct bearing on the object stated, of causing the verdict to be for said defendant and for nobody else.

In opposition to all this, stands up the counsel on the other side; and pleads for the sake of the impression he may make on individual opinions, however far he may be from altering the forms of the court or the *dicta* of the judge. And first, of the *importance* of finding out what is truth, even though it should go against the loved defendant.—

'It is hoped that an honest and fearless endeavour to trace what our duty is in relation to inquiry, will not in the present day be ill received. There is a growing disposition in the world, amongst the intelligent part of it at least, to prize truth and veracity, to look with disdain on all artifice, disingenuity, and disguise, to regard the business of life no longer as an affair which demands unremitted intrigue and perpetual deceit, to consider the great interests of humanity as not requiring to be supported by ignorance and superstition, to believe that suppression and concealment can be of no service, except to the few at the expense of the many, and that every important question should be freely and boldly examined.'—p. 6.

'That it intimately concerns mankind, that not only the properties of external nature, but the consequences of human actions, the effects of different agencies on our sensibility, the results of the various combinations of society on individual happiness, the relations of man to other beings, should be precisely ascertained and accurately understood, is a proposition so undeniable, when clearly expressed, as barely to escape the character of a truism. The overwhelming importance of this knowledge, is attested by the sad tale of error and suffering, which every page of history presents to our observation. What possible problem can mankind have to solve but one, how to make themselves conjointly as happy, and for that purpose as noble-minded and virtuous as they can during the short term of their mortal existence? And how have they hitherto solved this problem? In what numerous ways have they proved themselves totally blind to their real interests, perverted their resources, exasperated the unavoidable evils of their condition, and inflicted gratuitous and unprofitable misery on each other and on themselves? It is clear that men can have no interest in suffering, no preference for unhappiness in itself, and wherever they are found in headlong career after it, it must be under an impression that they are in pursuit of a different object. It is error therefore, it is illusion, it is an incapacity on their part to see the real consequences of actions, the real issues of events, that gives rise to all those evils which desolate the world, except such as can be traced to the physical circumstances of man's nature and condition.' *

'The prevalence of misery, as the consequence of ignorance, shows at once the paramount importance of the pursuit of accurate knowledge. To discover truth, is in fact to do good on a grand scale. The detection of an error, the establishment of a fact, the determination of a doubtful principle, may spread its benefits over large portions of the human race, and be the means of lessening the misery or increasing the happiness of myriads of unborn generations. The great interests of mankind then demand, that the way of discovery should be open, that there should be no obstructions to inquiry, that every facility and encouragement should be given to efforts which are directed to the detection of their errors; and yet one of the greatest discouragements

* "Error is the universal cause of the misery of mankind," are the first words of Malebranche in his Treatise on the 'Search after Truth.'

which at present exists, is the state of their own moral sentiments. Although he who has achieved the discovery of truth in a matter of importance, has the satisfaction of reflecting that he has conferred a benefit on his fellow-men to which time itself can prescribe no limits, the probability is, that instead of attracting sympathy and gratitude, he will meet with a considerable share of odium and persecution as the consequence of his perspicacity.'—p. 8.

How different is this exordium from the language of the paid philosophers, who see no chance of propping what they call the right, but by the mixture of portions of acknowledged error;—who wail over the loss of the people's 'instinctive belief' in that which is not, and think nothing harmless which does not include a modicum of falsehood. If a man cannot be made to believe in the divine right of kings, it is better than nothing, to make him believe in a ghost. There is great sympathy among hobgoblins. The days of fairy Puck, were the days of friar Tuck; and it was incomparably easier to preserve a mental domination over men who feared the cloven foot at every corner of the parish, than over the present generation who defy the devil and all his works, and go doggedly to vote for the man they think will pull down the select vestry. The lovers of fiction do not serve their god for naught. Like the worshippers of Bel, their tracks all point to substantial feeding in the end. Their politics universally smell of their butt of sack, and their best piety has a certain odour of pudding. Whether they speak in their proper persons, or bring a spirit from the deep to be their spokesman, it is always too plain that they are preaching for the pot. All their reasonings are directed to a certain end; and that end is one closely connected with the power, or the interest, or the prejudices of the reasoners.

For example, when were they known to describe the state of mind desirable in the pursuit of truth as follows?

'Every one must at once see, that a simple and sincere desire to arrive at the truth, without any predilection in favour of any opinion whatever, and without any other disturbing feeling of affection or dislike, or hope or fear, is the moral state of mind most favourable to the success of inquiry. If a man is possessed with a desire to find a given opinion true, or to confirm himself in a doctrine which he already entertains, he will in all probability pay a partial attention to the arguments and evidence in its favour, to the neglect of opposite considerations; but if he is free from all wishes of this kind, if he has no predilection to gratify, if his desires are directed solely to the attainment of correct views, he will naturally search for information wherever it is likely to present itself; he will be without motive for partiality, and susceptible of the full force of evidence.'

'However unaccountable it may at first sight appear, it is a fact,

that few human beings, in their moral, religious, and political inquiries, are possessed with this simple wish of attaining truth: their strongest wishes are directed to the discovery of new grounds for adhering to opinions already formed; and they are as deaf to arguments on the opposite side as they are alive to evidence in favour of their own views. The pure wish to arrive at truth is indeed as rare as the integrity which strictly observes the golden rule to act towards others as we would wish others to act towards us. For this several reasons may be assigned. A principal one is, that men's interests are often indissolubly connected with the prevalence of certain opinions; they are therefore naturally anxious to find out every possible ground why these opinions should be held: their personal consequence too is often implicated in their support; they are pledged by their rank or office, or previous declarations, to the maintenance of a determinate line of argument, and they feel that it would be a disparagement to their intellectual powers and to their reputation, were it proved to be unsound.'—p. 14.

'These, and other similar circumstances, create in the mind a desire to find some given opinion true; and of course, as far as their influence extends, extinguish the desire to find the truth.'—p. 17.

There can be no doubt that these are the reasons, why the orthodox are every where the orthodox. It matters not whether it be at Constantinople or at Notre Dame; there is always a way that all right-thinking people fall into.

The next object of the author is to ascertain in what circumstances inquiry is a duty. And he concludes that, without pretending to a complete enumeration, this duty is incumbent on all who can be brought under the following classes;—

1. 'Those whose professed office it is to teach others.
2. Those who voluntarily undertake to instruct others.
3. All those who have the means and opportunity of inquiry on subjects which have an important bearing on their moral actions or conduct in society.'—p. 25.

'On all persons, who come under these three classes, it may be stated to be incumbent to pursue their inquiries till they can clearly trace satisfactory conclusions from undeniable premises. No one ought to be satisfied with his opinions on any subject of importance, much less ought he to inculcate them on others, unless he can trace their connexion with self-evident principles.'

'It is not easy to imagine how this plain statement can be controverted or denied; yet there are frequent cases in actual life, where the duty of inquiry, if not positively rejected, is really evaded. There are several pretexts employed on these occasions: inquiry might lead to doubt or perplexity; to become acquainted with opposite arguments might shake the settled convictions of the understanding; to read the writings of adversaries might contaminate the mind with false views.' —p. 27.

'There is no foreseeing how far the subtlety of interest and indo-

lence may go, and it may be possibly assigned as a further reason for his declining inquiry, that he may come to some fallacy which he cannot surmount, although convinced of its character. If he is convinced of its character, he must either have grounds for that conviction or not. If he has grounds, let him examine them, draw them out, try if they are valid, and then the fallacy will stand exposed. If he has no grounds for suspecting a fallacy, what an irrational conclusion he confesses himself to have arrived at! But he may reply—he may be unable to solve the difficulty, he may be perplexed, and the issue may be, that it would have been much better had he remained in his former strong though unenlightened conviction. Why better? If he is in perplexity, let him read, think, consult the learned and the wise, and the result will probably be, a definite opinion on one side or the other. But if he still remain in doubt, where is the harm, or rather why is it not to be considered a good? The subject is evidently one which admits strong probabilities on opposite sides. Doubt, therefore, is the proper sentiment with which to regard it: it is the result of the best exercise of the faculties; and either positively to believe, or positively to disbelieve, would imply an erroneous appreciation of evidence.'

'In the minds of some people, a strong prejudice appears to exist against that state of the understanding which is termed doubt. A little reflection, however, will convince any one, that on certain subjects doubt is as appropriate a state of mind as belief or disbelief on others. There are doctrines, propositions, facts, supported and opposed by every degree of evidence, and many amongst them by that degree of evidence of which the proper effect is to leave the mind in an equipoise between two conclusions. In these cases, either to believe or disbelieve would imply that the understanding was improperly affected. Doubt is the appropriate result, which there can be no reason to shrink from or lament.'

'But it is further urged, that inquiry might contaminate the mind with false views; and therefore it is wise and laudable to abstain from it.'

'We can understand what is meant by contaminating a man's habits, or disposition, or even imagination. If a man read impure books, or works of extravagant fiction and false taste, his imagination will inevitably be coloured by the ideas presented, and the conceptions which subsequently rise up in his mind will partake of the impurity and extravagance with which he has been conversant. But there is no analogy on this point between the understanding and the imagination. There is contamination in preposterous and obscene images crowding before the intellectual vision, notwithstanding a full and distinct perception of their character; but there is no contamination, no evil in a thousand false arguments coming before the mind, if their quality is clearly discerned. The only possible evil in this case is mistaking false for true; but the man who shrinks from investigation, lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion in his actual opinions. That he should be more likely to escape from error without than with investigation, is a species of absurdity which requires no exposure.'

'On no plea, therefore, can investigation be declined. That it should unsettle a man's established convictions, or that it should lead to ultimate doubt, may be a good: the one is the necessary preliminary to passing from error to truth; the other, if ultimately produced, is most likely to be the proper state of mind in relation to the particular subject examined. That inquiry should contaminate his mind is also a vain allegation. The only meaning which can be attached to the phrase, implies a misconception of falsehood for truth, a delusion, which inquiry is not only the direct means of preventing, but of dissipating if he is already involved in it.'

'Whoever fears to examine the foundation of his opinions, and enter on the consideration of any train of counter-argument, *may rest assured, that he has some latent apprehension of their unsoundness and incapacity of standing investigation.* And as a fear of this sort is totally at variance with that spirit of candour and fairness which we have already seen to be the proper disposition for the attainment of truth, no man should suffer it to prevent him from boldly engaging in the requisite examination. A great deal of invective has been levelled at free-thinking. The only distinction worth attending to on this point is that between accurate and inaccurate, true and false. Thinking can never be too free, provided it is just.'—p. 29.

The most remarkable phenomenon attendant on the objections to inquiry, is that the objections which are good at Notre Dame, are equally good at Constantinople, and yet the things defended are not the same. Since, therefore, it is not a common truth, it must be a common interest. There are certain comfortable possessions and holdings at both places, dependent on the supporting a particular state of belief; and though the beliefs are not the same, the orthodoxy is.

Some of the most powerful impediments to inquiry are next stated.—

'One of these is a fear that we may search too far, and be guilty of presumption in prying into things we ought not to know: another prejudice is, that we may contract guilt should we arrive at erroneous conclusions, or conclusions at variance with such as are established; and another, that it is a sort of praiseworthy humility to acquiesce in received opinions, on the authority of others, and refrain from thinking for ourselves.'

'A brief space will not be ill bestowed in setting these prejudices in their true light.'

'As to the first, a few words will suffice to prove that nothing can be more irrational and unfounded. We have shown in another place* that truth is conducive to human happiness; the attainment of it, one of the highest objects of human enterprise; and the free exercise of our faculties on all subjects, the means of securing this invaluable blessing. If this is a correct representation, investigation is a pursuit

* Essay on the Publication of Opinions.

in which there is every thing to hope and nothing to fear, and to which there are no limits but such as the nature of our own faculties prescribes.'

'It is not easy to conceive with exactness what can possibly be apprehended from inquiry; what is the precise danger or difficulty it is expected to involve us in; what is implied in the fear that we may search too far.'

'Some indeed appear to have imagined that inquiry might conduct us to forbidden truths. As there are secret transactions amongst our superiors in society, or even our associates, which we should be culpable in prying into; sealed documents circulating in the world, sacred to those whose names they bear, and not to be scrutinized with honour by any of the intermediate agents through whose hands they pass; records of private affairs, kept solely for the use of the individuals concerned in them, and which we are not to come upon by stealth, and rifle of their information: and as to infringe the privacy of these matters would be stigmatized as indelicate, meddling, presumptuous; so it seems to be supposed that there are closed documents in nature into which we are forbidden to look, private processes going on into which we have no right to intrude, truths existing which are not to be profaned by our scrutiny, and to attempt to make ourselves acquainted with these is unjustifiable audacity and presumption. If this prejudice does not often assume the definite form here ascribed to it, it may frequently be found exerting an influence without a distinct consciousness in the mind over which it prevails.'

'A more striking instance of a completely false analogy could not be adduced. There is not a single point of resemblance throughout the whole field of knowledge to these little secrets, the offspring of human weakness, or the indispensable resources of human imperfection. There is no secret in the natural or the moral world, sacred from the investigation of man. Here there can be no presumption, no undue boldness, no counterpart at all to the audaciousness of one man intruding upon the privacy of another. All that man has to guard against, and that simply for his own sake, is error; his vigilance is required only to ensure that his facts are properly ascertained, and his inferences correctly deduced. The presumption he has to repress, is not any presumption in relation to other beings in possession of secrets, which he is trying clandestinely to wrest from them, but merely the presumption of drawing positive and ample conclusions from doubtful and slender premises, of supposing that he has discovered what he has not, that he has succeeded where he has only failed, that he has done what still remains to be accomplished; in a word, the presumption of over-rating his own achievements. Here indeed a man may err in self-confidence, but an evil cannot obviously arise from searching too far, which is best remedied by searching farther, by closer reasoning and more rigorous investigation.'

'The strangest absurdities indeed would be involved in the supposition that we could possibly reach to knowledge, which we ought not to attain. We are placed in this world by the Creator of the universe,

surrounded with certain objects and endowed with certain faculties. From these objects, with these faculties, it is implied by the hypothesis under consideration, we may extort secrets which he never designed to be known, extract information which Omnipotence wished to withhold!'—p. 35.

In the midst of the objections thrown in the way of inquiry, sufficient weight has scarcely ever been given to the contingency on the opposite side, that the Creator of the universe should at some time demand of his creatures, *how and why*, with such faculties and opportunities as had been bestowed on them, their progress had been so small in the knowledge of what he had placed within their reach;—why, for example, their opinion of his own nature was in many instances so crude, so gross, and so much at variance with what would constitute a pure and faultless human being. Why should not this be viewed as an extensive danger, as well as the other? And why should not men make provision for answering this question at their final audit, as well as for establishing their acquiescence in some human creed, and their perfect acquaintance with any given number of articles?

'The second prejudice above enumerated, that we may contract guilt if in the course of inquiry we miss the right conclusion, is still more prevalent and influential. On a former occasion* we have shown, that nothing can be more at variance with reason, than an apprehension of this nature. As our opinions on any subject are not voluntary acts but involuntary effects, in whatever conclusions our researches terminate, they can involve us in no culpability. All that we have to take care of, as we shall more largely show hereafter, is to bestow on every subject an adequate and impartial attention. Having done this we have discharged our duty, and it would be irrational and unmanly to entertain any apprehension for the result.'

'In fact, there is the grossest inconsistency in the prejudice now under consideration. If we may contract guilt by inquiry, we may contract guilt by remaining in our present state. The only valid reason which can be assigned, why we may commit an offence by embarking in any inquiry is, that we may miss the right conclusion; but it is obvious that we may equally miss it by remaining in our actual opinions. It is then incumbent on us to know, whether we are committing an offence by remaining in our present opinions; in other words, it is necessary to inquire whether these opinions are true; thus the reason assigned for not inquiring, leads itself to the conclusion that it is necessary to inquire.'—p. 40.

'A man, indeed, after the best and most dispassionate investigation of an important subject, may naturally feel a degree of anxiety lest he should after all have missed the truth; but in this anxiety there is

* Essay on the Formation of Opinions.

not, or ought not to be, the slightest admixture of moral uneasiness. It is an anxiety, lest his conclusions, when they come to form the ground of his actions or of his instructions to others, should lead to consequences which he did not anticipate. His conclusions may be wrong, and the consequences disastrous; but if he has a proper view of the matter, there will be none of the stings of remorse, not the faintest accusation of conscience. Having inquired to the best of his power, he has done all that depended on himself, and would exhibit little wisdom were he to torment himself with reproaches for an unfortunate issue.'—p. 41.

'The third prejudice we have to consider is, that acquiescence in received opinions, or forbearing according to the common phrase to think for ourselves, evinces a degree of humility highly proper and commendable.'

'If we examine the matter closely, nevertheless, we shall find that it usually evinces nothing but a great degree of indolent presumption or intellectual cowardice. There is often, in truth, as great a measure of presumption in this species of acquiescence as in the boldest hypothesis which the human invention can start. That received or established opinions are true, is one of those sweeping conclusions, which would require very strong reasons and often elaborate research to justify it. On what grounds are they considered to be true by one who declines investigation? Because (on the most favourable supposition) they have been handed down to us by our predecessors, and have been regarded with conviction by a multitude of illustrious men. But what comprehensive reasons are these! What investigation would it require to show they were valid! As the whole history of mankind teems with instances of the transmission of the grossest errors from one generation to another, and of their having been countenanced by the concurrence of the most eminent of the race; what a large acquaintance with the peculiarities of the generations preceding us, and the circumstances of the great men to whom we appeal, it would require to show that this particular instance was an exemption from the general lot!'

'It is then no humility to refrain from inquiry; on the contrary, it is the proper kind of humility; or if it is not humility it is the proper feeling for the occasion, to be determined to do all in our power to make ourselves acquainted with every subject on which it is necessary for us to pronounce or profess an opinion.'—p. 42.

'Let the inquirer then enter on his task with full confidence that he is embarking in no criminal, or forbidden, or presumptuous undertaking. Let him be as circumspect as he pleases in collecting his facts and deducing his conclusions, cautious in the process, but fearless in the result. Let him be fully aware of his liability to error, of the thousand sources of illusion, of the limited powers of the individual, of the paramount importance of truth; but let him dismiss all conscientious apprehensions of the issue of an investigation, conducted with due application of mind and rectitude of purpose.'—p. 46.

The next chapter is on the duties incumbent on mankind in the process of inquiry. These are reduced to two; examination, in the first place, of the state of our own minds in reference to the subject of inquiry; and secondly, examination of the subject itself, and of the evidence appertaining to it. The notion that it is a man's duty to believe certain prescribed doctrines, is combated in a manner that might entitle the author to the epithet of *malleus anti-hereticorum*. There is no man who has ever been offended by the virulence of orthodoxy, or tempted to needless disbelief by the puerility of its general style of argument, who will not exult in the clear and complete statement here presented, of what has with more or less distinctness passed through his own mind upon the subject, though he lacked the power to form it into a connected whole.

The chapter on the influence of the institutions and practices of society on the pursuit of truth, classes among the most prominent of the retarding causes, the institutions which bestow emolument on individuals with the stipulation that they teach certain doctrines definitively prescribed, and in fact the annexation of any advantage whatever, whether by positive institution or by the habits of the community, to any particular opinions. To these may be added the converse of the same form of injustice; which is the annexation of suffering or loss, as the consequence of deciding in a certain way—or persecution. Both are equally opposed to the attainment of the truth; though in different manners. Bribery attracts men's decision from the right; persecution rivets it upon the wrong.

The concluding chapter is on the spirit in which the results of inquiry ought to be communicated and received. It may be considered as a kind of Review of Reviews, and it is difficult to imagine that the author had not in sight some case in which he has individually suffered from the petulance of criticism.

The second essay is a dialogue between *A* and *N* on the Progress of Knowledge. *N* is a dissatisfied, complaining kind of consonant, who takes something very much like a Tory view of the advances and prospects of the human race. *A* is a more cheerful and open-hearted vocable, and stands up stoutly for the opinion that 'intellect' has 'marched,' is marching, and will continue to march rapidly in spite of all that can be done to hinder it. *N* however cannot help kindling, on coming to the invention of printing; though he still indulges himself in a belief, that the progress must on the whole be slow. *A* opposes him, and *N* again relaxes into a ghastly smile on the mention of political economy. 'Twenty or thirty years ago the doctrines of Adam Smith were apparently a dead letter; his book was

considered by that sapient race, the practical men, as full of Utopian dreams. Pitt did not fully comprehend it, and Fox declared it past understanding. A first-rate statesman in the present day would be scouted for equal ignorance. The prevalence of this science will do good. It is a lever which will move the world.' The consonant is clearly no Tory; he speaks moreover but lightly of the 'collective wisdom,' and his speech was indited before the fatal minority on the Catholic question. In a subsequent conversation he turns out little better than a Radical; —believes that a progress in literature and science must be accompanied by progressive changes in our social and political institutions;—thinks—the traitor—that a glance at the misery around us is sufficient to show they have not arrived at perfection;—opines that the tendency of political change is now evidently to republicanism, and it is not unlikely that the existing governments of Europe will gradually approximate to the form adopted in the United States of America. He admits that form to be at present unsuitable to the feelings and habits of Europeans, which still retain a strong tinge of the spirit of the middle ages. But there are certain principles, he maintains, which are making daily advances, and which in proportion as they subvert the ancient spirit of hereditary attachment, will render it unnecessary and substitute a better in its place. Such, he says, are the principles, that government is for the benefit of the whole community; — that to ensure the attainment of this end, the will of the majority ought to prevail;—that to secure the benefits of government, the people must strictly conform to the regulations which they themselves have imposed; and the corollaries flowing from these propositions. From these opinions *A* dissents; with a view, no doubt, to prevent a prosecution from the Constitutional Association. And his opponent, having done all the mischief he can, is not anxious at present to discuss the merits of any forms of government; all he means to contend for is, that whichever is really the best must in the natural course of improvement establish its claims to preference. It is difficult to deny that there is something astute in the deportment of this last-mentioned disputant. Nevertheless the dialogue is one of the most valuable that has been carried on among the letters of the alphabet, since the remote period of the grand confederation against Apple-pie.

The third and last Essay is on the Principle of Evidence and Expectation. This principle is stated to be, the assumption or belief of the 'uniformity of causation;' or in other words, the persuasion that the causes which have produced certain effects in time past, will produce effects of the same kind hereafter. A

chapter is devoted to the demonstration, that the uniformity of causation cannot be established by experience or testimony. It appears certain that it cannot be fully and completely established, even with relation to past events; and for the simple reason, that we have not experience or testimony on the subject of all that is past. The true result therefore seems to be, that our confidence in the uniformity of causation is only dependent upon the high degree of improbability of its being interrupted at the present moment, or within any narrow period. No man can positively say, that the earth will not be destroyed by a comet next Christmas. But the fact that the earth to our certain knowledge has existed some thousand years without being destroyed by a comet, makes it at all events great odds, that if it is destroyed it will not be next Christmas. Whether it will be destroyed in six thousand or in sixty thousand years more, are chances for the valuation of which the data are manifestly imperfect. We know enough of the planetary system to know of an apparent possibility, that in strict conformity to the known laws of nature, and without any breach of the connection between causes and effects which has existed during the few thousand years of our acquaintance with the earth, a comet should at some time run foul of our planet, as two vessels run foul of each other at sea. Such an event would not be an interruption of the uniformity of causation, but a new developement of its tendencies. But since there is experimental proof that the danger is not of frequent recurrence, the chances are very great that the vessel will last our time. In the same way if any other event should take place exceedingly different from any thing that has been witnessed in the world before, the just inference would be, that there had existed sources of causation which had been concealed from us. It is impossible to be certain that we have exhausted all the phenomena of causation; there may be causes whose tendency it is to operate in a cycle of a million of centuries, and to which the world's experience bears only the same proportion as half an hour to a year. At the same time the world's experience goes to demonstrate, that the height of human folly is to believe any thing that is not proved, or any thing merely because it is not proved that it will not be. We must go by the experience of our half hour, though it is but half an hour; and when it pleases heaven to give us more, we will go by that.

Art. XII.—*Devereux.* 3 Vols. By the Author of Pelham, &c. 1829.

HOWEVER variously the dominion of gifted minds over the faculty of imagination may be exercised, one grand two-fold division will embrace the operation of the whole. The first and the most important of these departments, comprises that plastic species of intellect, which may be termed the assumptive, or more properly still, the assimilative. Like the dervise in the Persian tale, it can make excursions at will, and almost instinctively animate any assignable modification of humanity, or even of conceivable existence. The second not unfrequently includes an equal portion of mental vigour, but being more deeply tinged with thought, and imbued with the feelings and convictions of the individual, may not inaptly take the name of the self-emanative or reflective. Proceeding a little further in the way of analysis, the former seems to imply a tendency to deal with perceptions chiefly as *materiel* for conceptions, and the latter, to indicate a proneness to ponder over them, with a view to conclusions, or opinions. A little consideration of these habitudes might lead *à priori* to a conviction, that the creative or combinative principle, at least as to an able dealing with sensible images and impressions, must be much more active in the one class of mind, than the other, the possessors of which almost involuntarily fall into prevalent trains of idea, so as gradually to become slaves to them. Such indeed is felt to be the fact as regards works of imagination in general, but particularly those of the dramatist and novelist, and public approbation has for a long time past been awarded accordingly.

The foregoing remarks have been rendered prefatory to a brief notice of another novel by the author of Pelham, partly because as a writer of considerable power, feeling, and literary aptitude, he stands among the foremost of the prose fictionists of the hour, and partly because he forms a conspicuous example of the truth of the specified theory. For instance, while possessed of most of the secondary attributes in an eminent degree, he is anything but spontaneously or felicitously inventive. A choice of subject singularly adapted to the writer's taste, associations, and experience, might, so far as regards Pelham, have inspired a doubt of this fact; but even in that very happy production, a something of this truth was discernible, and the "Disowned" and "Devereux," have put the real state of the case beyond question. Like Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and many more who have merited and received the homage due to genius, he cannot sufficiently escape from himself, and his predominant

associations for general portraiture. That he has been very happy in the conveyance of the manners of a certain caste of society, implies no contradiction to this assertion, such manners being essentially conventional; and an affair rather of observance than investigation. Not that a genuine representation of anything is to be undervalued, for a correct delineation of that, the essence of which is almost altogether negative, can only be duly handled by one, who is at once both an actor and observer. And even he may fail, as witness some recent productions by "persons of quality" (as this phrase ran in the day's of Pope's Love-song so happily composed in that character) whose descriptions of the social intercourse of the *haut ton* might suggest a modernised edition of Swift's Polite Conversation. The author of Pelham soars far beyond all this, and sets off a fine tissue of Chesterfieldian remark, and piquancy, with occasional sallies of brilliant, and sometimes of very profound observation. To all this may be added a rich vein of sentiment, which although often verging into pure romance as regards feeling, and mistiness as respects expression, is for the most part very forcibly elicited, and very eloquently conveyed. Still the *tout ensemble* falls short of that intimate dealing with the human heart,—that close encounter with the genuine sources of dramatic and pictorial verisimilitude, in reference to which it is only necessary to mention the name of a Shakespeare, or a Walter Scott, to suggest a sufficiently comprehensive idea, and save a world of metaphysical speculation. This however is rather pointed out as a fact, than an objection; to indicate a grade of mind, than to cavil at it. The criticism would indeed be captious, that would shut out all the sub-attainment derivable from the man of wit, the gentleman, and the scholar, because he was not "of imagination *all* compact;" to say nothing of the havoc it would make with thousands of productions, which have given both instruction and delight to the world, and myriads more which the world has been content to endure. As regards the author of Pelham, in particular, it ought to feel grateful, if only for refining the public taste, as to much of the whereabout of polite life, by affording a contrast to the ignorance and vulgarity of mere pretenders, as well as to what is still less bearable, the sickly affectation and second-table descriptiveness of scribbling toad-eaters, and inflated hangers-on. This service performed, however, it is to be hoped that his genius may be more variously directed. Burlington-street puffery on the subject of high life, is becoming an absolute nuisance, and in the strict and genuine sense of the term, will shortly become vulgar. What indeed, is the difference between the vulgarity which is eternally pluming

itself upon accidental advantages when displayed in one path of existence, instead of in another; what between the impertinences of the purse-proud cit, and of the ostentatious courtier? The calm and negative way in which it may exhibit itself in the one rank, alters neither the essence of the thing, nor the lowness of the mind which is carried away by it. For their own sakes, therefore, the *élite* of the *gens comme il faut*, should withdraw the light of their countenance from triad after triad of flippant duodecimos, which whatever they may think of it, are supplying matter that more than one literary Mephistopheles is watching with a view to a future harvest of satire and derision, and that, too, concocted in a spirit, which may do an English nobility quite as little service, as similar follies and similar satires did a French noblesse not quite forty years ago.

The story of "Devereux," like that of the "Disowned," verges into romance, although in other respects it is a much more symmetrical production. The period selected for the action is that comprising the reigns of Anne and George I., evidently for the purpose of introducing, in the magic-lanthorn style, a shadowy representation of the eminent wits and characters of that sometimes-termed Augustan era, and more especially the accomplished Tory statesman, intriguer, philosopher, and *roué*, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke. In a former work, the author held out this very equivocal nobleman as a more profound and exalted Chesterfield; but it may be shrewdly suspected that at this time of day very few will be disposed to concur in his admiration. Whatever may be the case in fact and in practice, the general mind cannot be written up into a higher retrospective appreciation of talent, address, and accomplishment without principle, than either history or tradition has previously sanctioned. The character of Bolingbroke has been too long stationary to be materially either exalted or depressed, either by fact or fiction. The choice of this highly-endowed, but certainly very objectionable nobleman, as a sort of demi-god, is strikingly illustrative of that tendency to yield themselves up to a favourite train of associations by which a particular class of writers is distinguished. Bolingbroke is evidently intended to be regarded as the Pelham of his own day—the intellectual fine gentleman—possessed of wit, courage, ambition, gallantry, and enterprise, with no exclusion of the slight aristocratical frailty of courtly intrigue, and political corruption. Yet the author has not altogether succeeded; the man whom he delighteth to honour having no part to perform in the story, his mere exhibition, now and then *en passant*, renders the impression feeble and powerless. The same observation, and owing to a similar cause, may be

extended to the other sketches of real character; always excepting a certain degree of ease and felicity in the manner of bringing them together, and assigning to them the carriage and tone of the good company, of which, with little exception, they in their day formed a part. The court of the witty, good-natured, but dissolute regent, duke of Orleans, in particular, is piquantly enough described; the duke himself, and his creature Dubois, forming a prominent portion of the portraiture. To all that be feminine, or very youthful readers, these passages will probably prove the most attractive in the book; for although little beyond the mere aspect of character is delineated—and that, by the way, pretty much of one kind—it is so far touched off with considerable skill. It would be desirable if as much could be said with truth of the fictitious personages; but even including the hero, who is another fac-simile of the everlasting Pelham, they possess nothing of a nature to recommend them as very intimate acquaintance. The adventure in which they are immersed is so strange and indescribable, that it will be prudent to spare the reader, what it is so probable that he already knows, especially as all attempts to convey the same, in a moderate compass, would be nugatory. Suffice it to observe, that every individual has a most unaccountable part to perform, and that the lighter sketches of character are nearly as fictitious and artificial as the graver. The most attractive of the latter is a sort of Will Honeycomb of a baronet, who seems as if he had marched out of one of Wycherley or Etherege's comedies, which, indeed, have supplied the materials for our author's formations. The baronet is, however, a mere thing of shreds and patches; the breath of life is not in him; and to compare such a creation with that of a baron of Bradwardine, is to learn the distinction between the genius, who, in the way of man-making, has access to the Promethean torch, and the one who has not. The comic of the least gifted of the two is, almost uniformly, sheer oddity; its tragic, strangeness and extravagancy. The former is usually a mimickry of simple external peculiarities; the latter a species of monster-creating, somewhat after the manner of the student Frankenstein; and a remark, which applies, in a certain degree, to a Byron, ought not to offend the eloquent author of Devereux. The resemblance extends further, the heroines of the one are also the heroines of the other, that is to say, pure abstractions. Take away from a beautiful woman every trace of her proper individuality, deprive her of separate existence, and of all tendency to think, will, or feel for herself, centre every wish of her heart, every breathing of her soul in a certain *preux* chevalier, who may, or may not, be the last in the world to merit

it, and behold the *beau ideal* of an attached and devoted woman; Pelham, Devereux, and the Disowned, each possess a being of this class, as if they were plentiful as blackberries, or it were even desirable they *should* so abound. There is something excessively egoistical in so much of this sort of feminine portrait-painting from the hand of man; the woman most faithfully and ardently devoted to him, seldom, if ever, wears this semblance, and the reality of its existence may be doubted altogether. The appearance of the thing is indeed occasionally discoverable, but of very mature personages of the pen-and-ink genus few can be supposed to know any thing of these matters; the fabled syren was not more speciously deceptive than the great majority of the Undines, who masquerade in this character. It has been the lot, indeed, of some of them to witness more real tyranny and self-will exercised under the form of excessive devotedness than in that of any other.—So much in the spirit of a word to the wise: another repetition of the accomplished every thing in one, and of feminine parasitical plants of the Medora family, would show a provoking want of fertility in a mind too acute and vigorous not to be capable of more varied exertions.

Perhaps an anxiety to classify and distinguish may have carried these remarks further than will appear to be necessary. The fault, if such it be, is to be attributed to a desire to enter a caveat against that indiscriminate panegyric, which ought to be any thing but flattering to a man of genius, whose mental efforts cannot be benefitted by a gross coat of varnish, which smothers beauties as well as defects, and conveys no definite idea either of the one or the other. The writer, who has here extorted the homage of sincerity, can afford to receive it with complacency; for although evidently composed in the partiality of relationship and friendship, a hearty concurrence is here expressed in a recently published opinion—that whatever may be the extent of the merits of that which he has produced, he is adequate to the performance of much greater things.

Art. XIII.—1. *Le Fils de l'Homme, ou Souvenirs de Vienne; par Méry et Barthélemy.* Paris. Chez tous les marchands de nouveautés. 1829. 8vo. pp. 55.

2. *De la Charte selon l'Aristocratie.* Paris. Constitutionnel du 4 septembre 1829.

OF all expectations the most unreasonable, is that a nation will give up its independence, to please its enemies. What *is* its independence, and who *are* its enemies,—are questions on

which there is often an extensive difference of opinion between the nation most immediately concerned and foreigners. The safest way, therefore, for a foreigner to judge, is to suppose himself in the place of the other party, and surmise as nearly as he can what would be his own sensations if the circumstances were his own. This may not be the way to keep up the spirit of national intoxication which governors are apt to call patriotism, and which enables them to play off the people of one country against those of another for purposes of their own. But it is an exceedingly good way of enabling a sane man to exercise a wholesome judgment on what is likely to be the future conduct of other men, and saving him the trouble of miscalculations thereupon.

If the last William had been driven from the throne of England, by the arms of Louis the XIV, acting successfully upon the principle that what ought to be the government of England is a secret known to Frenchmen; and if it had happened, as it did not, that William had left a son behind him, who had been received and acknowledged as the heir to the English (while it *was* the English) throne;—under all these circumstances it would be perfectly undeniable, that there would have been a great numerical mass of Englishmen who would have cast a longing look upon the period of their country's independence, and on the claimant who was so closely connected with its memory. It might have been a very low and degraded species of Englishman that would have done this. All men of right feeling might have been perfectly convinced, that duty and glory were on the side of submission to the French dictation. But still there would have been a numerical mass—base and degenerate perhaps, but still English—who would have looked forward to all and every way of replacing their country in the rank of independent powers, and with whom all minor advantages in the mode of doing, would have been swallowed up in the object of ridding Great Britain of the foreign appointee. It is quite clear that there would have been great bodies of Englishmen, who would have lived only for this object,—who would have carried it hidden in their hearts, through any period of time that necessity might have imposed on them,—and have handed it over to their successors at their death, as the first and last legacy their fathers had to leave. And nothing could have been more absurd than for any Frenchman—however loyal and decorous the contrary profession might have been held in his own country, —seriously to expect any thing else, but that this spirit, sooner or later, would break out into successful action, and England be England again, in spite of the efforts of foreigners abroad, and traitors at home.

It would be utter folly for an Englishman, at the present moment, to buy into the stocks, without taking into his account the certainty that the self-same principle must operate in France. The question may not have a very close connection with his immediate proceedings, but it may possibly have *some*—it is quite of magnitude enough to be thought of; and, so far, it is a substantial contingency which he has a right to meditate and to revolve.

One overt instance of the stirring of this principle, is presented by the history of the book entitled '*Le Fils de l' Homme.*' There are not many Englishmen whom it is necessary to inform, that the late Emperor of France is in that country called 'the man;' a term awfully significant of the feelings with which he is recollected. An individual whom thirty millions call 'the man,' must have been regarded with a strange intensity of love on the part of some, and fear of others. That a million and a half of soldiers were required to move him from the throne to which he had been raised, is the best known measure of the side and the extent to which the balance preponderated. This 'man' had a son; and the son still lives, though in a strange state of mental bondage and constraint. Two young Frenchmen, joint makers of poetry by profession, undertook a kind of Blondel-like journey to his prison-house, with the professed object of presenting him with a poem of their composition on his father's expedition to Egypt. As might be expected, they were stopped at the gate. They obtained, however, a view of the prisoner, and determined that he looked most suspiciously pale; a circumstance which is necessary for the understanding of a portion of the sequel. On their return to France they indited another poem, which is not without curiosity as a specimen of the way in which national sentiments break out under the compression of foreign force. Their principal weapon, as might be surmised, is the employment of dubious allusions to the existing state of things,

adorne in modi
Novi, che sono accuse, e paion lodi.

In the end, however, they speak more plainly;* as an extract from near the conclusion of the work will show.

* The authors of the *Fils de l'Homme* were acquitted by the tribunal before which they were first cited. An appeal, however, was lodged by the Avocat du Roi to the Cour Royale, which decided that there was ground for accusation; and on the 29th of July, M. Barthélemy, as the principal author, along with the printer and the two publishers of the poem, was again brought before the tribunal of Correctional Police (sixth chamber) on the double charge, 1st, of attack: against the royal dignity

Car, si la politique, en changemens féconde,
Une dernière fois bouleversant le monde,
Sous des prétextes vains divisait sans retour
L' irascible amitié de l'une et l'autre Cour ;
Si, le fer à la main, vingt nations entières,
Paraissant tout-à-coup autour de nos frontières,
Réveillaient le tocsin des suprêmes dangers ;
Surtout si, dans les rangs des soldats étrangers,
L' homme au pâle visage, effrayant météore,
Venait en agitant un lambeau tricolore ;
Si sa voix résonnait à l'autre bord du Rhin—
Comme dans Josaphat la trompette d'airain,
La trompette puissante aux siècles annoncée
Suscitera les morts dans leur couche glacée ;
Qui sait si cette voix, fertile en mille échos,
D'un peuple de soldats n'éveillerait les os ?
Si d'un père exilé renouvelant l'histoire,
Domptant des ennemis complices de sa gloire,
L'usurpateur nouveau, de bras en bras porté,
N'entrerait pas en Roi dans la grande cité ?
Tels, au bruyans accords des cris et des fanfares,
Les princes chevelus, dans les Gaules barbares,
Paraissaient au milieu des Francs et des Germains,
Montés sur des pavois soutenus par leurs mains.'*

This only proves that *one* of the elements at present at work in France is an attachment to the memory of Napoleon in the person of his son. There is no doubt that the success of this, as indeed of almost any of the elements of change, would produce the same kind of effects on France, and by reverberation,

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and the rights to the throne which the king derives from his birth ; 2nd, of provocations, not followed with effect, to the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy. After a trial of some hours, in which M. Barthélemy defended himself in a poem of considerable length, recited from memory, he was found guilty, and sentenced to a fine of a thousand francs and three months imprisonment ; the printer to a fine of twenty-five francs, and the two publishers were acquitted.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.* No. VIII.

*For, if of politics the changeful whirl
Once more the world should from its balance hurl,
And turn the hollow friendships of the state
Into the lasting jealousy of hate ;
If once again, with unsheath'd swords, advance
Twice ten proud nations to the lines of France,
And mighty dangers sound the tocsin loud,—
O then, if midst the warrior strangers crowd
The pale-faced man—the meteor of affright—
Shake the tri-coloured tatters in our sight ;—
If from beyond the boundary Rhine he speak—
As in Jehoshaphat the trump shall break

on England, that were produced by the removal of the Stuarts. It would be an undoing of the works of the English Tories, which could not fail to be highly acceptable to all that really love the principles of the Revolution of 1688. But there are evidently other schemes on foot for the accomplishment of the same end; and a principal difficulty in the accomplishment of any, will probably proceed from the differences of opinion as to the mode. A strong party in France is understood to wish for a still more accurate transcript of the 'glorious revolution;' and it is impossible that a very great number of individuals should not lean towards the republican institutions in which the gone-by greatness of their country took its rise, and which were the fountain of the energies which carried the machine through its subsequent forms of power. History has shown that the effect of Revolutions in the manner of 1688, is only temporary, and that from the moment the friends of arbitrary power cease from resistance to the new government, they apply themselves to the more dangerous operation of making the government their own. It is true that a hundred years is a period of some importance in the history of the human race; but still, nobody gives as much for a lease for a hundred years, as for the chance of property in perpetuity. On the question of young Napoleon, there is no denying, that he would be much more in his place in Poland. The situation of the friends of liberty in France is a perplexing one; and it is very little their well-wishers in other countries can do, but pray that they may be directed. One thing, however, seems clear,—that there is no hurry. The tide is running stronger hourly, in favour of liberty all over the world. Every delay adds to the chances of success; and insulated as the friends of freedom in different countries are, there is no principle of policy that could be so usefully impressed on all, as that it is wisdom to hold back, to the utmost of their individual power, in all the cases that fall within their immediate

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The icy silence of the slumbering dead,
And wake the last archangel's note of dread;—
Who knows—if with its thousand echoes loud,
The soldier-people would not burst their shroud,
And the old memory of the past renew
All that an exiled father's fame could do?
The new usurper, borne from arm to arm,
Might the Great City as her king alarm.
So, midst the shouts and music of the throng,
The long-hair'd Gallic princes moved along,
Borne by united Frank and German hands
High on their shields above the joyous bands.

influence. The *débâcle* will come some time without asking; but in the mean while, every man on the continent who can swallow a grief or suppress a recollection, will do a service to the general cause.

The first effort of the French people, in the event of any attempt to make themselves independent of foreign dictation, would necessarily be to recover the Belgian departments. The principle on which these departments were taken from them by the holy alliance, was the principle upon which it might be found convenient to take possession of every man's back door, —the power, to wit, of entry and robbing in the house. It was the same principle on which the king of England anciently delighted to hold Calais; or, as the Secretary to the Admiralty expresses it with *naiveté* in his stories for English children, 'because, as Calais was so near England, he could collect all his troops and armies in that town, ready to march out into France whenever he should please to attack the French.' Those who love the holy alliance, of course love its having possession of the back door; and those who hate it, do the contrary. The world is divided into two parts upon this subject; and there is no use in exasperating their differences, by pretending to be angry with any body for thinking in his own way. The occupation of Belgium is the key to the system of the holy alliance, in the same manner as if the holy alliance of William's days had occupied Devonshire and Cornwall, with a view to landing troops there the moment the English should think of governing themselves. The Rhine is a territorial boundary and defence, not quite so powerful as the sea, but still powerful. In short it is the lock to the back door; and the object of the foreigner is to get rid of the obstacle. If the French could recover Belgium—in other words, if they could shut up their back door—the probability is, that there would be an end of the holy alliance influence all over the world. Spain, Portugal, and Italy, would obtain constitutional freedom; and in the end probably, the robber powers all over the world would be obliged to disembogue. The robber powers are, therefore, grievously interested in preventing it; and for the same reason it would seem to follow, all honest people are bound to wish it well.

An English journal lately stated some objection to exist, on the ground of the immorality there would be in taking Belgium from—*the King of Holland.* The scruples of the journalist might possibly be quieted by the suggestion, that Belgium belongs *to the Belgians;* and that these are the people to be consulted, touching the nice point of consent or non-consent to the arrangement. But with respect to the Belgians, the most obvious fact is, that they are cut off from the trade of thirty

millions of persons, and allowed to trade with six millions instead; which leaves little doubt which way the inclinations of the real owners of Belgium would tend.

As it is plain that France will, at some time or other, be strong enough to attempt to shut up her back door, it is greatly for the interest of the English people that they should begin betimes to consider the light in which they would view such an operation. The English of 1830 will be a very different people from the English of 1815; and all human sagacity would be at fault, if there was not a wide difference in their reasonings and conclusions.

And first, is it for the advantage of Englishmen in general, to keep up and maintain the influence of the combination of barbarous and despotic powers known briefly by the name of the holy alliance, upon France? Or is it for their advantage that it should as speedily as possible be thrown off? The question has had broad light thrown on it since 1815. The iniquities of Naples, of Spain, and of Portugal, have taught both the English who love freedom, and the large and influential portion of the English nation who are the foremost champions of slavery every where, the real and veritable nature of that combination to oppress. Fifteen years experience has made it evident, that the object and effect of that league is to crush all attempts at the melioration of the European governments, by introducing every where a foreign force alien to the immediate causes of complaint; in the same manner that a regiment which mutinies about the weight of a knapsack, is crushed by bringing in a division of cavalry, who have nothing to do with knapsacks at all. The barbarous powers form the key-stone to the whole. "*The North*" as it has been called, presses on France, and maintains the Bourbons on a throne; the Bourbons send an army to support Ferdinand; Ferdinand supports Miguel; and the friends of misgovernment in England point in turn to the state of the Continent, as demonstrating the impossibility there would be in popular resistance at home. Such is the round of holy alliance politics in various countries; and the question seems to resolve itself into determining, whether that part of the circuit which affects Englishmen, is what they desire to take positive measures to cherish and support.

Next, negatively,—Whenever the resistance on the part of France to the principles of the holy alliance shall take place, are the English people prepared to encounter the loss and suffering, which must necessarily be the consequence of opposing themselves to the movement, and which may possibly take place to a degree to which no absolute limits can be

assigned? Are they prepared to undergo another twenty-five years war, for the sake of supporting absolute power against their own interests, and to please the Tories? And if they are prepared to try, *can* they carry on a twenty-five years war? Is it not plain in every street, and demonstrated in every work-shop and parish-office, that the Tories have ruined the country once already;—that they have left it a warning and a monument, to all nations who may hereafter be disposed to trust the richer classes with irresponsible power in the expectation that they will use it wisely and well? And having ruined it once, by what art or alchymy are they to ruin it twice over? They have fired their shot and the country's, to establish a Stuart abroad; and there is no rule of the nursery more true, than that it is impossible for any body to eat his cake and have it. They have spent by anticipation the possible wealth of possible Englishmen, for the sake of making, to the best of their abilities, a counter revolution of 1688; and have driven themselves into a corner, between the impossibility of adding to the debt, and the impossibility of getting rid of it except by an operation that would induce an equal mass of loss and suffering somewhere else. When Lord Folkstone in 1823 asked the question, to which the author of the Political Register says no one had the manhood to say a word in reply,—'Whether, if the country could not be defended without a reduction of the interest of the debt, the interest must not be reduced?'—the wonder is that no man was found to answer, that if the question was 'whether all the little dogs tails must be cut off or the country remain undefended,' there could be no doubt that the little dogs tails must give way;—but still the great question for sensible men would be, whether there was any real connection between cutting off little dogs tails and the country's defence, and whether the country would be at all better able to defend itself after this rueful amputation than before. The misery of the funding system is, that its effects can never be got rid of, and that to pretend to get rid of them by refusing to pay the interest, must do an injury in one direction exactly equal to the apparent good in another. Suppose, for example, that London was attacked, and it was proposed to raise funds for defence by taking all the property of the inhabitants of one particular quarter of the city. Whether this might be an ease to the three quarters that escape, is not the question;—the question is, whether London is one whit stronger by having thus destroyed the property of a particular quarter, than she would have been if the amount had been levied on all alike;—whether, if she cannot afford the money in ordinary ways, she can afford

it in this;—whether the destroying this particular quarter is really an invention by which nothing is destroyed at all, or whether it is a mere trick by which the inhabitant of Cheapside may be sacrificed to the inhabitant of Mark-lane, but without the slightest tendency to make the city more able for defence than it was before this notable invention was originated. This makes the real difficulty of the case. They may deprive the fund-holders of their tails to-morrow; and they will not be an atom stronger, or intrinsically more capable of defence than they were before. There is but one way to walk out of the dilemma, and that is by removing the Corn Laws; but this would require peace, to produce its effect. From war therefore,—from any thing like prolonged and extensive war,—the people of England are imperiously cut off. The question is not in the slightest degree whether they find it pleasant to acknowledge this, but whether it is true. They may begin if they like; but it is like starting on a voyage of discovery with a week's provisions in the hold. It has been declared in the House of Commons, that they might possibly support two campaigns; and who is to be foolish enough to 'go out a gunning' upon the strength of two campaigns? Wait, good people, wait, till you can hold your own against your aristocracy at home, and then you may have some chance to get rich enough at some time to do mischief abroad. But till then, your appetites for mischief must all be chained; the most tempting of mischiefs may pass by your doors, and you must sit like the man in the scripture, who 'looks at a virgin and sighs.' This is what the 'upper classes' have done for you. You might have been manufacturing for the whole Continent these fifteen years; but the 'upper classes' did not like it, and made an Act of Parliament to hinder it. Of course you were loyal, and stood by the upper classes; and now the upper classes must stand by you, and be content to move forward when you are able to march. A laudable conclusion it would be, if you were to come to the end of the two campaigns which are in your body—and find an Army of England on the heights of Boulogne, with an American and Combined squadron at the mouth of the Thames, making gentle references to the destruction of the bridge at Washington and the burning of the House of Congress. You have not been '*that*' gentle in your dealings with your fellow creatures, that should make you at all desirous of trusting to their tender mercies. You never saw a foreign regiment, with laurels in their caps and turkeys heads peeping out of their haversacks, marching past Whitehall; and if you did, you would wish that all the men and women in the universal

world had kings or no kings as they pleased, sooner than you had ever mixed yourselves up with such a miserable business. Depend on it there is not the remotest chance, that any thing you can possibly get in your two campaigns, would pay for such a sight as this. All the Park and Tower guns in the world would be nothing to it. The memory of the march to Paris, would be like the recollections of claret in the gout. Washington would be a burthen to you, and Baltimore as it were sadness of heart. You have no notion what a bitter reckoning a French and an American grenadier would bring you to, if they should catch you after you have ceased to walk in the strength of your two campaigns. For common prudence' sake, have a thought; and do not let affection for the holy alliance, however holy, great, and good it may be, induce you to run your heads into what you are told plainly in the House of Commons you cannot carry on, if your enemies have common luck and common perseverance. And this is not saying that you could not defend yourselves at home. A man may be very well able to defend himself, and yet not be in a condition to go out upon a foray against his neighbours. Peace and honesty are cheap things, compared with the glory and the dignity of making your neighbours slaves.

But there is another reason more powerful than all; which is, that such a war would, at the very best, be fighting for the sake of cutting our own throats. It would be a war to support the aristocracy of other countries and of our own, in the very power it is our interest by all legitimate methods to diminish. It would virtually be a war for Corn Laws, and for Poor's Rates, and for Game Laws. It would be a war for the sake of insuring the prohibition of commerce, and the starving of the manufacturer. It would be a war for the purpose of postponing all chance of getting rid of the system which makes the working classes pay for the support of those who never work, through the intervention of bread taxes, and sugar taxes, and tea taxes,—of taxes in the East, and in the West, and in all that is between,—not imposed for the sake of defraying the public expenditure, but of causing certain proceeds, in ways more or less direct, to find their way into the pockets of the favoured orders. Till within a few weeks, the people in France were holding their aristocracy at arm's length; and the odds seemed to be,—as was stated with all simplicity and integrity of purpose in an article on *Béranger*,*—that France would be a republic with the Bourbons in the Tuileries. Since

* Westminster Review, No. XIX, Art. XIII.

then, a change of the administration—manifestly to the hearts delight of the abettors of misgovernment at home,—has made it a question whether the latter part of the expectation shall be true. The aristocracy in France has once more set itself in opposition to the people; and, as far as can be foreseen, one or the other must have a durable triumph. It will never do, for the English aristocracy to have an experimental garden in France,—to have a place where they may try the growth of slips of monopoly and privilege abroad, and transport the results in full bearing to Kensington and Kew. It is bad enough to be obliged to combat their union and skill as it is; without allowing them this piece of subsidiary practice. The French on their side, seem to have an equally clear vision of the nature of the favour that is intended them; and their press, at the head of which is the journal quoted in the next paragraph, is leaving no means untried to guard against the danger. The article entitled '*On the Charter as it would be under the Aristocracy,*' is a proud specimen of the effect with which the French have studied the political institutions of their neighbours, and a cheering pledge of the benefits to be derived by both nations from mutual communication. In fact what a shocking thing it would be, to see the English system of aristocracy transplanted into a comparatively happy country like France. Alas for Jacques Bonhomme!—*experto crede,* he would dance no more. But providence has better things in view. The interest of both countries is, that France should be free and England free; and not France second slave, that England may be first. The new law of nations is, the general happiness; and the way to this, as in the case of individuals, is that nations should be independent and honest,—not linked in a common bond of feudal degradation.

* 'Il n'y a plus moyen de rétablir la servitude telle qu'elle existait aux beaux temps de la féodalité; si l'aristocratie restaurée tentait de se partager la population pour l'attacher à la glèbe, elle formerait une tentative qui serait plus dangereuse pour elle que pour la France. Il n'est pas possible non plus de transformer la France en une propriété de famille, dont un prince aurait la disposition absolue, sous condition d'en partager les produits à ses courtisans.

* There is no possibility now, of re-establishing personal slavery as it existed in the good old times of the feudal system. If the restored aristocracy were to attempt to divide the population among themselves and reduce it to the condition of serfs attached to the soil, they would be making an experiment of more danger to themselves than to the country. It is equally impossible to turn France into a single family estate, of which the absolute disposal should be vested in a prince, upon condition of his sharing the proceeds with the attendants on his court. The re-establishment of the

Le rétablissement du régime fondé par Louis XIV n'est pas moins impossible que celui du régime féodal. Il est un troisième système dont l'exécution est beaucoup plus praticable : c'est celui dont l'Angleterre nous offre le modèle, et que M. de Polignac vient tenter de réaliser ; c'est l'asservissement et l'exploitation en masse de toutes les classes industrieuses par l'aristocratie, sous des formes et des noms constitutionnels.

Dans ce système que le gouvernement anglais entend à merveille, le pouvoir législatif appartient exclusivement aux membres de l'aristocratie ; les fonctions publiques qui mènent aux honneurs et à la fortune, n'appartiennent qu'aux hommes investis du pouvoir législatif, à leurs enfans ou à leurs parens ; et le peuple qui travaille est la propriété des fonctionnaires publics. L'aristocratie anglaise exploite les classes industrieuses avec beaucoup d'intelligence : elle leur laisse tous les moyens de produire des richesses ; chacun des individus qui lui sont soumis peut choisir le métier qui lui semble le plus lucratif. Les atteintes individuelles, qui feraient disparaître les capitaux, et arrêteraient la production, sont réprimées. Les travailleurs ne sont ni gênés ni troublés dans leurs travaux ; ils sont libres dans leur industrie et leur commerce comme des abeilles dans une ruche.

Mais cette liberté dans le travail ne profite pas plus aux classes industrieuses que ne profite aux abeilles le miel qu'elles amassent avec tant de soin. L'aristocratie, au moyen des impôts qu'elle seule a le privilége d'établir, absorbe la partie la plus considérable de leurs revenus, et les distribue sous des noms divers aux membres dont

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order of things which was founded by Louis the Fourteenth, would be just as impossible as that of the feudal state. There is a third system, which it would be much more practicable to put into execution than any of these. It is what England is offering us the model of, and M. de Polignac has just been trying to set in operation ; namely, the system of making slaves and tools of all the working classes in a body by the higher orders, under constitutional forms and names.

In this system which the English government understands prodigiously well, the power of making the laws belongs exclusively to the members of the aristocracy ; public situations which are the road to honours and to fortune, fall to the share of nobody but those who are vested with the power of making the laws, their children, or relations ; and the people, which does the work, is the property in fee of those who have the management of public affairs. The English aristocracy displays great intelligence in the way in which it accomplishes its ends with the working classes. It leaves them all the means for the production of wealth ; and every one of the individuals under its influence may chuse the business by which he thinks he can get the most. All attempts on the security of individual property, which would only cause capital to disappear and hinder production, are completely put down. The people that work are neither hampered nor disturbed in their labours, but are as free in their industry and their commerce as bees in a hive.

The working classes however derive no more advantage in the end from this freedom in their operations, than the bees do from the honey they take so much pains to make. The higher orders, through the medium of the

elle se compose. A proprement parler, le parlement anglais remplit l'office d'un siphon : il pompe les richesses produites par les classes laborieuses, et les fait passer dans les mains des familles aristocratiques. Mais comme il est une machine intelligente, il laisse aux hommes industrieux ce qui leur est nécessaire pour travailler toujours.

L'aristocratie anglaise laisse pénétrer dans les deux chambres quelques hommes populaires, et c'est dans l'intérêt de sa domination. Si les hommes au profit desquels la classe industrieuse est exploitée composaient exclusivement la législature, ils pourraient compromettre leur pouvoir en exigeant du peuple plus qu'il ne serait capable de payer. Les hommes populaires qui pénètrent dans les chambres ont soin de les avertir quand ils s'exposent à quelque danger. L'opposition, dans la machine du gouvernement, remplit l'office de la soupape de sûreté dans la machine à vapeur : elle n'en gêne pas l'action ; mais elle la conserve en laissant évaporer en vaine fumée une force qui pourrait la détruire.

L'exercice de la puissance aristocratique étant attaché à la possession de grandes propriétés territoriales, on conçoit que les cadets ne peuvent avoir aucune part dans les immeubles que leurs parens laissent en mourant. Les enfans d'une famille aristocratique tomberaient tous, en effet, dans les rangs vulgaires, s'ils partageaient par égales parts les biens de leurs parens. L'aîné retient donc pour lui seul les immeubles, auxquels est attaché l'exercice du pouvoir aristocratique, et il se sert ensuite de ce pouvoir pour enrichir ses cadets

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taxes which they alone have the privilege of laying, soak up the greatest part of the produce, and divide it under different names among the members of their body. To describe the thing properly, the English parliament performs the office of a pump ; it sucks up the wealth produced by the working classes, and turns it over into the hands of the families of the aristocracy. But as it is a machine that has a head and can think, it leaves the working people as much as is necessary for them to go on working.

The English aristocracy allows a certain number of men from the ranks of the people to find their way into the two houses of parliament ; and it is for the interest of its supremacy that it should be so. If the body that makes the laws consisted entirely of the persons for whose advantage the industrious portion of the community is set to work, they might bring their power into peril by demanding of the people more than it was able to pay. The men from among the people who find their way into parliament, take care to let them know when they are running into any danger. The opposition, in the machine of government, does the duty of the safety-valve in a steam-engine. It does not stop the motion ; but it preserves the machine, by letting off in smoke the power that otherwise might blow it up.

The exercise of aristocratical power being attached to the possession of great landed property, it is easy to see that younger brothers can have no share in the real estates which may be left by their relatives at their decease. The descendants of an aristocratic family would in fact all sink into the ranks of the common people, if they were to divide what is left by their relations in equal shares. The eldest son therefore keeps to himself all the landed property, to which is attached the exercise of aris-

aux dépens des classes industrieuses. On se trompe quand on s'imagine qu'en Angleterre tous les biens d'une famille aristocratique sont exclusivement dévolus à l'aîné : celui-ci prend, il est vrai, les propriétés immobilières, qui sont exclusivement dans le domaine de la famille ; mais les cadets ont pour eux des bénéfices ecclésiastiques richement dotés, des *sinécures* ou des emplois que le public est chargé de payer. Tous ces biens sont considérés comme le patrimoine de la famille ; car, nous ne saurions trop le répéter, l'aristocratie met au rang de ses propriétés, non-seulement les terres qu'elle possède directement, mais aussi les classes industrieuses qu'elle impose comme il lui plaît et dont elle se partage les revenus.

L'aristocratie de la Grande-Bretagne, qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec le peuple anglais, *peuple taillé à merci et miséricorde,* ne permettra jamais que, dans aucun pays, les classes industrieuses n'appartiennent qu'à elles-mêmes, tant qu'elle aura le moyen de l'empêcher. Elle sent très-bien que son propre pouvoir sur les classes laborieuses des pays soumis à son empire ne sera hors de contestation que lorsque partout ailleurs les mêmes classes seront possédées par une famille ou par une caste. Aussi la voit-on, dans toutes les circonstances, faire cause commune avec la barbarie contre la civilisation. Elle prend parti pour l'Autriche contre l'Italie, pour don Miguel contre don Pedro, pour les Turcs contre les Grecs. Si quelquefois elle paraît se prononcer pour les défenseurs de la liberté, ce n'est que pour s'emparer de la direction de leurs affaires et les livrer à leurs ennemis. Partout, en

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tocratical power ; and then he makes use of this power to get money for his younger brothers, at the expense of the working classes. It is a mistake to imagine that in England all the property of a family in the higher orders goes exclusively to the eldest son. It is true he takes the landed property, which is exclusively the family estate. But the younger brothers have for their share rich livings in the church, sinecures or places of some kind which the public is obliged to pay for ; and all these are considered as part of the family property, as much as the other. For there never can be too much pains taken to impress the fact, that the higher orders consider themselves as having a property, not only in the landed estates which they possess by direct title, but in the working classes besides, on whom they lay taxes as they please, and share the proceeds among themselves.

The higher orders in Great Britain (who must not be confounded with the English people, *a people who are at their mercy to take what toll they please,*) will never allow the working classes in any country to be their own masters, as long as they can do any thing to hinder it. They know very well that their own power over the working classes in the countries under their control, will never be out of danger of being disputed, till the working classes in all other countries too, are made the property of a family or of a caste. And hence it is that they are found on all occasions making common cause with barbarism against civilization. They take the part of Austria against Italy, Don Miguel against Don Pedro, and the Turks against the Greeks. If they ever make a show of declaring for the defenders of freedom, it is only to get hold of the direction of their affairs, and hand them over to their enemies. Any where and every where, in short, where they espy the seeds of any thing like liberty, they hurry off to spoil or smother them.

un mot, où elle aperçoit quelques germes de liberté, elle accourt pour les corrompre ou les étouffer.

Si nous jugeons des projets du ministère Polignac par les antécédens des hommes dont il se compose, et par les révélations des journaux du ministère anglais, nous pouvons savoir d'avance quelle est la transformation que la charte est destinée à subir entre leurs mains. Les Français seront égaux devant la loi, quels que soient d'ailleurs leurs titres et leurs rangs ; mais la masse de la population sera frappée d'incapacité politique, et tous les pouvoirs publics appartiendront à l'aristocratie. Ils contribueront indistinctement, dans la proportion de leur fortune, aux charges de l'état ; mais les membres de l'aristocratie reprendront, sous le nom de pensions ou d'appointemens, la portion qu'ils auront payée, et se partageront le reste. Ils seront tous également *admissibles* aux emplois civils et militaires ; mais ils ne seront réellement *admis* que, sous le bon plaisir de l'aristocratie, et pour seconder ses desseins. Leur liberté individuelle leur sera garantie ; personne ne pourra être arrêté ni poursuivi que dans les cas et selon les termes que l'aristocratie aura déterminés. Chacun professera sa religion avec une égale liberté et obtiendra pour son culte la même protection, et néanmoins nul ne pourra manifester une opinion qui serait contraire aux croyances de l'église romaine. Les Français auront le droit de publier et de faire imprimer leurs opinions, à charge par eux de ne rien dire de contraire aux intérêts de l'église et de l'aristocratie. Enfin, toutes les propriétés seront inviolables, et néanmoins l'aristocratie pourra les soumettre toutes à telles contributions qu'elle jugera convenables, et s'en attribuer ainsi les revenus.

If we judge of the plans of the Polignac ministry by the past proceedings of the individuals that compose it, and by what is let out by the papers in the service of the English ministry, it is easy to tell what kind of transformation the Charter is intended to undergo in their hands. All Frenchmen will be equal in point of law, whatever in other respects their title or their rank ; but the great mass of the population will be stricken with political incapacity, and all public power will belong to the aristocracy. They will all contribute indiscriminately, in proportion to their property, to the expenses of the state ; but the members of the aristocracy will take back again, under the name of pensions or of salaries, the portion that they have paid, and divide the rest among themselves besides. They will all be equally *admissible by law* to both civil offices and military ; but there will be nobody *really admitted*, except at the good pleasure of the aristocracy, and to serve its purposes. Personal liberty will be guaranteed to every body ; and nobody will be seized or prosecuted but in the ways and terms the aristocracy has fixed upon. Every man will have equal liberty to profess his religion, and receive the same protection for his forms of worship ; only nobody must utter any opinion that may be contrary to the tenets of the church of Rome. Every body in France will have a right to publish and print his thoughts ; at his own risk if he says any thing that is against the interests of the church and the aristocracy. To wind up all, property of all kinds will be quite secure ; only the aristocracy will have the power of laying it under any contributions they think proper, and so applying it to their own use.

Telle est la charte que donnerait à la France le ministère Polignac, s'il parvenait à se former une majorité dans les chambres, et à obtenir le consentement du Roi. C'est aux électeurs à voir s'il leur convient de s'accommoder d'un tel régime : leur sort est entre leurs mains.'—DE LA CHARTE SELON L'ARISTOCRATIE. *Constitutionnel du 4 septembre,* 1829.

Nothing can be more correct and forcible than this statement of the working of the system it is desired to introduce into France. Its effect here has been to reduce the industrious classes to a state of suffering such as was perhaps never exhibited before in any country. Though the English people have no particular claim upon the friendship of the French, they may be permitted to stretch out their hands to them and beg like the rich man in the gospel, that they will not increase their evils by 'also coming into this place.'

It will be urged on the subject of Belgium, that England is bound by treaty. The difficulty certainly demands attention. If the foregoing representations are correct, it is the case of a nation bound by the act of past mis-governors, to the injury of its known interests. It is a case like that of the treaties of the Stuarts with a former Louis for the depression of Holland, for the sake of perpetuating the depression of liberty at home. And the question is, what is to be done with such a treaty, if the people come to a better mind. The best answer perhaps is, that it is not necessary to determine what shall be done, till, to quote the figure of the Turkish diplomatist, the babe is born and can be looked at. Innumerable chances may prevent its being ever necessary to answer the question at all. There may be nobody to call for the fulfilment; or there may be a refusal in the other contracting powers to fulfil their parts ; or there may be a physical impossibility for our portion being fulfilled. All agreements are subject to the contingency of their accomplishment being possible. It would be curious to know what a congregation of despots would say to such an announcement,—as that the English Tories were ready to fulfil the agreements of Lord Castlereagh to the letter, provided said despots would show them the means of getting sixpence from the people of England towards doing it.

This is the sort of Charter the Polignac ministry would bestow on France, if it succeeded in getting a majority in the chambers and the king's consent. It is for the electors to consider whether they chuse to put up with such an order of things. Their fate is in their own hands.

From the CONSTITUTIONNEL *French newspaper, of the 4th Sept.* 1829.

ART. XIV.—*Political Economy. No. I. A Letter to the Heads of the University of Oxford. By One of the Old School.*—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for September 1829. Part II.

WE have been much amused, as much at least as it is possible to be with error, by a letter in this number of Blackwood's Magazine, addressed to the Heads of the University of Oxford. The writer, who with great propriety signs himself "One of the Old School," maintains that political economy bears vitally on every thing valuable to our country and species. He maintains also, that our country is enduring bitter suffering; that the mass of our countrymen cannot procure a sufficiency of the necessaries of life; and that the great cause is to be found in the application of false principles of political economy. And *therefore* that the heads of the University of Oxford are deeply disgracing their university, are converting it into the parent of ignorance and error, into the enemy of truth and philosophy; by what? Why, by founding or rather accepting a professorship, of which the only object is, an inquiry into the truth of these principles. In the next number we may expect a letter, stating that the science of medicine is of the utmost practical importance, that many of its received doctrines are erroneous; that thousands perish miserably every year from the application of these erroneous doctrines; and *therefore* the University of Oxford is disgracing itself for ever, is "converting its noble and hallowed seat of learning into the parent of ignorance and error," by allowing a professorship to exist, in which the truth of those doctrines is investigated. "We can prove," says the writer, "that the field is overrun with weeds, therefore it must not be cultivated." "We can prove, that this house is not roofed in, therefore it must not be completed." "Buy no clothes, for we can prove that you are in rags." "Seek not for information, for we can prove that you are ignorant." "Neglect political economy, for we can prove that it is imperfectly understood."

When such are the writer's conclusions, we might be forgiven for not examining his premises. But they are such amusing examples of the reasoning of the Old School that we will abandon to them a few minutes of our time, and a very small portion of our pages.

The first of the principles which "the old school" think so erroneous, is the well-known doctrine of Mr. Ricardo, that, putting rent out of the question, the price of every commodity consists wholly of wages and profits. No, says the writer, it consists partly, and in many cases, principally of taxes. "The assertion," he observes, "that putting aside rent, the whole produce of land and labour is divided between capitalists and

labourers is not even apparently true, for the state as obviously, and as certainly, gets a share as either." Now the doctrine of modern political economists is, that the state co-operates in the work of production, by affording protection, and obtains by taxation the expense of affording that protection. That *necessary* taxes therefore are merely the wages and profits of those who protect the rest of the community from internal and external violence and fraud. That if we were each of us to attempt to protect ourselves by individual exertion, the object would be obtained far more imperfectly and far more expensively. That the capital and labour devoted to the *necessary* operations of government are therefore employed as beneficially, perhaps more beneficially, than any other part of the capital and labour of the country. And that the taxes which pay for the employment of that capital and labour are as truly resolvable into wages and profits as the money paid to a private watchman in a manufactory, or to the guard of a coach. If taxes are not the remuneration for useful services, if they are not wages and profits, they are oppression and robbery. It was reserved for one of the 'old school' to put forth the monstrous and anarchical doctrine that the sixty or seventy millions of taxes and rates collected annually in this country are mere waste and extortion.

The writer next objects to the principle that the rent of land is extrinsic to the cause of production.

'In some parts of America,' says he, 'it is a trade to clear land, raise on it the necessary buildings, &c., and then to sell it. If a man have the choice of buying such land for a considerable sum, or of receiving uncleared land of the same quality and in the same situation as a gift, he prefers the former, because he knows it will pay him interest on the purchase-money. Such interest is clearly rent.

'Here then is conclusive proof that land of the first quality must pay rent in the most severe sense of the word, or it will not be cultivated. The capital of the tenant cannot cultivate it, without that of the landlord. It matters not if the landlord and tenant be combined in the same person; or if where land is cheap, feeling cause men to prefer buying to renting. If, in England, the capital of the landlord were vested in clearing, building, and enclosing centuries ago, it still has a right to interest.'

It would be wasting the readers time to prove at length that what the writer calls "rent in the most severe sense of the word," is according to his own showing, profit, not only in the severe, but in the popular sense of the word. It is, as he correctly says, interest on the landlord's capital; in other words, profit; and for calling it profit, he accuses economists of dealing in self-evident fictions.

Another subject of the writer's vituperation is the doctrine that, to use his own words, "a real rise or fall in wages must produce a fall or rise in profits; that if wages rise, profits must fall; if they fall, profits must rise."

Having ascertained that the price of every commodity not produced under a natural or artificial monopoly, consists solely of wages and profits, Mr. Ricardo necessarily inferred that the value of all such commodities must be divided between the capitalists and the labourers, who have concurred in producing them. And he as necessarily inferred that the larger the share of the labourer the less must be that of the capitalist, and vice versâ. He applied also the verb *rise*, and the adjective *high*, to express an increasing and a large share, and the verb *fall*, and the adjective *low*, to express a diminishing and a small share. In this nomenclature low and high have no reference to amount; they indicate only proportion. If a commodity should at one time sell for ten shillings, of which the labourer received nine, and should afterwards sell for twenty, of which the labourer received fifteen, this, according to Mr. Ricardo's nomenclature, would be a fall of the labourer's wages. Though he would receive a larger amount, he would have a smaller proportion. And proportion is all that Mr. Ricardo considers.

This strange use of words, like every other deviation from ordinary language, has produced much obscurity. It has sometimes led even such men as Mr. Ricardo and Mr. M'Culloch into inconsistency. Our readers may imagine how it has confused Mr. Blackwood's correspondent. He has not the least glimmering of the meaning of the writers whom he attacks, but goes on heaping abuse on economists for propositions in which they understand by the word low wages a low *proportion*, while he supposes them to mean a small *amount*. But the amusing part of the story is, that this very ambiguity was long ago pointed out by the very professor whose appointment excites the writer's indignation. As the passage is but short, and occurs in the appendix to a work which, we fear, is not in the hands of all political economists, Dr. Whateley's Logic, it will be extracted :—

'Another most fruitful source of ambiguity arises from the use of the word Wages, sometimes as expressing a *quantity*, sometimes as expressing a *proportion*.

'In ordinary language, Wages mean *the amount of some commodity*, generally of silver, given to the labourer in return for a given exertion; and they rise or fall, as that amount is increased or diminished.

'In the language of Mr. Ricardo, they usually mean the labourer's *proportion of what is produced*, supposing that produce to be divided

between him and the Capitalist. In this sense they generally rise as the whole produce is diminished; though, if the word be used in the other sense, they generally fall. If Mr. Ricardo had constantly used the word 'Wages' to express a *proportion*, the only inconvenience would be the necessity of always translating this expression into common language. But he is not consistent. When he says,* that 'whatever raises the Wages of labour, lowers the Profits of stock,' he considers Wages as a *proportion*. When he says † that 'high Wages encourage population,' he considers wages as an *amount*. Even Mr. M'Culloch, who has clearly explained the ambiguity, has not escaped it. He has even suffered it to affect his reasonings. In his valuable essay 'On the rate of wages,' he admits that 'when Wages are high the Capitalist has to pay a larger share of the produce of industry to his labourers.' An admission utterly inconsistent with his general use of the word, as expressing the *amount* of what the labourer receives, which, as he has himself observed ‡, may increase while his *proportion* diminishes.'—*Dr. Whateley's Logic*, Appendix, p. 321.

The third head of attack on the University, therefore, may be thus stated:—Mr. Ricardo and Mr. M'Culloch have stated erroneous doctrines as to the relation between wages and profits; the professor appointed by the University of Oxford has exposed these errors; therefore, to use the writer's own words, "tell it not in Gath *that these errors are sanctioned* by the Oxford University."

Our inglorious task has now been completed, and we look back with mixed feelings on what has been written. It is painful—it is degrading—that political knowledge should be so low in this country as to make it worth Mr. Blackwood's while to publish, and ours to expose, the errors on which we have been commenting. On the other hand, it is consolatory that these opinions are held only by those who seem to have a natural affinity for all that is erroneous in theory, or mischievous in practice. It is consolatory to see that those who maintain the justice of taxing the whole community in order to bribe certain individuals to misdirect their industry,—the wisdom of forbidding borrowers and lenders to make their own bargains,—and that of prohibiting us to purchase, on the very ground that we can purchase advantageously,—are the same persons who call the hulks and the hangman to the aid of the game-keeper;—who care not for the starvation that is subservient to rent;—who would confine the government of the country to a very few of the possessors of a particular sort of property;—who would have retained the Test

* Principles, &c. p. 231. † Ib. p. 83. ‡ Principles of Political Economy, p. 365.

Act as an insult, when they dared not to enforce it as a bar;—who would rather have bathed Ireland and England in blood, than have widened the base of the dominant oligarchy by the admission of a few Catholic peers and landlords.

But the day, or rather the night, of the old school is passing away. All that now remains in doubt is, whether the morning that is to succeed it will open in storm or in sunshine. The oppressions and the follies of feudalism will be swept off, but will it be by a reform, or by a revolution? If the aristocracy remain at anchor in the tide of mental improvement,—if superiority of station should be generally accompanied by inferiority of knowledge,—if all that is absurd in law, all that is mischievous in policy, and all that is odious in privilege are to be supported against the increasing knowledge and combination of the people, the end will be revolution, sudden, confiscating, and bloody. But if those who fill the higher ranks of society will feel that they have duties as well as powers,—if they will study the principles of political economy and legislation, and discover, as they will if their inquiries be candid, that their own interests and those of the people at the long run coincide,—if they become the leaders instead of the victims of reformation,—that reformation will be gradual and temperate. 'Come it will for a' that.' The object of all our prayers, and all our exertions, should be to make it come rather as a friend than as a conqueror; rather as a concession than as a triumph.

Art. XV.—*Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Wife of the Right Honourable Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart.; Ambassador from Charles II., to the Court of Madrid, in* 1665. Written by Herself. *To which are added Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe.* 8vo. pp. 395. Colburn. 1829.

NEITHER the head nor the heart of that person is to be envied who could read these Memoirs without interest; and this opinion of their claims to attention will be justified by the extracts of which this notice of the work will chiefly consist, since readers are always more gratified by the narrative of an autobiographer himself, than by observations upon his statements.

The period of history which the Memoirs embrace is so well known, that the allusions in it to public affairs are of no other value than that they corroborate our previous impressions. Some light is, however, occasionally thrown on the conduct of eminent persons of the time, and a striking, though highly-

coloured picture is presented of the sufferings of the Royalists. But who is there that can describe his own privations, or notice his own services, in the sober and subdued language of strict historical truth? If the facts are not exaggerated, the motives which led to, and the circumstances that attended, them, will be exalted, and autobiography is necessarily much influenced by such prejudices. It may appear paradoxical to say, that this objection to these, the most entertaining of allcompositions, is the chief source of the interest which they possess. On other occasions a writer describes events, but in most instances the historian of his own career acquaints you with his feelings; and he irresistibly imparts a share of his own enthusiasm to his reader. At the same time that we may be sensible of the egotism, and perhaps of the want of knowledge, of his own heart, or of the minds of others, which the writer may betray, the charm loses none of its effect thereby; and we follow him in his progress with unabated interest, if he be courageous; with affection, if he be virtuous; and with sympathy, if he be unfortunate. The cause of the delight which autobiography imparts is easily explained. There is within us, a love of truth, a respect for genuine feeling, which the efforts of imagination can never so successfully influence; and the simplest tale if "founded on fact," is more touching and attractive, than the most brilliant romance—nor is this the result of experience, or education: it is the earliest suggestion of nature herself; and the question which a child lisps to its mother, after listening with profound attention to a nursery story "But is it true, mama?" is evidence of the justice of the observation.

The Memoirs before us possess this merit, for every line bears internal evidence of their veracity. The writer and her husband were virtuous and talented, and challenge our esteem; they were faithful, when fidelity was perilous, and we respect their loyalty and courage; they were unfortunate, and we cheerfully give them our sympathy; and the heroine herself frequently exhibited such sagacity and firmness in times of trial; such beautiful devotion to her husband, when in sickness and a prisoner; and such practical piety under misfortunes, that she excites our warmest admiration.

Sir Richard Fanshawe was the younger son of sir Henry Fanshawe, of Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, and brother of the first viscount Fanshawe, in Ireland, and was born in 1608. Though intended for the bar, he abandoned that profession, spent two or three years in France and Spain, and returned to England shortly before 1630, in which year he was appointed secretary

to lord Aston's embassy to Spain. On that nobleman being recalled, he became chargé d'affaires, and continued to hold that situation until 1637 or 1638. Two years elapsed without his receiving any appointment, but at the expiration of that time, his elder brother resigned to him the office of Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer, which rendering him one of his majesty's servants, he attended the king to Oxford on the breaking out of the civil wars. He met there the fair authoress of these Memoirs, Ann, the eldest daughter of sir John Harrison, of Balls, in Hertfordshire, to whom he was married in May 1644, and their lives from that period, form the subject of the volume.

It commences with the following explanation of the motives with which it was written :—

'I have thought it good to discourse to you, my most dear and only son, the most remarkable actions and accidents of your family, as well as those more eminent ones of your father; and my life and necessity, not delight or revenge, hath made me insert some passages which will reflect on their owners, as the praises of others will be but just, which is my intent in this narrative, I would not have you be a stranger to it; because, by the example, you may imitate what is applicable to your condition in the world, and endeavour to avoid those misfortunes we have passed through, if God pleases.'—pp. 1, 2.

After several pages of excellent advice to him, and exhorting him to imitate his father, whose public and private character she represents in the most pleasing light, an account of his family and of her own is given. In speaking of her birth she relates this extraordinary anecdote of her mother:

'I was born in St. Olaves, Hart-street, London, in a house that my father took of the lord Dingwall, father to the now duchess of Ormond, in the year 1625, on our Lady Day, 25th of March. Mr. Hyde, lady Alston, and lady Wolstenholme, were my godfather and godmothers. In that house I lived the winter times till I was fifteen years old and three months, with my ever honoured and most dear mother, who departed this life on the 20th day of July, 1640, and now lies buried in Hallowes church, in Hertford. Her funeral cost my father above a thousand pounds; and Dr. Howlsworth preached her funeral sermon, in which, upon his own knowledge, he told before many hundreds of people this accident following: that my mother, being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance that she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night, but Dr. Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said she was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead; and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he imme-

diately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means as she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, my lady Knollys and my lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, Did not you promise me fifteen years, and are you come again? which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after she desired my father and Dr. Howlsworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance, I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, cloathed in long white garments, and me thought I fell down with my face in the dust; and they asked why I was troubled in so great happiness. I replied, O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years, to see my daughter a woman; to which they answered, It is done; and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance; and Dr. Howlsworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time. My dear mother was of excellent beauty and good understanding, a loving wife, and most tender mother; very pious, and charitable to that degree, that she relieved, besides the offals of the table, which she constantly gave to the poor, many with her own hand daily out of her purse, and dressed many wounds of miserable people, when she had health, and when that failed, as it did often, she caused her servants to supply that place.'—pp. 25. 29.

Of her education she says,

'Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing, and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes: in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life.'—pp. 32, 33.

Sir John Harrison appears to have been a faithful royalist, and suffered extremely in the royal cause, having been taken

prisoner in Montague House, Bishopsgate-street, when he was threatened to be sent on board a ship; his house was plundered, and he escaped with great difficulty to Oxford.

In May, 1644, she married sir Richard Fanshawe at Wolvercot, near Oxford, and she thus alludes to their pecuniary prospects:

'Before I was married, my husband was sworn secretary of war to the prince, now our king, with a promise from Charles I. to be preferred as soon as occasion offered it, but both his fortune and my promised portion, which was made 10,000*l.*, were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us; but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to 2000*l.* a year, as long as he had his liberty.'—pp. 37, 38.

In March, 1645, Mr. Fanshawe attended the Prince of Wales to Bristol, being then his Highness's secretary, to which place he was followed by his wife in May, she being prevented from accompanying him, by her confinement with her eldest child. There is something so exceedingly natural in the following account of her attempt to gain a knowledge of public affairs, that we are tempted to copy it.

'My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, "I know thou that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;" and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my lady Aubigny, lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent,

and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it; he smilingly replied, "My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy:" when he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said, I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew, but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep: next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court; when he came home to dinner he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, "I said thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.'—pp. 49—53.

The appearance of the plague at Bristol in July, drove the prince and his suite to Barnstaple, whence they proceeded to Launceston, and afterwards embarked with his Royal Highness for Scilly. The description of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe were treated by their pretended friends; the state of Scilly; her sufferings there; their voyage to Jersey; the narrow escape of the prince; and their reception in that Island, will be read with interest.

'We left our house and furniture with captain Bluett, who promised to keep them until such a time as we could dispose of them; but when we sent, he said he had been plundered of them, notwithstanding it was well known he lost nothing of his own. At that time this loss went deep with us, for we lost to the value of 200*l.* and more,

but as the proverb saith, an evil chance seldom comes alone; we having put all our present estate into two trunks, and carried them aboard with us in a ship commanded by sir Nicholas Crispe, whose skill and honesty the master and seamen had no opinion of, my husband was forced to appease their mutiny which his miscarriage caused, and taking out money to pay the seamen, that night following they broke open one of our trunks, and took out a bag of 60*l.* and a quantity of gold lace, with our best clothes and linen, with all my combs, gloves, and ribbons, which amounted to near 300*l.* more. The next day, after having been pillaged, and extremely sick and big with child, I was set on shore almost dead in the Island of Scilly; when we had got to our quarters near the castle, where the prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up; in one of these they kept dried fish, which was his trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay, one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants; but, when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do, but the day-light discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring tide. With this we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel, for half the court to serve them a month was not to be had in the whole island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad, and a little of them: then after three weeks and odd days, we set sail for the Isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond the belief of all the beholders from that island, for the pilot not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks, but being spring tide, and by chance high water, God be praised, his highness and all of us came safe ashore through so great a danger. Sir George Carteret was lieutenant-governor of the island, under my lord St. Albans, a man formerly bred a sea-boy, and born in that island, the brother's son of sir Philip Carteret, whose younger daughter he afterwards married. He endeavoured with all his power, to entertain his highness and court with all plenty and kindness possible, both which the island afforded, and what was wanting he sent for out of France.'—pp. 58—61.

The departure of the prince for Paris, terminated Mr. Fanshawe's duties: he remained a few days at Jersey; then went to his brother at Caen, and sent his wife to England for money, leaving one of their children at Jersey. She arrived in London early in September, and obtained leave for her husband to return and compound for his estates. They lived very privately in London for some months, and whilst the unfortunate Charles was at Hampton Court, they were honoured with several audiences. Of the last of these interviews Mrs. Fanshawe has given an affecting relation, which exhibits the monarch in the

most favourable point of view, as a husband, a father, a master, a sovereign, and a christian.

'During his stay at Hampton Court, my husband was with him, to whom he was pleased to talk much of his concerns, and gave him there credentials for Spain, with private instructions, and letters for his service; but God for our sins disposed his majesty's affairs otherwise. I went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years: he stroked me on the cheek, and said, "Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am in;" then turning to your father, he said, "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well:" and taking him in his arms, said, "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love, and trust to you," adding, "I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings." Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God.' —pp. 66—68.

In October they went to France, and whilst at Portsmouth were very nearly killed by some shot which were fired into that town by the Dutch squadron, but returned to England in April, 1648, from which time Mr. Fanshawe was employed on the prince's affairs in Paris, Flanders, and Ireland, and was afterwards sent to Spain, to endeavour to raise money for his highness, but failing in this object, he embarked at St. Sebastian and arrived at Paris in November, 1650. In these journies he was accompanied by his wife, whose narrative abounds with various amusing anecdotes, many of which prove that they were exposed to considerable perils, and endured many privations.

If the anecdote of the manner in which the marquis of Worcester treated the merchants of Galway be true, we can have no difficulty in understanding how much the royal cause suffered by the conduct of its adherents.

'The owner of this house entertained us with the story of the last marquis of Worcester, who had been there some time the year before: he had of his own and other friends, jewels to the value of 8,000*l.*, which some merchants had lent upon them. My lord appointed a day for receiving the money upon them and delivering the jewels; being met, he shows them all to these persons, and seals them up in a box, and delivered them to one of these merchants, by consent of

the rest, to be kept for one year, and upon the payment of the 8,000*l.* by my lord marquis, to be delivered him.

After my lord had received the money, he was entertained at all these persons' houses, and nobly feasted with them near a month: he went from thence into France. When the year was expired they, by letters into France, pressed the payment of this borrowed money several times, alleging that they had great necessity of the money to drive their trade with, to which my lord marquis made no answer, which did at last so exasperate these men, that they broke open the seals, and opening the box found nothing but rags and stones for their 8,000*l.* at which they were highly enraged, and in this case I left them.'—pp. 88-90.

They embarked at Galway for Malaga, on board a Dutch merchant vessel, the master of which is said to have been "the greatest beast she ever saw of his kind," and after passing Gibraltar her courage was subjected to a test, which called all her heroism into action.

'When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, the women, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until, at length, the cabin-boy came and opened the door: I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion, which I could never master.

'By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change!" and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage; and in the beginning of March we all landed, praised be God, in Malaga, very

well and full of content to see ourselves delivered from the sword and plague, and living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country.—pp. 91-94.

Mr. Fanshawe soon afterwards joined the king in Scotland, who received him with marked kindness; the York party intrusted him with the great and privy seal, and pressed him to take the Covenant, which he steadfastly refused. At the battle of Worcester, he was taken prisoner, soon after which he was met in London by his wife, and he being confined in Whitehall, and severely ill, she attended him with true conjugal tenderness, which, together with the manner in which he obtained his liberty, shall be described in her own words.

'During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery-lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window and softly call him, he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call, thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed how I should make my addresses, which I did ever to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms.

'Being one day to solicit for my husband's liberty for a time, he bid me bring the next day a certificate from a physician, that he was really ill. Immediately I went to Dr. Batters, that was by chance both physician to Cromwell and to our family, who gave me one very favourable in my husband's behalf. I delivered it at the Council Chamber, at three of the clock that afternoon, as he commanded me, and he himself moved, that seeing they could make no use of his imprisonment, whereby to lighten them in their business, that he might have his liberty upon four thousand pounds bail, to take a course of physic, he being dangerously ill. Many spake against it, but most sir Henry Vane, who said he would be as instrumental for aught he knew, to hang them all that sat there, if ever he had opportunity, but if he had liberty for a time, that he might take the engagement before he went out; upon which Cromwell said, "I never knew that the engagement was a medicine for the scorbutic." They, hearing their general say so, thought it obliged him, and so ordered him his liberty upon bail.'—pp. 116—119.

From that time until Cromwell's death, they lived in strict retirement either at Hertfordshire, Yorkshire, or at Bath; but on that event, sir Richard Fanshawe, who had been created a baronet in 1654, obtained permission to go abroad, under the pretence of being tutor to the son of the earl of Pembroke; the truth being discovered, his wife and family were refused a

passport. Lady Fanshawe contrived, however, to impose on the officers, and procured a false licence that enabled her to quit England, and rejoined her husband at Paris in June, 1659.

On the Restoration sir Richard was promised to be made one of the secretaries of state, but the promise was not fulfilled, in consequence, lady Fanshawe says, of "that false man," lord Clarendon. On the return of the king, of whose enthusiastic reception she gives an eloquent and obviously correct description, sir Richard Fanshawe attended the king on board his own ship, and his family were conveyed in a frigate which was assigned them for their passage.

Several pages are occupied with complaints on the manner in which Fanshawe was treated by his fellow-courtiers, which corroborate the numerous other statements that exist of the mean jealousies and petty intrigues which disgraced the Restoration. Every one appears anxious to jostle his neighbour, in order that he might either obtain the place in which he had fixed himself, or outstep him in the road to preferment. Allowance must, however, be made for the spirit of disappointment which every where pervades the latter part of the Memoirs before us; and though we may have no hesitation in believing in the general baseness of the great persons of the day, it is not quite so evident that the claim here set up for the purity and public spirit of the subject of these pages was well founded. To jealousy on the part of lord Clarendon is assigned sir Richard Fanshawe's immediate appointment to negociate Charles's marriage with Katharine of Portugal; though it would seem to us to be a striking mark of his sovereign's confidence and favour. On his return he was made a privy councillor of Ireland; and when the queen arrived at Portsmouth, he was sent to congratulate her on her landing. The only passage in the volume of much historical value is that relating to Charles's marriage, on which we shall therefore say a few words. Neither Evelyn, nor Pepys, garrulous as they are on most other public events, take any notice of the circumstance; and as there have been some erroneous opinions on the point, the statement of lady Fanshawe, whose husband was present on the occasion, is important.

Bishop Burnet says, that the king met Katherine at Winchester, in the summer of 1662; that the archbishop of Canterbury went there to perform the ceremony, but that the queen was bigotted to such a degree that she would not pronounce the words of the service, nor bear the sight of the archbishop; and that the king said the words hastily, when the archbishop pronounced them married persons. He adds, "Upon this some thought afterwards to have dissolved the marriage, as a marriage

only *de facto*, in which no consent had been given; but the duke of York told me, they were married by the lord Aubigny, according to the Roman ritual, and that he himself was one of the witnesses; and he added, that a few days before he told me this, the queen had said to him, that she heard some intended to call her marriage in question, and that if that was the case, she must call on him as one of the witnesses to prove it."

Lady Fanshawe, however, informs us, that

'As soon as the king had notice of the queen's landing, he immediately sent my husband that night to welcome her majesty on shore, and followed himself the next day; and upon the 21st of May the king married the queen at Portsmouth, in the presence-chamber of his majesty's house.

'There was a rail across the upper part of the room, in which entered only the king and queen, the bishop of London, the marquess Desande, the Portuguese ambassador, and my husband: in the other part of the room there were many of the nobility and servants to their majesties. The bishop of London declared them married in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and then they caused the ribbons her majesty wore to be cut in little pieces, and, as far as they would go, every one had some.'—pp. 143, 144.

This account agrees very nearly with that of bishop Kennet;* but it is more minute and circumstantial, and tends to prove the incorrectness of Burnet's statement. Sir Richard Fanshawe was immediately afterwards appointed ambassador to the court of Lisbon, where he resided about twelve months, and on his return was made a Privy-councillor of England. In January, 1664, he was constituted ambassador to Spain, and embarked with a splendid retinue, accompanied by his wife and family. His services and his life terminated with that appointment. Having signed a treaty in December 1665, which the English ministers refused to ratify, the earl of Sandwich was sent to supersede him, and a few days after introducing his lordship to his first audience of his Catholic majesty, sir Richard was taken ill, and died at Madrid on the 26th of June 1666.

The part of the volume which relates to this period of the authoress's life, is chiefly filled with an account of their journey to Madrid; their splendid reception, and with a description of the manners and customs of the Spaniards, as well as of the various places which they visited, and of public ceremonies; but they do not justify our making any extracts, though they display much quickness of observation, considerable sagacity, and not a little liberality. Not a transaction of any consequence

* Historical Register p. 696.

escaped her, and we have cause to believe, that the account which she gives of the state of society in the Spanish capital in the seventeenth century, is a faithful one.

The melancholy situation into which the death of sir Richard Fanshawe threw his widow, is pathetically described in a prayer which she composed at the moment—being left "with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, the want of all my friends, without counsel, out of my country, without any means to return with my sad family to our own country, now in war with most part of Christendom." Having resolved to accompany her husband's corpse to England, she sent it to Bilboa to await her arrival; but, previous to quitting Madrid, the queen-mother wanted her to reside in her court, promised to allow her a pension of thirty thousand ducats a year, and to provide for her children, if she and they would adopt the Catholic faith—an offer which was of course declined. The mournful cavalcade passed through Paris, and arrived in London in November, when the body of sir Richard was interred in Hertford church, and lady Fanshawe proceeded to reduce her establishment, and to collect the arrears of pay due to her husband. By the royal family she was treated with much consideration, but, like every other person who had claims on the government, she experienced great difficulty in obtaining her money, and it was three years before the whole was paid. At the instigation of lord Shaftesbury, whom she describes as "the worst of men," she was obliged to pay for the plate used in the embassy by which she lost two thousand pounds, "so maliciously," she says "did he oppress me, as if he hoped in me to destroy that whole stock of honesty and innocence which he mortally hates." The few pages which remain relate to her family affairs; and the Memoir concludes abruptly with a notice of the king closing the Exchequer in 1672.

To this it is only necessary to add, that the authoress died in January 1680, and that she speaks in her will of the Memoirs under our notice, a circumstance sufficient to establish their authenticity, if they did not possess that internal evidence which every line affords of their genuineness.

ART. XVI.—*Edinburgh Review, No. XCVIII, Art.* 1. *On the Answer of the Westminster Review to the Article on 'Utilitarian Logic and Politics.'*

WHEN a thoughtless little boy makes an unadvised assault upon the venerable father of the flock, and is rolled in the dust for his reward, he runs to his mamma and complains of a

'very unfair attack upon ourselves.' Of this kind has been the deportment of the Edinburgh Reviewers, in pursuance of their inconsiderate molestation of Mr. Bentham and his followers. Nor does their ill-humour seem to have been diminished by discovering, that there had been no occasion for the principal to appear at all,—that he can do things of this kind by his journeymen.* They took for granted that the prophet must come forth, and curse them by his gods; instead of which, one of his disciples poured out the prophetic wash-pot on the heads of the assailants. As is usual on such occasions, they give more voice to their irritation than is politic or wise. They stand pointing to the unlucky inverter of earthen-ware, and call the neighbourhood to witness that 'their civilities were not meant for *him*.' It is quite a mistake of their own, if they think they have been civil to any body. They began with being petulant, and ended with being silly. They walked out of the common path of courtesy, to mock at an individual whom it now suits them to allow to be 'illustrious' and 'great;' and if they have received a rebutter for their pains, they must ascribe it to the fatality which prompted them to folly, taking advantage of the absence of their good genius in the person of their *bonne*.

It matters very little whether the blue rag or the 'whity-brown' is last upon the field; but it matters very much that an opportunity should not be lost of exposing the sleights of the *aristocrats en carmagnole*, who pretend to court the people when they have any thing to gain by it, and spurn them as 'the ranks and the rabble'† when they have not. To make

* If by 'puffs and placards' the Edinburgh reviewers meant the advertisement in the newspapers and the booksellers bills into which it was copied, the description of the Article they allude to ran as follows, which certainly announces nothing like what they have assumed.

'XVI. GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE DEVELOPED.—With MR. BENTHAM'S latest improvements, now published for the first time: and an Answer to the attacks of the Edinburgh Review.'

† — 'as we have no heroes and statesmen chosen from the ranks and the rabble,'—*Edinburgh Review, No. XCVIII*, p. 333.

These are the men who profess to do every thing '*for* the people,' nothing '*by* the people;' and who are at this moment pushing a not over-wise government into persecution of the press. If Tories are to be put down for speaking their minds, there is an end of the liberty of speech for all and every body. There have been great soldiers in England, who scorned to flinch at paper bullets thus. If somebody has said the Guards marched three deep upon the pavement and we have a military government, why is not the corporal called to prove that they did not? No government prosecutes, except under the impression of there being something it cannot confute;—with the single further reservation, of being put upon it by somebody who wants to take the opportunity of depressing those he is not a match for in fair debate.

this exposure was the object of the rebutter; and not to determine whether the Essay on Government was perfect. In fact it was expressly said, that it contained much that was right, and something that was wrong; and that the reviewers had attacked the first, and let alone the other. The design was not to prove the original a master-piece of demonstration, but the comment a master-piece of insincerity.

The first extract given by the Edinburgh Reviewers from the Essay was an insulated passage, purposely despoiled of what had preceded and what followed. The author had been observing, that 'some profound and benevolent investigators of human affairs had adopted the conclusion, that of all the possible forms of government, absolute monarchy is the best.' This is what the reviewers have omitted at the beginning. He then adds, as in the extract, that 'Experience, *if we look only at the outside of the facts*, appears to be divided on this subject;' there are Caligulas in one place, and kings of Denmark in another. 'As the surface of history affords, therefore, no certain principle of decision, *we must go beyond the surface*, and penetrate to the springs within.' This is what the reviewers have omitted at the end. The author's argument was, that when facts are not such that the causes are determinable by simple inspection, it is necessary to go deeper, and look for some more complex causes that may account for the whole. And the conclusion to which the author came was the very reasonable one, that there was a general principle, and when it appeared not to act, it was because it was overpowered by some force in an opposite direction. To take an instance in natural phenomena, there are many bodies that fall towards the earth, but there are some that ascend and go from it. From simple inspection of these facts, therefore, no conclusion can be derived. But by looking a little deeper into the experience of mankind it is discoverable, that all bodies have a tendency to fall, and when they do not it is because this tendency is overpowered by another force. The conclusion which the author in like manner deduced from experience was, that absolute monarchy tends to misgovernment, and would always arrive at it, '*if checks did not operate in the way of prevention.*'* What the reviewers object to, is the going beyond the surface. Because an inference cannot be derived from the outside of the facts, they desire to have no inference at all. They have a wish that the thing should be unsettled; because they see no prospect of a settlement that accords with their interests. Whether the inference deduced is right, is a matter

* Essay on Government. Supp. to Encycl. Brit. Vol. IV. p. 496.

for after consideration; what is plain in the present stage is, that the objections of the reviewers are without foundation. '*Mr. Mill gave it as a reason for deducing the theory of government from the general laws of human nature, that the king of Denmark was not Caligula.*' A natural philosopher gave it as a reason for deducing the theory of moving bodies from the general laws of external nature, that some move upwards and some downwards. 'This,' say the Edinburgh reviewers, 'we said, and still say, was absurd.'

When it was said by Mr. Mill that the people of Denmark resolved that their king should be 'absolute,' it clearly meant, that he should be absolute in form. When it was said by the Westminster Review that the king of Denmark 'is not a despot,' it as clearly meant, that though absolute in form, there was a virtual check on his being despotic in practice. It would be a foolish difficulty to insist upon referring to Mr. Bentham.

When it was said that there was in Denmark a balanced contest between the king and the nobility, what was said was, that there was a balanced contest but it did not last. It was balanced till something put an end to the balance; and so is every thing else. That such a balance will not last, is precisely what Mr. Mill had demonstrated.

When Mr. Mill asserted that it cannot be for the interest of either the monarchy or the aristocracy to combine with the democracy, it is plain he did not assert that if the monarchy and aristocracy were in doubtful contest with each other, they would not either of them accept of the assistance of the democracy. He spoke of their taking the side of the democracy; not of their allowing the democracy to take side with themselves.

Mr. Mill never asserted '*that under no despotic government does any human being, except the tools of the sovereign, possess more than the necessaries of life, and that the most intense degree of terror is kept up by constant cruelty.*' He said that absolute power leads to such results, 'by infallible sequence, where power over a community is attained, *and nothing checks.*'* The critic on the Mount never made a more palpable misquotation.

The spirit of this misquotation runs through every part of the reply of the Edinburgh Review that relates to the Essay on Government; and is repeated in as many shapes as the Roman pork. The whole description of 'Mr. Mill's argument against despotism,'—including the illustration from right-angled triangles and the square of the hypothenuse,—is founded on this inven-

* Essay on Government. Supp. to Encycl. Brit. Vol. IV. p. 495.

tion of saying what an author has not said, and leaving unsaid what he has.

The reply to the argument against 'saturation,' supplies its own answer. The reason why it is of no use to try to 'saturate,' is precisely what the Edinburgh reviewers have suggested,—'*that there is no limit to the number of thieves.*' There are the thieves, and the thieves cousins,—with their men-servants, their maid-servants, and their little ones, to the fortieth generation. It is true that 'a man cannot become a king or a member of the aristocracy whenever he chuses;' but if there is to be no limit to the depredators except their own inclination to increase and multiply, the situation of those who are to suffer is as wretched as it needs be. It is impossible to define what *are* 'corporal pleasures.' A duchess of Cleveland was a 'corporal pleasure.' The most disgraceful period in the history of any nation,—that of the Restoration,—presents an instance of the length to which it is possible to go in an attempt to 'saturate' with pleasures of this kind.*

When the Edinburgh reviewers declare that though 'they said there is a *certain* check to the rapacity and cruelty of men in their desire of the good opinion of others, they never said it was *sufficient*,'—it may be left to the public opinion whether this is not simple quibbling. What is a *certain* check, but a check that is sufficient to a certain extent for a certain purpose?

'*The argument in favour of kings and nobles is this:—they will not wrong the people, because they care for the good opinion of the people.*' A man will not beat his wife, because he cares for the good opinion of his wife.—But a man who beats his wife, cares nothing for her good opinion. Let experience determine, whether there are men who beat their wives or not.

Nobody ever said that 'men will necessarily prefer the pleasures of oppression to those of popularity.' What was said was, that the desire of popularity is no sufficient security against oppression.

That no man cares for the good opinion of those he has been accustomed to wrong, instead of being a 'too sweeping position,' is almost a truism;—for if he cared for their good opinion, it is plain he would cease to wrong.

'*That some men will plunder their neighbours if they can, is a sufficient reason for the existence of governments. But it is not demonstrated that kings and aristocracies will plunder the people,*

* It was found on one occasion, that nearly half the money that had been voted for the Dutch war, had gone to the 'corporal pleasures' of the most religious and gracious king.—*See Pepys's Diary, A. D.* 1666, *Sept.* 23 *and Oct.* 10.

unless it be true that all men will plunder their neighbours if they can. And thence it is inferred, that if it is held proved that kings and aristocracies will plunder the people, it follows that in a democracy men will plunder their neighbours. The argument is, that because the aristocracy will plunder the people, the *people* will plunder the people. There is no congruity between the things produced as similar.

'*They never alluded to the French Revolution for the purpose of proving that the poor were inclined to rob the rich.*'—They only said, 'as soon as the poor *again* began to compare their cottages and salads with the hotels and banquets of the rich, there would have been another scramble for property, another general confiscation,' &c. It is denied as before, that they *ever* compared,—that there *ever* was either a general confiscation or a scramble for property at all.

The fallacy that '*if Mr. Mill's reasoning à priori be sound, the people in a democracy will plunder the rich,*' depends on omitting the qualifying clause '*if nothing checks.*' History and experience prove, that the love of individuals for property is always sufficient to unite a sufficient number of individuals to prevent the pillage of the rich. History and experience prove, that the love of individuals for property is very generally insufficient to prevent the pillage of the poor.

The assertion—or intimation—or inclination to think,—that 'it would on the whole be for the interest of the majority to plunder the rich,' was never met by a '*simple assertion.*' It was met by the argument, that such an act would amount to a declaration that nobody should be rich, and that as all men desire to be rich, it would involve the destruction of their own hopes, and therefore would not be attempted. It may be referred to the common judgment of mankind, whether this is not the principle which makes ninety-nine men out of a hundred abstain from picking pockets, and discountenance it in others. Some perplexity is attempted to be got up, between the interest of the existing generation and the interest of future ones. Men do not set themselves against picking pockets for the love of future generations, but of their own.

What was said in the Westminster Review on the subject of 'levelling,' does not appear to have been understood. It was not stated that 'the wish has been put forward as a blind,' on the part of the people, to conceal some other design; but that 'levelling is brought forward as the blind' by the accusers of the people, to conceal the fact that the real cause of the commotion was the desire to escape from oppression.

It was never said, that there was no difference between the practical quantity of theft in different places; but 'that numbers of men had a propensity to thieving, and the business of the officers was to catch them.' The mis-statement is a branch of the suppression of all mention of the check. By putting the extract from the Edinburgh Review into the mouth of the Whiggery of Bow-street, it was intended to show that all this *verbiage* was nothing but what every body knew, and every body acted upon;—that it was precisely by the operations described, that men knew there were thieves, and to watch them was the way to hinder them;—and that the wordy enumeration was brought there only to puzzle the question, and make a diversion from the truth. The aim and object of the Edinburgh reviewers was to prove, 'that the theory of government is to be deduced from experience;' which is exactly the quarter where Mr. Mill had looked for it. They will perhaps blush at the idea of having meant so much; but, with characteristic policy, they have inserted their meaning in their postscript.*

The quotations from Lord Bacon are misapplications, such as any body may make to any thing he dislikes. There is no more resemblance between pain, pleasure, motives &c., and *substantia, generatio, corruptio, elementum, materia,*—than between lines, angles, magnitudes &c., and the same.

The Edinburgh reviewers '*never said a syllable against the "greatest happiness principle;"*—only they say that it is good for nothing. They never meant to deny it, any more than '*to deny the unity of God;*' only the unity is a truism of which nobody can make any use. All that they have established is, that they do not understand it. Instead of the truism of the Whigs, 'that the greatest happiness is the greatest happiness,' —what Mr. Bentham had demonstrated, or at all events had laid such foundations that there was no trouble in demonstrating, was that the greatest happiness of the individual was in the long run to be obtained by pursuing the greatest happiness of the aggregate.† It was an extension of the ancient proverb, that honesty is the best policy. There are men who think honesty is *not* the best policy in private life, and who think in the same way with relation to politics and international law; and the corollary from Mr. Bentham's principles demonstrated that these are the fools, and the others are the

* Ed. Rev. No. XCVIII. Index p. 542; at the end of the article *Mill.*

† See 'Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation.' Chap. XVII. Sect. VI. and VII.

wise. The inefficient attempts which had been made for the explanation of moral and political phenomena, were superseded by a clearer clue, in the same manner as the epicycles and *abhorret vacuum* of the early ages were swept away by the discovery of the principle of gravitation. The comparison to gravitation is therefore accurate and just.*

'*Does Mr. Bentham profess to hold out any new motive which may induce men to promote the happiness of the species to which they belong? Not at all.*'—The motive which Mr. Bentham's principle holds out, is the same as the motive to personal honesty; namely, that the conduct which leads to the greatest happiness of the aggregate, is in the end the soundest policy for the individual. To those who have not found this out, such a motive is a 'new motive.'

'*He distinctly admits that, if he is asked why governments should attempt to produce the greatest possible happiness, he can give no answer.*'—Nothing of the kind will be admitted at all. In the passage thus selected to be tacked to the other, the question started was concerning 'the object of government;' in which government was spoken of as an operation, not as any thing that is capable of feeling pleasure or pain. In this sense it is true enough, that *ought* is not predicable of governments. *Other men*, only meant men who are suffering from the operation, in contradistinction to those who are conducting it. At the same time the double meaning of the word government was not got clear of without confusion. It is certain that the individual operators in any government, if they were thoroughly intelligent and entered into a perfect calculation of all existing chances, would seek for their own happiness in the promotion of the general; which brings them, if they knew it, under Mr. Bentham's rule. The mistake of supposing the contrary, lies in confounding criminals who have had the luck to escape punishment, with those who have the risk still before them. Suppose, for instance, a member of the House of Commons were at this moment to debate within himself, whether it would be for his ultimate happiness to begin,

* 'Some, indeed, may imagine, that there was no such extraordinary merit as is generally supposed even in the grand conjecture of Newton, and that it amounted, after all, merely to the application of a law to the movements of the heavenly bodies, which was already known to affect at least every body in the immediate neighbourhood of the earth. But these things are only simple after they are explained. Slight and transparent as we may think the veil to have been which covered the truths alluded to, and others of a similar nature, immediately before they were detected, it is yet an unquestionable fact, that this veil had been sufficient to conceal them, for thousands of years, from the observation of all the world.'—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, Vol. iii. Part I. p. 9.

according to his ability, to misgovern. If he could be sure of being as lucky as some that are dead and gone, there might be difficulty in finding him an answer. But he is *not* sure; and never can be, till he is dead. He does not know that he is not close upon the moment, when misgovernment such as he is tempted to contemplate, will be made a terrible example of. It is not fair to pick out the instance of the thief that has died unhanged. The question is whether thieving is at this moment an advisable trade to begin, with all the possibilities of hanging not got over. This is the spirit of Mr. Bentham's principle; and if there is any thing opposed to it in any former statement, it may be corrected by the present. But all this only proves that the members of a government would do well if they were all-wise, or had that perfect apprehension of all the risks they run, which is lacking in the thief. But the whole of human experience proves, that they are *not* all-wise; but on the contrary do invariably sacrifice a certain portion of contingent safety to the prospect of present gain, in the hope that punishment will not fall personally upon themselves. The punishment comes down every now and then on some luckless set of governors, in the shape of resistance or a revolution. It is not equally divided among all the sinners; but all the sinners run the chance, and it is the existence of this chance at any given moment which makes the misconduct veritably unwise. At the same time the proving the misconduct to be veritably unwise, is in no shape in opposition with the fact, that experiment demonstrates that all governments *do* run into such misconduct, except so far as they see very prompt and immediate symptoms of danger. They all steal, till they can see the noose with their bodily eyes; and the practical and substantial interest of the public is to take care, that this most salutary vision shall in a more or less remote form be ever present to their sight.

'*The principle of Mr. Bentham, if we understand it, is this, that mankind ought to act so as to produce their greatest happiness.*' It is plain that 'we' do *not* understand it; and 'the ranks and the rabble' do. The *vis* of Mr. Bentham's principle was, that individuals, societies, nations, would in the end increase their particular stock of happiness, by taking the road which leads to the happiness of the aggregate, instead of the road which appears to lead to their own at the expense of the aggregate,—and therefore ought to take this road, though they do not.

'*But, if what a man thinks his happiness be inconsistent with the greatest happiness of mankind, will this new principle convert*

him to another frame of mind?'—It will, if it persuades him that he is a fool to think so.

It is undeniably true, that every thing is capable of being applied to a bad use. It is possible to imagine a heretic burnt on pretence of 'the greatest happiness principle,' as well as on pretence of the love of God. The planter and the military flogger avow boldly, that flogging is the greatest happiness. But their misfortune is, that notwithstanding their attempt to misapply, the principle on the whole has made it vastly more difficult either to burn or to flog than before. For one man that has been taken in by the misapplication, fifty have been strengthened in their conviction of the truth.

'*We should very much like to know how the Utilitarian principle would run, when reduced to one plain imperative proposition.*'—It would run thus—'Pursue the rule which is best for the general happiness; because, in the long run and taking all the chances that are before you together, it is the most likely to increase your own.'

'*Will it run thus—pursue your own happiness? This is superfluous. Every man pursues it, according to his light, and always has pursued it, and always must pursue it. To say that a man has done any thing, is to say that he thought it for his happiness to do it.*'—It will run thus—Pursue your own happiness *aright*. The precept is not 'Do what you may *think* for your happiness;' but 'Do thus and thus, and it will *be* for your happiness.' The man who steals, does what he thinks for his happiness. The object of the precept and its accompaniment, is to persuade him that he is mistaken.

Will the principle run thus—pursue the greatest happiness of mankind, whether it be your own greatest happiness or not? This is absurd and impossible.—Present greatest happiness is here confounded with ultimate; which in fact constitutes the error of all immorality. The man who takes a purse, pursues his greatest happiness in the sense of the Edinburgh reviewers. The precept says, 'Pursue the rule which tends to the greatest general happiness, in preference to *this* greatest happiness; and the chances are, you will be the better for it in the end.' There is a momentary interest and a final one; an apparent interest and a real one; and what is desired is to persuade men to take the one and not the other.

'*The "greatest happiness principle" has always been latent under the words, social contract, justice, benevolence, patriotism, liberty, and so forth, just as far as it was for the happiness, real or imagined, of those who used these words to promote the greatest happiness of mankind. And of this we may be sure, that the*

words "greatest happiness" will never, in any man's mouth, mean more than the greatest happiness of others which is consistent with what he thinks his own.'—The question was not what would be in any man's mouth. There are people every where, into whose mouths there is no putting any good. But the question was, whether a dangerous light was not thrown upon the way for men to promote their interest in concert; and whether the good would not on the whole be assisted by it, and the bad depressed and kept in check, in the same manner that has been the consequence of the demonstration of the individual policy of honesty.

'*What society wants is a new motive—not a new cant.*'—Society has got the motive; and those that fear it, find the cant.

The next objection is, considering the quarter from which it comes, a remarkable one. It is no less than that Mr. Bentham's principle 'is included in the Christian morality.' Nobody ever thought of denying, that the author of Christianity was the first of Utilitarians. But the world at large is not so decided in its submission to the sanctions of theology, as to make it a trifling service to have demonstrated the grounds on which any given precept is recommended by men's present interests. The holy alliance may profess to govern by the rules of Christianity; but large portions of mankind think it quite as well to inquire whether the interpretation agrees with their temporal interests besides. If the discoveries of worldly philosophy agree with the precepts of Christianity, it is a triumph for the latter. The precept had been uttered of 'Thou shalt not steal;' and Christianity had given it the sanction of its hopes and fears. But nobody ever conceived there was any harm in demonstrating to individuals in all manner of earthly ways besides, that it was much the best for them on the whole that they should not steal. In the same manner Mr. Bentham has demonstrated that for individuals, societies, nations, to 'do as they would be done by,' is sound earthly policy. The bigots keep a close lock on their Elysium; but whenever the time comes for the *second* Utilitarian to present himself at the gate, it is presumable the *first* will not wait for their leave, to greet him with 'Well done.'

Where so much real service has been derived from the agitation of a question, it would be ingratitude to conclude with anything approaching to the ill humour of the little codicillular appendage of the Edinburgh reviewers. Another time, they are entreated not to do any thing like checking their thunder in mid volley; but freely pour out the vials of their wrath, that all men may be convinced that there was something in the bottle.

Postscript to ART. VII. No. XX. April, 1829.

THE importance of this subject, both with reference to the expense of legal proceedings, and to the history of this country, will justify us, we hope, in adding a note to the article in our number for April last, as from a parliamentary return, and from other sources we are enabled to submit some additional information.

Through the exertions of Mr. Protheroe, the member for Evesham, whose zeal merits high praise, a return has been made to the House of Commons of the sums expended by the Record Commission in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828, which throws much light on its past and present labours.

One of the most important objects which the Commission has in view, is a complete edition of the Chronicles, under the superintendence of Messrs. Petrie and Sharpe, whose fitness for the task is fully admitted. We have already expressed our fears that the present generation will not benefit to the extent which it ought by the labours of these gentlemen, and this return tends to confirm them. The work will form from twenty to twenty-five volumes, and notwithstanding the number of years it has been in progress, no more than *two* volumes are yet ready for the press. The first five will only reach to the Conquest, and the series will terminate with the accession of Henry VIII. Each volume will, it is said, cost about 1350*l.* in printing; the editors decline naming what they expect for their remuneration, or accepting any sum in advance,—not a very business-like method for the government to treat with individuals, by the by, and one likely to create much dissatisfaction hereafter. In the last three years, however, 2500*l.* have been paid to the principle editor, which must, we presume, be for the wages of the copyists. The whole expense of printing the work, if it extend to twenty-five volumes, is calculated at 33,750*l.*, to which must be added the editor's remuneration, and, for some years at least, the annual sum which has been hitherto issued for copyists or clerks, so that when finished, the nation will have paid rather dearly for a good edition of its Chronicles. The object is, however, so desirable, that we are not disposed to inquire too rigidly whether it is pursued with as much attention to economy as is practicable; and all we suggest is, that it shall proceed at a much more rapid rate, by infusing more activity into those to whom it is intrusted.

The Rolls of Parliament, our readers know, were published in six folio volumes, by the government, some years since, and it

has not been proved that they are so imperfectly done as to require a new edition. That one is in progress is nevertheless certain, and the price at which the country will purchase it, is sufficient to astound those who are aware how ill literary labours are generally rewarded, even when they are of a higher rank than the mere printing verbatim et literatim various Records, and making indexes to them. We learn from this parliamentary return, that from March, 1825, to March, 1828,—three years only,—a gentleman has received the sum of 5,231*l.* 16*s.* for "collecting materials for a *new edition* of the Rolls of Parliament;" and at this moment another person is actually employed by the Record Commission in completing the index to the *old edition!* Of this sum, 1500*l.*, or 500*l.* per annum is for the learned editor's salary; the remaining part being for transcribing records, making the indexes, and compiling the digest and abstracts, so that what is usually considered an editor's duty, and for which it might be presumed he received his salary, are all paid for separately!

In these three years one volume, entitled "Parliamentary Writs" has appeared, which as we have already said, is very well edited, but which is remarkable for the absurdity of being commenced with the reign of Edward the First, instead of with the earliest materials for Parliamentary History extant. This volume cost in printing £.3,877 3*s.* 9*d.*, and when we repeat that the far greater part has been printed before, either in the Rolls of Parliament, or in the Appendix to the Reports of the Lords Committees on the dignity of a Peer of the Realm, and that considerable sums are still disbursed in completing the Index to the old edition of the Rolls of Parliament, which has been in progress for sixty-two years, we think we are entitled to assume that the public money voted to the Record Commission is injudiciously expended.

If space permitted we could point out other facts almost as indicative of waste and extravagance, but we must be contented with shewing the manner in which one individual connected with that Commission has monopolized the advantages which accrue from the Public Records, as a fair specimen of the manner in which public duties are made to tend to private interests; affording, as this example does, incontestible evidence that many of those duties are merely nominal. The Secretary to the Record Commission, for which office he receives a salary of £.200 a year, is co-editor of Rymer's Fœdera, co-editor of the Valor Ecclesiasticus, co-editor of the Calendar to the Inquisitiones Post Mortem, co-editor of the Records of the Duchy of Lancaster, and co-editor of the Proceedings in

Chancery; each of which works has been in course of preparation at the same time. When to these duties are added those of Keeper of the Chapter House at Westminster, and Keeper of the Augmentation Office, unless he be endowed with ubiquity, and possesses the powers of Briareus, can there be a question that many of these appointments are thorough sinecures, or that the sooner the Record Commission be remodelled, the sooner will the public money be properly appropriated.

In alluding to the abuses at the Tower we omitted to notice one which we know often proves of serious consequence: that of not suffering any other person than the clerks of the establishment to collate a transcript, for which the fees have been paid, with the original. We speak from fatal experience when in stating, that in five instances out of six, an attested copy from public Record Offices cannot be implicitly depended upon, and yet at the Tower the individual who pays for it is not permitted to satisfy himself of its correctness, or that any lacunæ in the transcript cannot be supplied, but must trust to the assurance of the clerk that it is authentic. In no case is a person permitted to copy a document himself, even though it may be necessary for a trial on the eve of decision, and though the clerks are, or profess to be, too busy to transcribe it. To avoid being put off to another assize, agents, *in one case we know*, and doubtless it is not a solitary one, are obliged to have recourse to means for procuring documents, which one gentleman, at least, in the Tower, will be at no loss to understand. This subject will however probably be brought to the notice of the Commissioners on the State of the Law, as it is materially connected with the expense of legal proceedings, so that we are spared the necessity of a more particular allusion to it.

We are happy to be able to conclude this subject with asserting on the highest authority, that the state of the Public Records is under the consideration of the government. It may therefore be hoped, that the discreditable system, which from the most conscientious and disinterested motives we have exposed, will be speedily at an end; that public property will be rendered fully available to the public; and that it may be permitted to the investigator of British History, to explore, without the imposition of taxes on his purse or his feelings, those rich and inexhaustible mines of materials which are now suffered to rot in nearly every public depository in the kingdom.

Notice on the subject of Free Trade.

An article on Free Trade would have been given in the present Number, with a reference to the Speech of Mr. Sadler at Whitby which appears to be the novelty of the day; if the printing of the Number had not been already completed. In the next it is intended that the Speech should receive such attention as its relative importance three months hence may appear to demand, All that there is an opportunity of doing at present, is to refer for the answers to it, to pages 21, 22 and 23 of the 'Catechism on the Corn Laws.' The system defended by Mr. Sadler, amounts only to a proposal to rob one set of manufacturers or tradesmen to please another; with the ultimate purpose of withdrawing the attention of the whole from the great robbery of all, which is the Corn Laws. If foreign goods are to be prohibited, the trades that supply the articles which directly or indirectly go to pay the foreigners, must stop; it is therefore only a plan for enriching one kind of tradesmen at the expense of another. If Rochdale, Manchester, and Barnsley are starving, it is because Rochdale, Manchester, and Barnsley are not allowed to sell their manufactures for corn. Mr. Sadler calls upon 'Him who giveth food for all flesh, for his mercy endureth for ever,'—and then goes to parliament for an Act to prevent the men of Manchester from selling their goods for corn.

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